



Collier's
OCTOBER 25, 1941
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SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA
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ap Moore

THE AMERICAN MIRACLE

By Walter Davenport

S. J. OWENS
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Oct. 25, 1941

What every man
wants to know
about a woman...

That she appreciates
The care with which
He chooses flowers
For her
As well as the care
With which he
Chooses and uses
Whiskey for himself.

* * *

Men of good taste
Appreciate the "Extra Age"
Advantage of Old Schenley
Bottled in Bond.



Set of six, full-color flower
reprints, suitable for fram-
ing, without advertising,
sent upon receipt of 25c.
Copyright 1941, Schenley
Distillers Corporation, New
York City, N. Y., Dept. B.

America's Mildest 5 Year Old
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—100 PROOF—THIS WHISKEY IS 5 YEARS OLD
ALSO AVAILABLE IN RYE—THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD

You couldn't blame her for writing him "NO"

A NICE, solid sort of fellow . . . with considerable charm; good manners, good looks, a real job . . . and devoted to her from the first. Certainly a man to consider when a girl has ideas of marriage. Yet Eileen found herself writing a definite "No" to the invitation to be his guest at one of the gay parties of the year in Washington. Remembering his trouble, she simply couldn't bring herself to accept.

How's Your Breath?

What do a man's good points amount to when he is troubled with halitosis (bad breath)? They can count for little in the face of this unpardonable social offense which anyone may commit at some time or other—*without realizing it*. The insidious thing about halitosis is that the victim may not be aware of its presence.

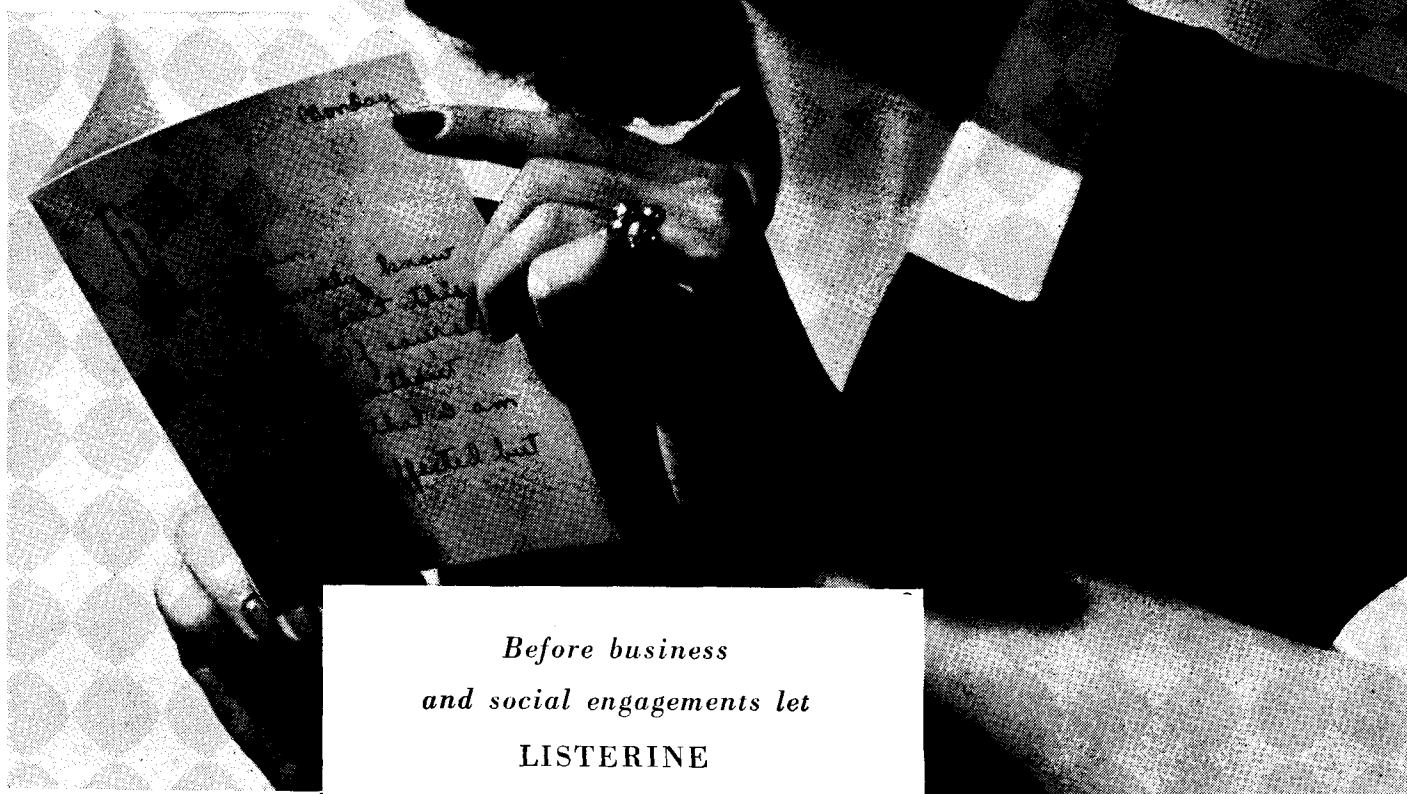
You may be unconsciously offending right now . . . may be jeopardizing your chances socially and in business. How foolish not to take advantage of the simple and delightful precaution which is right at hand.

Every night and every morning, and between times before appointments at which you would like to appear at your best, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Your breath quickly becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

Don't Take Chances

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, according to some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces. Listerine immediately halts such fermentation and overcomes the objectionable odors it produces. Not only your breath, but your entire mouth is the better for using Listerine.

If you don't want others to avoid you for offending in this way, if you want to be more acceptable in the social and business world, never . . . *never!* . . . omit Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



*Before business
and social engagements let
LISTERINE
look after your breath*

THIS WEEK

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COVER

AL MOORE

ANY WEEK

FRANKLY, we don't know what we'd do if we had to do our own thinking and write brain pieces in this space from week to week, outthinking ourself from column to column. We were discussing this with a daily columnist, a terrific fellow who seizes the latest situation every afternoon and shakes the fight out of it. He told us that it was a very soft job, that all you had to do was to scream a little louder the day after you had released a mess of inferior analysis, thus distracting the attention of the reader from what you said the day before. Besides, he told us, there's so much professional emoting getting into print every day that the readers are always far more muddled than the writers. But all's well. We don't have to think. You readers—particularly you letter-writing ones—are doing a tidy job of it. All we have to do is pick your brains and sit pretty. Even better, most of you are doing the kind of thinking we'd like to do if we had to do some.

For example, here's a trifle from Mr. Beggs Brandt of Billings, Montana. Mr. Brandt refers, somewhat callously, we think, to Mr. Roosevelt's official family as "a stock company that's been playing Uncle Tom's Cabin with phony ice every night for the past eight years." The only changes, goes on Mr. Brandt, have been occasional role switches inside the cast—"Henry Wallace instead of Harry Hopkins as Little Eva and Harold Ickes as Uncle Tom in place of Henry Morgenthau. The only characters who have not switched roles are Simon Legree and the F.B.I. bloodhounds." It's time for a complete change of bill, thinks Mr. Brandt, because "the audience is walking out."



FROM Mr. Dudley Virginius Haddock of Tampa, Florida, we've just received word that it now costs you nothing if you kill a cow on a Florida highway provided that the cow kills you. Hitherto cows and other livestock had all the right of way on roads in Florida's open-range counties, legally permitted to wander at will at all hours. If a motorist crashed into the animal in the dark or if the beast, emerging without warning from the roadside jungle, smacked into the car, the motorist paid—and no nonsense about it either. The law operated on the theory that cows and such can't be expected to understand traffic rules.

But Mr. Haddock, widely known throughout the South as Ole Number Nine (after the Memphis, Little Rock and Natchez flier on which he was born), says that the latest Florida legislature has decreed that only if the motorist survives his collision with a stray animal is he liable for full damages to the creature. And yet should the fellow die, his family has no cause for action against the owner of the animal. In the words of Mr. Haddock "in case of death it's jest a doggone tie."

WE HEAR from Mr. J. Dipless of Yreka, California, that something's gone wrong with the war of nerves that the State Department is waging on Japan and Germany. "It's supposed to break down Hitler and the Jap militarists but I dunno. I bet they can stand it longer than I can. I'm beginning to chew rugs too." From Mrs. Laurence Mitting of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and others we learn that "there are too many mystery men, miracle workers, round-the-world gallopers and secret agents around scaring the populace." Mrs. Mitting says that while she was in Washington not long ago she heard that Mr. Roosevelt asked a caller—a sixteen-cylinder industrialist—what could be done to bolster up civilian morale. The industrialist suggested "a little new blood in your official family." Mr. Roosevelt is supposed to have thanked his caller heartily, wrung his hand and replied: "Just the thing. Just the thing. And I have just the man—Harry Hopkins."

WE HAVE a pretty furious letter from another Mr. Hopkins—Mr. Franklin Hopkins of New York City—chastising us for an assortment of light words we allotted to the funny-money schemes that we've been receiving lately. We regret that we can't reprint Mr. Hopkins' letter but give you a hint. He starts off by calling us a "little scarlet harlot of the press" and soars to real depths from there. But we were particularly interested in what Mr. Hopkins is. He is, according to the letterhead, "Advancer of Land Currency." We're not sure what Land Currency is but the letterhead goes on to explain that it is a cure for "debt, credit, riches, poverty, monopolies, prostitution, chance employment, wage slavery, intemperance, destitution, panics, labor strikes, industrial freakishness, extravagance, miserliness, child labor, self-destruction, race suicide, divorce, sex hatred, spinsterhood, feminism, futurism, sartorial freakishness, anatomical freakishness, churchianity, institutionalism, reform, philanthropy, charity, illiteracy, crime, disease, insanity and war." Doubtless it is this Mr. Hopkins that the President meant.

ANOTHER snatch of intelligence comes from Mr. James Street, whose fiction appears in this magazine now

and then—too now and then to suit quite a number of our discriminating readers. Mr. Street dropped in at a Natchez bar that has a peculiar attraction for young fellows who feel that nothing but a good poke in the nose will meet their immediate requirements. In short a great many vigorous fights occur in this bar. Anyway, there's a sign over the bar which caught and held Mr. Street's attention: "Count yourself again, Big Boy, you ain't so many."



WHICH stirring item goes nicely with a few facts we've gathered from Mr. George Patrick Torpey, who was a sergeant in the A.E.F., is now a bartender in a popular den of iniquity in Chicago. Mr. Torpey has a word or two about the comparative drinking abilities of the boys of '18 and the lads of '41. He tells us that it takes less to make today's soldier drunk than it did to stagger the heroes of his day. "Also," says Mr. Torpey, "it's either the liquor or the early training these boys of our present Army got, but when the soldier today gets drunk there's no fight in him. In 1918 the Irish were the best drinkers and also did the most fighting when they got drunk. I'm Irish myself and I regret to say that the Irishman in uniform today is about the worst drinker of the lot. He can't hold it and he can't defend it. The colored soldier is the best drinker and if what he does with a load on means anything, he's the best fighter. Things have come to a pretty pass. I don't know whether it was prohibition or if we've just gone soft, but I do know that the Army of 1941 can't drink, although I will give them credit for trying."

AND for some time we've had a number of isolated items hanging around looking for a chance to wriggle in. We're advised to set them down and forget them. So: On a bridge spanning the Santa Fe River there's a sign forbidding you to hold conventions on it. A guy in Pismo Beach, California, advertises Fourteen-Inch Hot Dogs. A reader tells us that Fluffs are very popular in the Southwest. He goes on to inform us that Fluffs are "porkskins wrapped in cellophane and fried in Dallas."

WELL, that gives you an idea. . . . W. D.

Do you know your best ally against *CANCER?*

THE X-RAY, radium, modern surgery—or a combination of these lifesavers—today offer more hope than ever of successfully treating cancer. Your most important ally, however, is something that you alone may control.

It is *Time*.

By going to your doctor *promptly*—at the first sign that might mean cancer—you make it possible for competent medical judgment and skill:

1. To determine whether you really have a malignant growth.
2. To treat cancer, if you have it, while there is the best opportunity of cure.

Some Common Signs To Look Out For

The development of painless lumps or other abnormalities in the breast should be regarded with suspicion. Unexplained bleeding is also a danger sign. Unaccountable loss of weight, chronic indigestion, or a “general run down feeling” call for thorough medical examination, too.

When you discover that a mole, wart, scar,

skin growth, or blemish is beginning to change in *color* or *size* or *texture*, or to become painful—that *may* mean the start of skin cancer. Open wounds which stubbornly refuse to heal may develop into skin cancer.

Skin cancers, fortunately, are the easiest of all to detect and cure. Most of them, promptly and properly treated, can be cured without causing disfigurement.

Some Dangers To Beware Of

Growths constantly exposed to irritation frequently become cancerous. Amateur razor-blade surgery or medicine-cabinet doctoring of moles and warts often is followed by the development of true cancer.

Cleanliness is especially important in the prevention of mouth cancer. Bad teeth should be cared for or removed. Jagged edges of teeth should be smoothed. Dental plates and bridges should fit comfortably. Some persons have a mouth condition known as leukoplakia—“white spot disease”—which, if untreated, may develop later into cancer. In these cases particularly, the excessive use of tobacco and sharp condiments should be avoided.

Beware of quack remedies and “cures” for any condition which may be cancer. There is just one safe, reassuring thing to do when you notice a suspicious sign or symptom: *have a thorough examination!* To make the most of your best ally—*Time*—have it *right away!*

For further information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, “A Message of Hope About Cancer.”

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 111-C, “A Message of Hope About Cancer.”

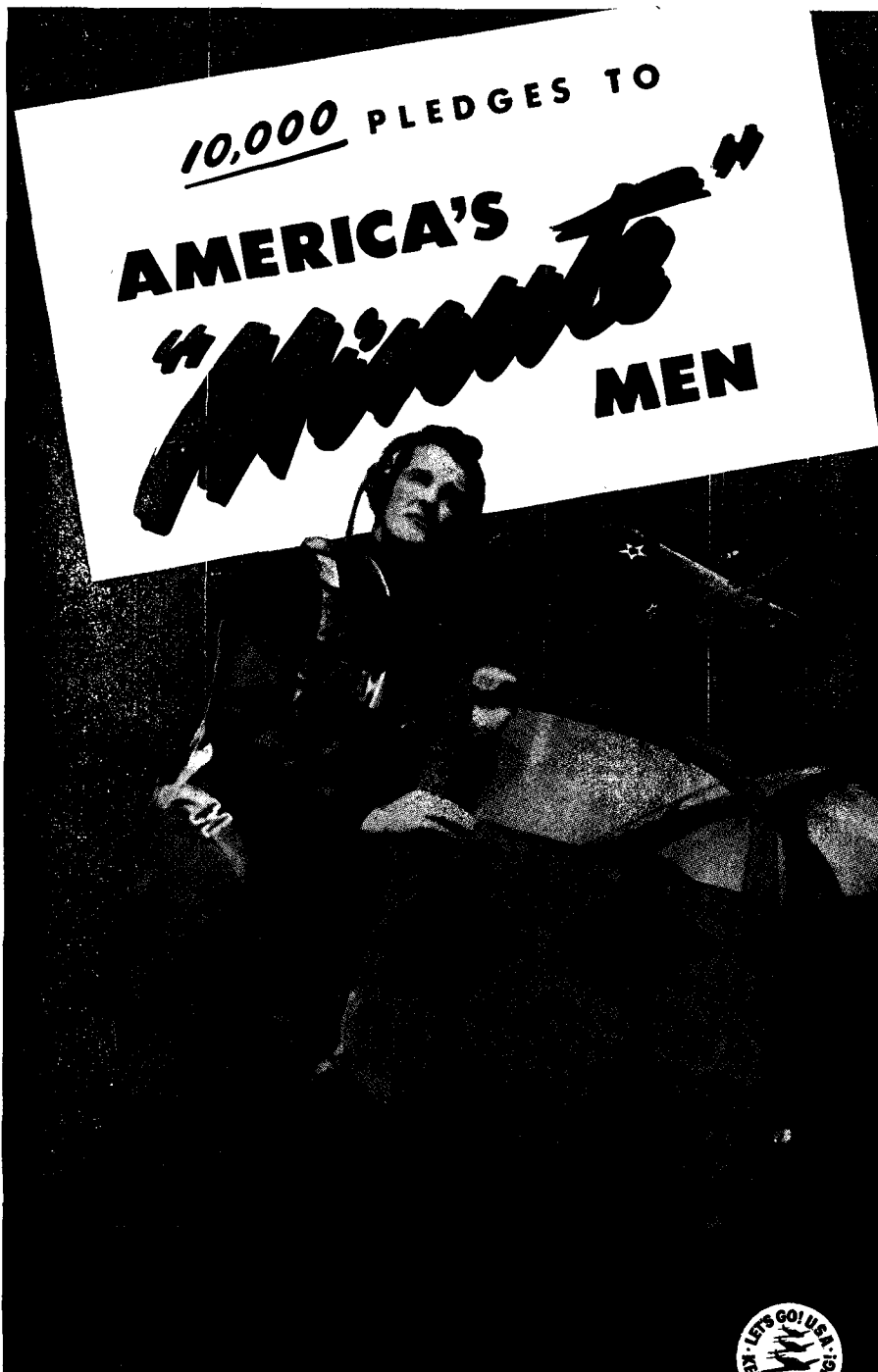
Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—“PROOF OF THE PUDDING”—has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.

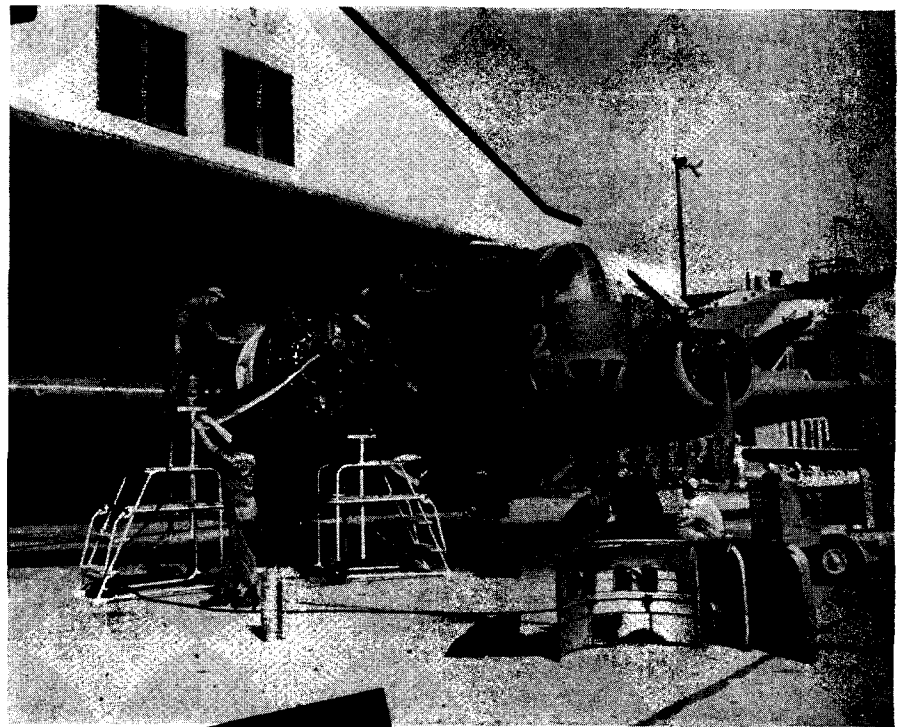
MAKING AVIATION HISTORY



There's a quick beat in all our hearts for the members of the U. S. Army Air Corps. Their wings speed them in their watch over American skies in miracle time—the nation's modern Minute Men. Among the Air Corps' most advanced aircraft is our Bell Airacobra—the world's only single engine fighter carrying an armor-piercing cannon. Bell Aircraft has grown to 10,000 loyal employees in meeting the urgent need for Airacobras. Masterfully trained in the important tasks of volume aircraft production, each Bell worker now joins in a faithful pledge that the U. S. Army Air Corps shall be proud of the job that's being done in producing Bell Airacobras.



© Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N. Y.



WILLIAM T. HOFF

Great numbers of planes now under way present a new problem—storage. Elaborate preparations (see text) are necessary for storing bombers (above)

WING TALK

AWARE that some day soon the factories will be turning out combat planes faster than pilots and maintenance crews can be trained and squadrons organized, the Army Air Forces (which now include the Air Force Combat Command, a strictly tactical and operational organization, and the Air Corps, devoted to procurement of equipment and training) are preparing for another difficult problem. You would think the answer easy; just store the planes until ready for use.

If there were sufficient storage space for the great number of planes on the way, and there isn't now, that would at least get them under cover. But to have to stake down many of them outdoors means that double attention will need to be given. To prepare them for these outside hangars is a special operation in itself. Oil, to prevent rust, must be sprayed into the engines through the exhaust stacks and spark-plug holes with the valves in an open position. Waterproof-paper covering must be securely fastened over the exhaust ports and the carburetor air-intake scoop. The controls must be locked by a special parking harness. The armament must be covered with a heavy grease. Batteries and instruments must be inspected and the exterior of the plane kept clean. This procedure must be repeated at the end of every thirty days.

Sturdy though they are, these planes, from heavy bombers to tiny pursuits, need this attention, for nobody knows better than the Army the trouble there'll be when the ships are put in operation if they are not kept in tiptop shape.

A POPULAR pastime among the people who go out to the airport to see the planes come in is to count the number of women who get off the airliners. Sometimes a good number get off but they always seem to be in the minority, except when a press agent brings in a plane-load of models. Many surveys have been conducted to determine the proportion of female plane passengers and the latest and most exhaustive, taken by the Air Transport Association,

indicates that about one fifth of all who fly the lines wear skirts. The survey included the heaviest traveled routes: New York-Chicago; New York-Washington; New York-Boston; Chicago-Washington; Chicago-Los Angeles and New York-Los Angeles.

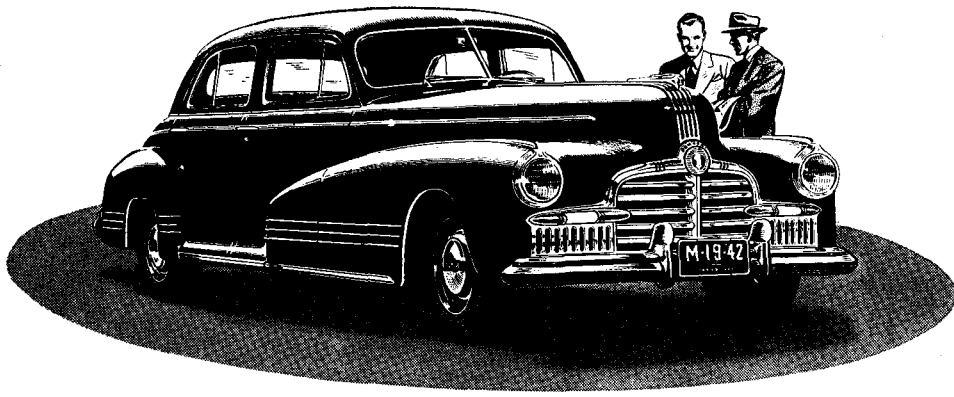
WE TALKED about the Fowler flap (or retractable wing) last time and there wasn't room to tell of a development now under way which will mean so much to the operators of all kinds of aircraft—full-span flaps. Flaps, or air brakes in common use, are hinged sections which drop down from the underside of the trailing edge of the wing to slow the plane for landing. They now extend only to the ailerons to avoid interference with these up-and-down movable sections of the wing which provide lateral control.

With full-span flaps running from one wing tip to the other, our heavy airliners, bombers and even fast-flying pursuers could retain their existing landing speeds and fly faster because they would need less wing area, or, by keeping the wing areas as of now, they could go to lower landing speeds. The military will always sacrifice low landing speed for high top speed because high speed means so much in combat operations. But commercially, any effort to peg the existing landing speeds as they are, or even lower them without sacrificing the present top speeds, will be welcomed and full-span flaps can help.

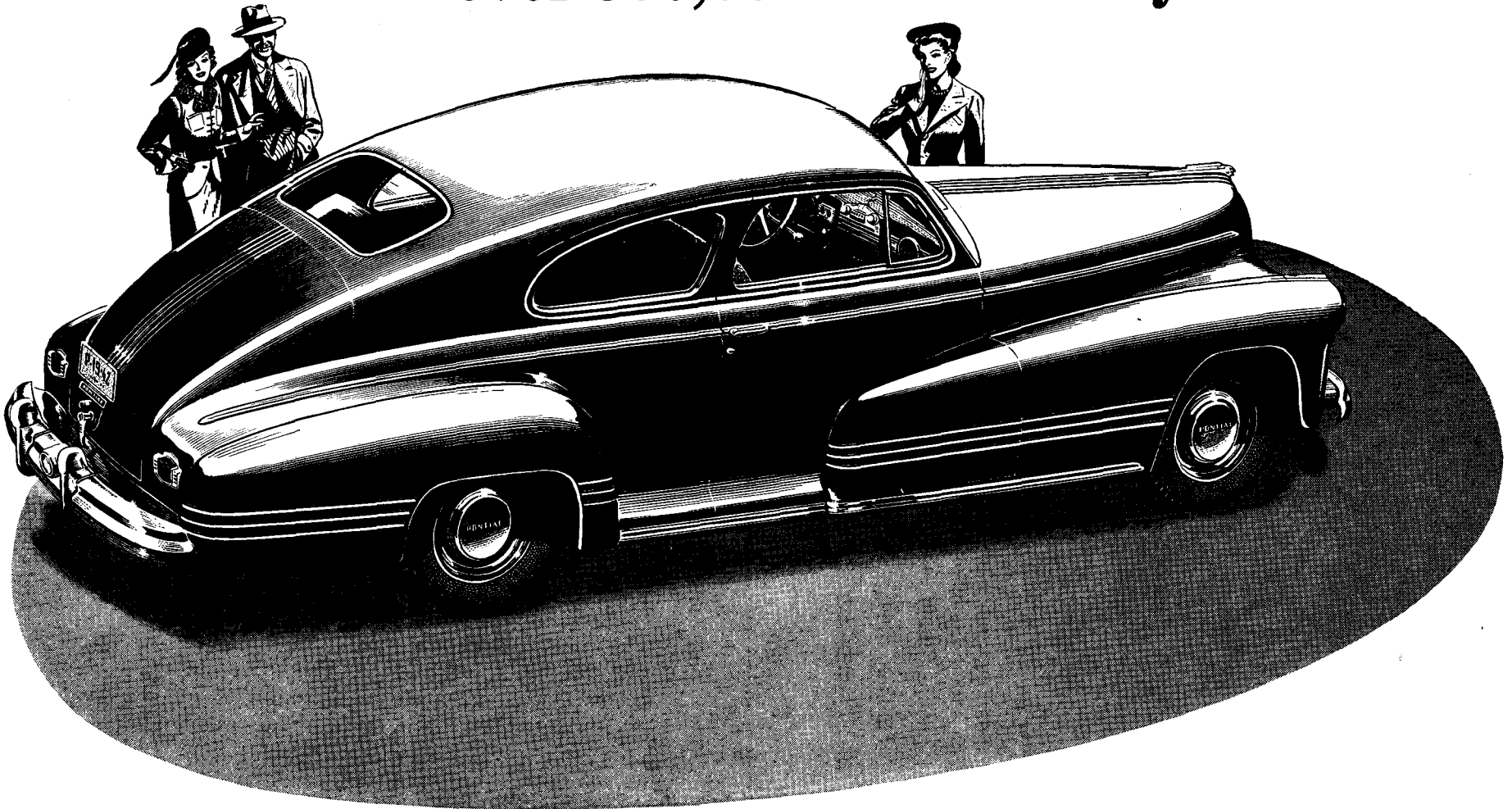
This is not wishful thinking about full-span flaps. Real work is going forward on them at the N.A.C.A. laboratories at Langley Field, Virginia, but you can't hurry it along, it's that scientific.

HERE'S an item we've been saving for cold weather—it's about electrically heated flying suits. The Army now has on contract a large number of such garments, wired to keep the pilots warm in temperatures of from 70 degrees above zero to 60 degrees below. Adapted from the Army's standard summer flying suit, the high-altitude clothing is wired throughout and the amount of heat supplied electrically is controllable. Heated gloves go with it. The young pilots will take to them without question, but there's one old-timer who might shy

(Continued on page 70)



Even Better than the Pontiac that won
over 330,000 friends last year!



GENERAL MOTORS' MASTERPIECE
THE FINE CAR WITH THE LOW PRICE

 MORE THAN 330,000 owners of 1941 Pontiacs may be surprised at this—but it is actually true that the new Pontiacs for 1942 are even better cars than the models which they supersede.

They are more beautiful for one thing. Their new, low-swung front-end styling and their long, sweeping front fenders give added smartness to Pontiac's substantial fine car appearance. New fittings and upholstery materials enhance their interior beauty and luxury.

Mechanically, changes are few. However, when they do occur, they represent definite progress. Vital parts such as pistons, crankshafts, bearings and connecting rods remain completely unchanged. Handling ease and riding comfort, on the other hand, have been noticeably improved. You can buy a new Pontiac this year with confidence that, in addition to new style and luxury, it will give you extra thousands of miles of dependable, *economical* travel. And that is important to farsighted buyers at this time.

[ONLY \$25 MORE FOR AN EIGHT IN ANY MODEL]

1942 *Pontiac* with the things you've always
liked - AND 15 NEW ONES TOO!

★ ★
**Rapid-Fire Production of
Rapid-Fire Cannon!**

Charged with building a large number of automatic anti-aircraft cannon for the U. S. Navy, Pontiac is now turning out these complicated weapons with production-line speed and efficiency. This important assignment we regard as our first responsibility.



NOT HOW MANY... BUT HOW GOOD!

The American way of life needs economic as well as military protection. As the big job of arming the nation strains the resources of its citizens, they must be safeguarded from inflated prices, deflated quality, depreciated value in the things they buy and use. It is up to American Business to hold the home front against all these dangerous trends... and our unqualified pledge is that we will maintain regular Florsheim Quality at the lowest possible price!

Twenty-five years ago this country went through another National Emergency. Good materials were scarce... yet we paid a premium to maintain Florsheim quality, and we refused to accept materials that failed to meet our exacting specifications. And now, if and when necessary, we'll do the same again. If the time ever comes when we can't get all the good leather we need, then we'll make fewer shoes. In 49 years of fine shoemaking we have never sacrificed quality for quantity... we have never traded value for volume... and we never will!

The ECLIPSE



The RAMBLER

\$9.50 and \$10
MOST STYLES

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Yugoslavian peasants sometimes teach a performing bear to dance by chaining it on a heated pan, Arabian camel drivers sometimes appease their animal's anger toward themselves by allowing it to bite and shake one of their discarded garments for several minutes, and African natives sometimes find a hippopotamus so sluggish that it will allow them to fish from its back in the middle of a stream.

One of the largest structures ever moved was the office building of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company in Indianapolis. In less than twenty-five days in 1930, this 11,000-ton, eight-story structure was turned around on its site, to face north instead of east, so efficiently that none of its thousand employees nor any of its telephone and building services were disturbed.

In 1930, the American passenger trains that operated at average speeds of sixty miles an hour or faster covered only 1,100 miles a day. Now such trains travel more than 65,000 miles every twenty-four hours.—By Joseph Caragol, Caldwell, New Jersey.

Of the hundred thousand prehistoric mounds, earthworks and fortifications still existing in the United States, the largest is the Cahokia Mound in Madison County, Illinois, which has a greater cubic size than the Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt.

When a ship is so crippled that it has to be towed to port, all vessels answering its SOS, as well as the one which actually does the towing, are entitled to a salvage award. Even wireless messages that enabled one ship to avoid a shoal and helped another to disengage itself from an ice pack have been held to be salvage services under maritime law.

The leaf of the lilac has 200,000 breathing pores per square inch, or a thousand times as many as the leaf of the mistletoe in the same-sized space.—By Harvey Smith, Lakewood, Ohio.

Dry ice, solid carbon dioxide, when contacting metal objects such as hammers, chisels, tuning forks, tubes and rings, makes them produce peculiar squeaks. Dry ice is also used to distinguish between imitation and genuine diamonds, as only the real gems make a noise when touched by it.

Arctic foxes, when their sense of smell is enhanced by hunger, can detect food at great distances. Not long ago, a Spitzbergen hunter, after having caught an animal in a trap baited with a ptarmigan, went back over the fox's tracks in the snow and found that it had scented the bait five miles away and, changing its course, traveled in a straight line to the frozen bird.

Recent inventions include a checkbook for left-handed persons, a key for typewriters with a rubber tip that erases mistakes without actuating the ribbon or spacing devices, and a fishing rod containing a scale that weighs "the big one that got away" if the fish can be lifted clear of the water.

The office of the Adjutant General in Washington contains 660,000,000 records, which include those covering the military history of every one of the 35,000,000 men who have served in the Army since the Revolutionary War.—By Mark A. Smith, Galesburg, Illinois.

The Volesus, a trawler out of Grimsby, England, recently established a world's record for bringing in the most valuable single catch of fish. It sold for \$60,000.—By Annie W. Robertson, London, England.

Our hydroelectric development reached its peak between January, 1939, and September, 1940, when ninety-six such giant power projects were either completed or under construction in this country.

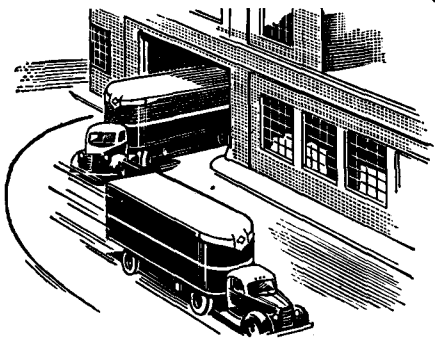
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



YOU'RE HEARING a lot about assembly lines these days . . . how they're being geared up to turn out the defense material we need. And, quite naturally, you may think of these lines as being housed in factory buildings.

As a matter of fact, however, our highways are now an integral part of the assembly lines for national defense production!

Few products are completely fabricated in one place. Sheet metal is rolled in Pennsylvania, made into ailerons in Michigan, and assembled in completed planes in Tennessee. Cloth from New England mills is hauled to New



Jersey to be tailored into army uniforms. Carbon from Ohio and fabric from North Carolina travel many miles overland to meet in a gas mask plant in Indiana. Timber is logged

in Washington mountains, milled on Puget Sound and built into ships at Los Angeles.

In these and thousands more cases, assembly lines *begin and end miles apart* . . . possibly halfway across the country!

★ ★ ★

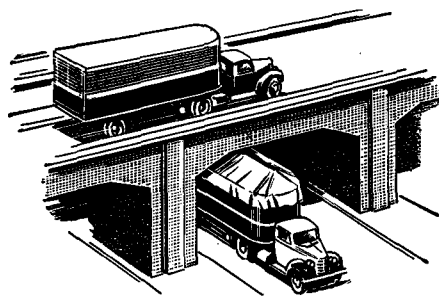
World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO. ★ DETROIT

Sales and Service in Principal Cities

FACTORIES: DETROIT, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, TORONTO

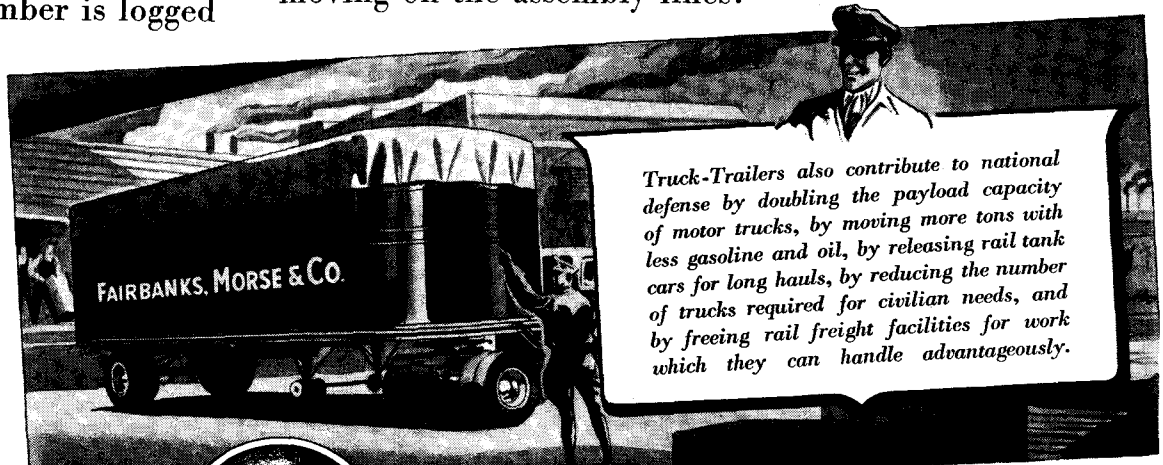
And the mid-portion . . . yes, the heart . . . of these assembly lines is our highway system and America's motor transport industry!



Motor transport has been assigned this grave responsibility because it has proved its ability to deliver the goods . . . and *do it on schedule*. Materials

must flow smoothly . . . in exactly the right quantities . . . at precisely the right time. Production schedules may change on an hour's notice . . . and the flow of materials must change accordingly. This hair trigger control, as any manufacturing man will affirm, is the secret of efficient assembly line production.

As schedules call for more and still more speed, America can depend on motor transport to keep things moving on the assembly lines!



FRUEHAUF

"Engineered

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TRAILERS

Transportation"

MOTOR TRANSPORT IS ESSENTIAL TO NATIONAL DEFENSE

PHILCO

"Glorious new beauty from
Radio and Records"

...brings you thrilling new inventions
... outstanding new radio-phonograph
features for greater musical enjoyment

IN performance... in cabinet design... in effortless, easy operation, this 1942 Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph sets a new standard for luxurious enjoyment of radio and recorded music!

For one thing, you never have to change a needle or buy one. Instead of the old-fashioned steel needle that *scraped* the record, there's a tiny, rounded jewel that *floats* over the grooves and reflects the music on a beam of light to a photo-electric cell. That's why the tone is so brilliant, so clear, so free of annoying needle scratch. Your records never seem to wear out—they actually last ten times longer!

In radio, you enjoy the glorious reception and superb tone that have made Philco America's favorite radio for twelve straight years! And many models offer you Frequency Modulation—at *new low cost*, through the *exclusive* Philco FM System.

Visit your Philco dealer today and see the 1942 Philco radios and radio-phonographs. He has just the model you want in a wide variety of exquisite cabinet designs at the price you want to pay, with a liberal trade-in for your old radio!

MUSIC ON A BEAM OF LIGHT

The first basic improvement in record reproduction since the phonograph was invented, this exclusive Philco invention eliminates needle changing, reduces surface noise and record wear 10 to 1... gives you glorious new beauty of tone!

STROBOSCOPE Control

For the first time Philco engineers have applied the sensational Stroboscope principle to the phonograph. Now you hear your records with absolute fidelity of pitch, just as they were recorded in the studio!

TILT-FRONT CABINET

No lid to lift... no need to remove decorations... no unhandy compartments. To play the phonograph you simply tilt the grille forward, place your records, tilt it back again. An automatic light illuminates the turntable.

PHILCO 1012 "BEAM OF LIGHT" RADIO-PHONOGRAPH. Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control. Tilt-Front Walnut Cabinet. American and Foreign reception; Exclusive Philco FM System. Home Recording optional. Yours on easy terms.

RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS, PORTABLES, AUTO RADIOS from \$12.95 to \$525. SEE AND HEAR THEM TODAY!

Prices subject to change without notice; prices slightly higher Denver and West.



Lambert was bowing. "Pray permit me, my colonel—how about this table here? Is it perfectly satisfactory? Thank you"

Old Mustache

By Guy Gilpatric

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL BLOSSOM

Climax in the life of Jean-Joseph Guichard, obscure hero of France—how he died, as the saying goes, a thousand deaths

THE Restaurant Aux Gourmets d'Auvergne is one of the oldest and best in Paris. It is hidden in the Rue Brienne, a dark little one-way street where parking is prohibited and whose one way is that which nobody wishes to go. The interior has room for only sixteen tables and is gloomy with walnut paneling, dark red velvet upholstery and deep red Brussels carpet. Here and there are imitation palms whose fronds rattle skeletally when agitated by the breeze from a hurrying waiter's coattails; but, of course, in a restaurant so admirably ordered as Aux Gourmets d'Auvergne, haste is deemed unseemly and such disturbances are rare.

During the early months of the occupation, the Germans kept largely to those boulevard establishments with white marble façades, chromium trimming and undistinguished cooking. The Gourmets remained a sanctuary where Frenchmen could escape at least the visible reminders of their humiliation while seeking that solace in familiar savors which was not to be found in the

meager, rationed substance. Most of the people who dined there had been regular clients for years, but whereas in happier times they had merely bowed when entering, or perhaps murmured a formal *Mesdames! Messieurs!* now they paused at one another's tables and talked of the miserable present and the terrifying future.

Monsieur Joly, the proprietor; Lambert, his *maitre d'hôtel*; the waiters, the bus boys and even the little chasseur took full and equal part in these conversations; for here, as throughout all France, trivial social distinctions had yielded to an aching need for fellowship. But great as was this craving for communion, no man dared wholly satisfy it. It was strange, at the Gourmets, to see how guardedly they spoke—whispering, grimacing, gesturing—often changing the subject without apparent reason, or checking themselves in midsentence to glance over their shoulders toward the door.

The pitiful truth was that these beaten Frenchmen did not trust one another. Sold out by their statesmen,

their generals and their press, they now saw in every friend and neighbor a spy, an *agent provocateur*, a writer of anonymous letters, awaiting only an incautious word to denounce them to the Germans. The notable exception was Old Mustache.

OLD MUSTACHE—real name, Jean-Joseph Guichard—had come to the Gourmets as waiter in 1903. In those days, he was called Big Mustache. In 1914 he had joined his regiment, was bundled into a taxicab and hustled to the front, where he was shot, bayoneted, blown up, buried alive, gassed and taken prisoner. He came back to the Gourmets in 1918, hating the Germans and all their works. Now, like all other Frenchmen, he hated them more than ever. Unlike most of them, he did not hesitate to say so.

"Pah! What ignominy!" he would chide the little gatherings in the restaurant. "You call yourselves Frenchmen but you behave like worms! Why all this winking and nudging and whispering? Why all this cowardly nonsense

about 'ces messieurs'? If it's the dirty Germans you're talking about—well, call 'em 'dirty Germans' right out, as I do, and to hell with the lot of 'em!"

At the beginning of such an outburst, his hearers would laugh nervously and murmur, "Bravo, bravo!" But as the tirade mounted in fury, they would drift one by one to their tables and sit studying their menus or newspapers with elaborate, frowning intentness, to make sure that any *Gestapo Spitzel* who might be present could plainly see that they had no part in the sedition. And at length the old waiter, realizing that his audience was the empty air, would snort through his big white mustache, flick his napkin savagely and move off toward the kitchen with that painful, flat-footed shuffle peculiar to the ancients of his calling.

Several of the more timorous clients had suggested to Monsieur Joly that Old Mustache be discharged in the interests of the common safety, but the proprietor could not conscientiously accede. "He is sixty-seven," he said. "He is married. He has been with us for thirty-eight years. After all, you know, one cannot turn such a man out of the door for being—patriotic!"

Still, Monsieur Joly was worried.

One day at lunch time, when the sub-

ject under discussion was French collaboration with Germany, Old Mustache worked himself into a particularly violent tantrum.

"For shame, gentlemen! For shame!" he cried. "Come—why don't you dig up the sacred bones of the Unknown Soldier, while you're at it, and sell them for souvenirs to these bloody bandits of Boches? Surely, you have no souls left to sell! By day, half of you are prating and sniveling of 'collaboration,' while by night the other half are out chalking silly V's on walls, like so many kids scrawling smut where they know the teacher'll see it on her way to school! Frenchmen? You? Pah!"

THERE was the usual nervous laughter; someone said, "Well, the old war horse is feeling his oats again!" while others said, "Sh-h-h!"

"Eh? What's that? You tell me to sh-h-h?" Old Mustache leveled a trembling finger toward the corner whence the cautioning sounds had come. "Well, you poltroons, I won't sh-h-h, I refuse to sh-h-h, I . . ."

"But Jean! Now, Jean! Hold on a minute, old fellow!" Monsieur Joly restrained him. "This bellicose talk of yours is all very fine—when it's just among ourselves! We know as well as

you do that it is only talk and nothing more. But when the Germans start coming here—well, then you'll have to cut it out!"

"Right!" cried Old Mustache. "Absolutely! Oh, you'll see, when the dirty swine do come, I won't say a word! . . . I'll—act!"

"Act?" Monsieur Joly smiled indulgently and winked at the company. "Act? Why, what will you do, Jean?"

Old Mustache clenched his fists and shook them above his head. "Monsieur Joly and gentlemen!" he said, tensely. "With heaven and yourselves as my witnesses, I swear that when the first German comes into this restaurant, I'll spit in his soup!"

There were cheers and laughter.

"All right, laugh!" barked Old Mustache. "You'll see!"

"Oh, come, Jean!" protested Monsieur Joly. "You really don't mean it!"

"You heard me swear it, didn't you?"

"But you're mad, Jean! Why, they'd shoot you!"

"Of course they'd shoot me—if I were mad enough to let them see me do it! But, heh-heh-heh!" he cackled, craftily. "Please don't imagine I'm quite such a fool as all that!"

"H'm!" Monsieur Joly rubbed his chin and nodded thoughtfully; then he gave a savage chuckle. "Well, yes, by George! Why not? It would be a fine trick to play on the strutting roosters, at that! But—it would take plenty of nerve!"

Old Mustache beat his starched false shirt front resoundingly. "Monsieur, I am a Frenchman!" he declared.

They realized that he was in earnest. "Bravo!" cried somebody. "Oh, what a grand old boy!" Others slapped him on the back. All looked up to him with new admiration and respect, for so low was the morale of these men of yesterday, so filled were they with repressed, seething hate, that they felt keen satisfaction in contemplating this childish project. They spoke of it as "retaliation," as "revenge." But even as they sat there gloating over it, the old mutual mistrust asserted itself. They felt that they had become conspirators in an anti-German plot, and they were uneasy.

"Well, then, it's settled—but mum's the word!" said Monsieur Joly, glancing toward the door. "Please remember, gentlemen—not a hint, not a breath of this to a soul!"

"Oh, talk about it all you want to!" said Old Mustache, recklessly. "It makes no difference to me!"

IN THE days that followed, it was remarked that several old clients no longer appeared at the Gourmets, and it was tacitly assumed that their courage had proved unequal to the strain. To the others, Old Mustache explained his plan. At the rear of the dining-room was a pair of swinging doors that gave upon the kitchen, and concealing them was a high screen. In the narrow space between, the deed could be done with impunity. No one could actually see it; therefore, no one could definitely prove it.

"It cannot fail!" he declared. "I come out of the kitchen. I am behind the screen. An instant—only an instant—and it's done!" But the oftener he rehearsed it and the more he talked, thought and dreamed of it, the less confident he became. He was unable to see how a slip could occur, but—what if one

did? Those brutes of Germans wouldn't be content merely to shoot him—no, not they! They'd beat him to a pulp, then torture him; they'd beat and torture his wife; they'd . . ."

Still, he had sworn to go through with it; honor and self-respect were at stake; there was no backing down! Outwardly, he gave no sign that his courage was waning; indeed, he bragged and blustered louder than ever. But his sleep became fitful and his appetite poor. Despite himself he, too, fell into the habit of glancing toward the door, dreading the moment when that first gray-green uniform should appear. And then, one evening, there it was!

The German was a short, dapper colonel. Behind him came a six-foot corporal with an automatic pistol and two grenades at his belt. In the chill hush which followed their entrance, the officer touched his visor politely, bowed three times from the waist and then handed cap and gloves to his bodyguard.

"I am dining alone," he said in very fair French to Lambert, who came hurrying forward rubbing his hands. "If you have no objection, the *Gefreiter* will stand here by the door."

"Oh, most certainly!" purred the *maitre d'hôtel*. "He may stand wherever you wish, my colonel—certainly, certainly, sir!" Lambert was bowing. "Pray permit me, my colonel—how about this table here? Is it perfectly satisfactory, sir? Ah, thank you, sir!"

THE table was Number Three, on Old Mustache's station. Feeling that the marrow in his leg bones had turned to milk, he shuffled over and took his place while Lambert prepared to write the order. The German selected with great deliberation. Throughout the seemingly endless wait, Old Mustache was sure that all eyes were upon him—especially those of the bodyguard at the door. That giant—that murderer—would sooner shoot a man than look at him! He'd simply poke that pistol into your guts and *Pam! Pam! Pam!* there you'd be! Yes, and then, if he saw you were still squirming a little, he'd kick out your teeth, shove one of those grenades down your throat and . . .!

Old Mustache shuddered. He was afraid that he would faint. He heard the soft hiss of a perforated page being torn from an order pad and felt the paper thrust into his hand. "Here, *garçon!*" came Lambert's brisk, official voice. "For soup, *Monsieur le Colonel* will have the *crème de volaille*." And as Old Mustache mechanically bowed his acknowledgment, he saw Lambert's right eyelid flicker in a scarcely perceptible wink.

Somehow, he made the kitchen. Dumbly, he pointed to the great copper pot at the back of the stove which he knew contained the *crème de volaille*. With palsied hands he extended his tray and received the steaming tureen. He turned and started out. By the time he had reached the door, he was trembling so badly that he paused for a moment and rested the tray on the little serving shelf to the right of it. Then, in a daze, he pushed open the door with his foot. It flapped shut after him like a coffin lid, and he was alone behind the screen. Now was the time! He retracted his head between his hunched shoulders. Now! Now! But—he dare not risk it! And even had he dared, it would have been physically impossible—for his mouth was as dry as ashes.

As he came from behind the screen, he saw that every French face in the room was turned toward him. He wondered if his own was as pale as they. Lambert was awaiting him at the German's table to help him serve the soup.

"How'd it go?" the *maitre d'hôtel* whispered, putting down the ladle and

(Continued on page 27)



The door flapped shut like a coffin lid, and he was alone behind the screen. Now was the time! He retracted his head between his hunched shoulders

THE general sat in what the British call a caravan but what we'd call a bus—a very fancy bus. It had once belonged to Fascist General Gallini and it contained a bed with a spring and a comfortable mattress, a table, chairs and a curtained dressing room at the rear. It had blue glass windows to filter the desert glare, and awnings. It was now the headquarters of a tallish Yorkshireman with blue eyes, pale yellow hair and a face that seemed hatched out of polished red limestone, its redness accentuated by the loose white woolen muffler the Briton wore about his throat.

The general's bus was parked in the dunes. We had trouble finding it because, first of all, generals commanding operations don't advertise where they are and, secondly, because it is merely a name on the map. If after reading news stories about the fighting you have mental images of Beau Geste forts and minarets and streets filled with goats, camels and Arabs, forget them. This place is merely where the road that runs westward becomes very much worse and where there are some wells the Italians forgot to poison.

Earlier that morning, in the blue-white light of the desert dawn, the general had set into motion the mechanics of the British drive against the Germans. When we arrived he got out his maps and told us what was happening, what had happened and what the British intended to accomplish. He explained that desert warfare had come down off camel back and that it is fought with machines which move on caterpillar treads, tires or wings. Lawrence and Allenby would be amazed at what has happened to that once glamorous business known as desert war. It has become about as glamorous as a garage and it smells like a garage.

The general showed us where the British tanks and clattering little Bren gun carriers were deployed. He pointed out the disposition of artillery and marked for us where we could obtain water and petrol on our journey forward into the combat zone. The object of the British operations was to push the Germans back from their positions at Salum on the sea coast and from their advanced points on the great Libyan escarpment that encroaches upon Egypt southeastward from Salum to the sub-sea level Qattara salt marshes like a giant brown glacier.

The Highway of Invasion

It was obvious that whoever controlled the escarpment, a wilderness of sand and rock and camel thorn brush, dominated the approach to Egypt from the west. But there are no roads on the plateau, only vague desert tracks of trucks that passed the day before. The wind obliterates the trails within a few hours and you move on the escarpment by compass and sextant. At Salum the escarpment tumbles into the sea. A road zigzags down the blunt face of the plateau through what the Arabs call Halfaya and the British "Hellfire" Pass and connects with the shore road—the highway of invasion of Egypt that leads to Alexandria and Suez.

That the British, with inferiority in numbers of tanks and other mechanized equipment and until recently in man power, too, have been able to prevent German control of the Libyan plateau and the Hellfire doorway to the coastal road is a measure of their courage and endurance. They have also proved themselves inventive. They have mounted cannon on trucks and, with these vulnerable, makeshift weapons, have fought and sometimes defeated German tanks.

Trucks—the tenders of the dreadnoughts of these sand seas—are as important as tanks. The desert kills trucks.

(Continued on page 77)

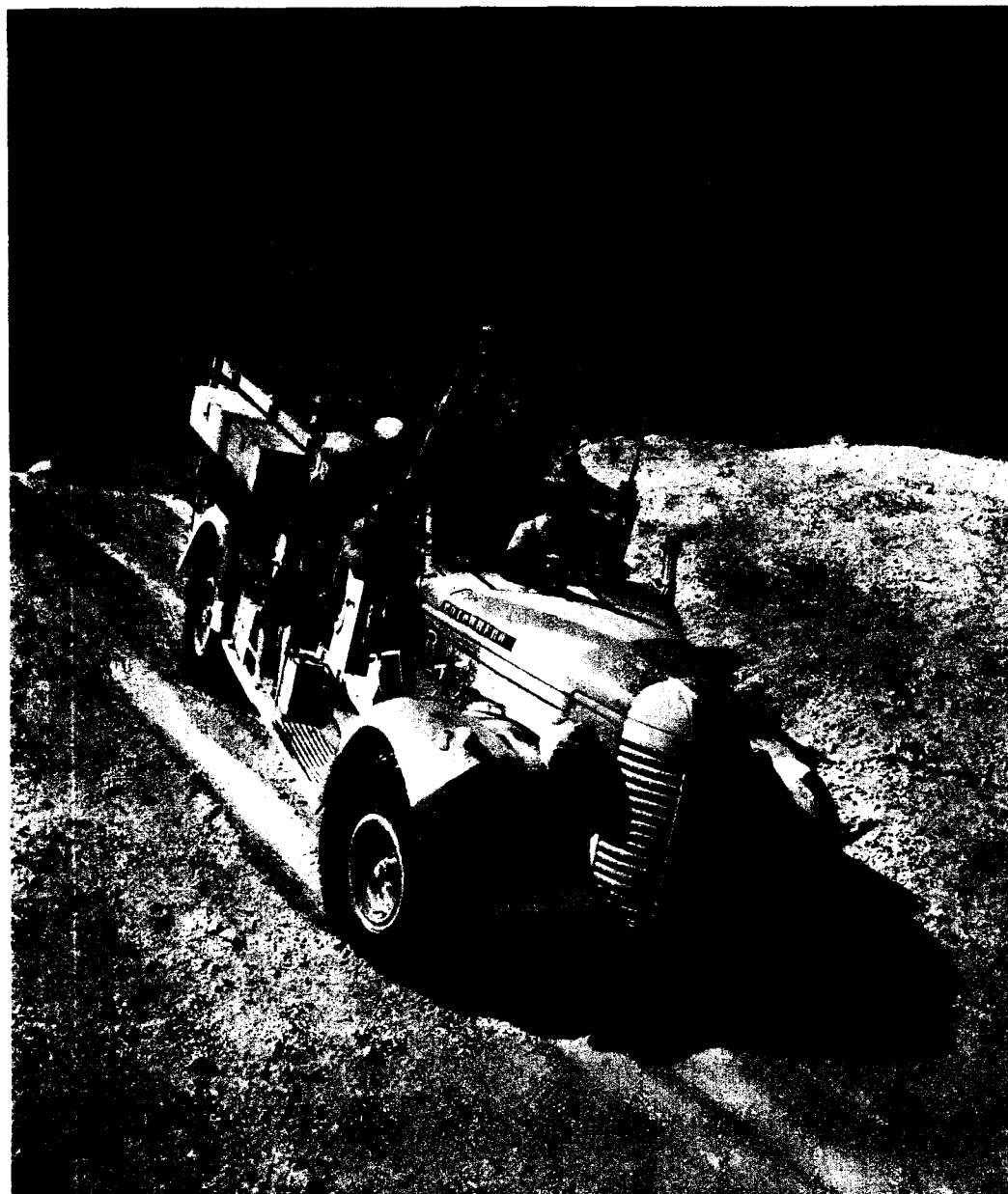
Hellfire Pass

By
Frank Gervasi

In Africa the British Tommies' life is not a happy one as they battle the Axis invaders in the desert. Collier's correspondent, who ranged from Cape Town to Cairo, detours now to watch them work under fire

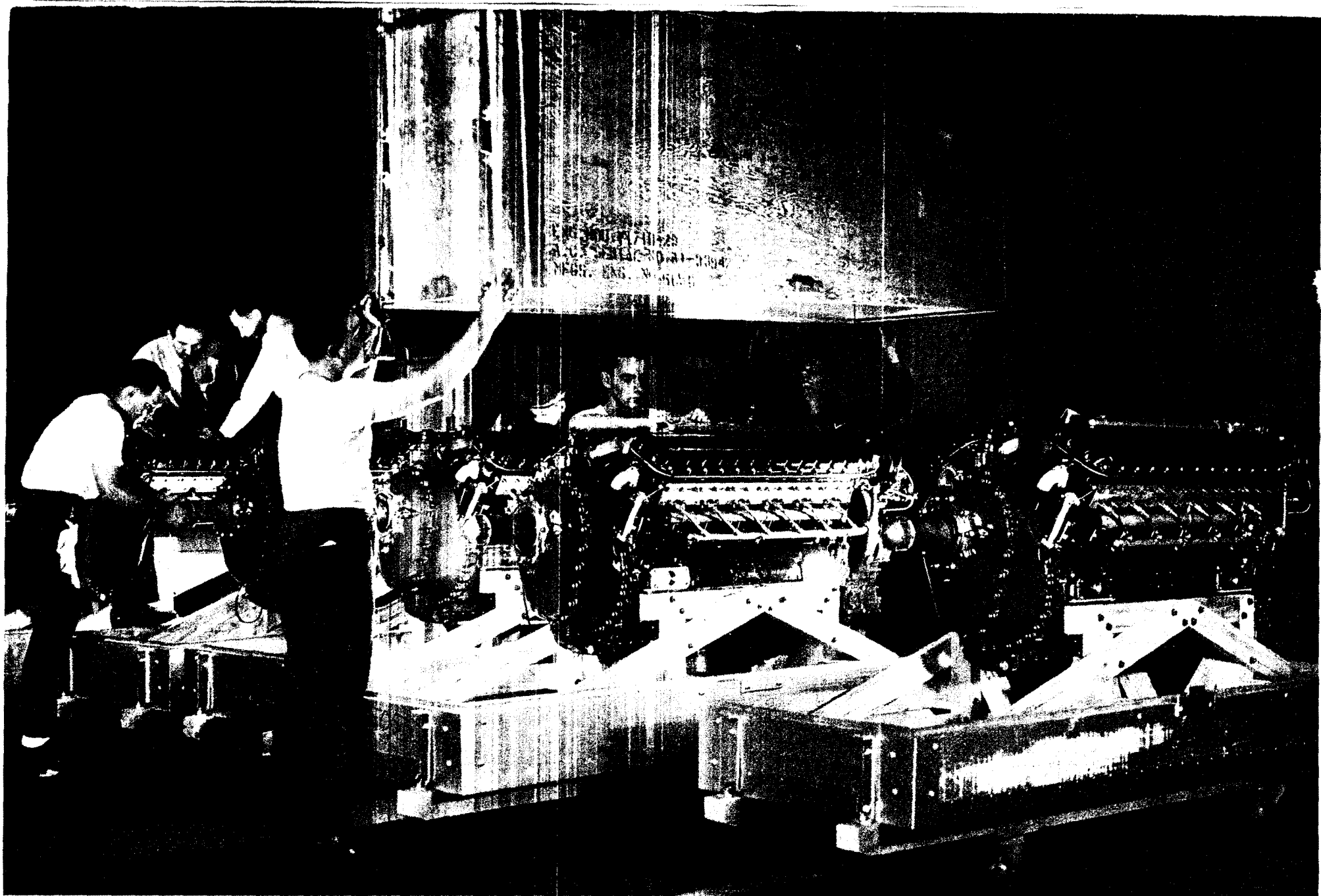
Trucks are vital in desert warfare, sometimes joining in the fighting. This one is on long-range patrol duty

A British desert outpost antitank unit sets up and camouflages its gun in a rock-and-sand wilderness



BRITISH COMBINE





The Allison Division of General Motors, Indianapolis, is turning out airplane engines for the Army. This shipment goes to Fairfield Air Depot, Osborn, Ohio

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio, manufactures shell casings for the 155-mm. shells, 2,100 of them a day. Here they are being spray-painted

A Pratt & Whitney airplane engine on the production line at the Ford River Rouge plant. Buick and Chevrolet will also produce Pratt & Whitney engines



The American Miracle

By Walter Davenport

With inescapable confusion and shouting we are completing a tremendous plant, the largest that the world has ever seen. Its one composite product is just emerging, an industrial giant fashioned by large and small manufacturers working in unison. While it is built for war, it is our best hope for peace

THE lights of Capitol Hill are low. Here and there a lonesome glow yellows a window in the House and Senate office buildings, but life has fled. Congress, once almighty, once full of fight and portent, sits waiting like a work shift at the gates of a vast munitions plant. Presently the call to move in, man the machinery, will sound. Congress, grumbling like industrial workers about speed-ups, seniorities, money and jurisdiction, will barge in, fill orders.

Yonder, at the foot of The Hill, blazing the skies with its roaring light, lies elephantine OPM—the Office of Production Management—and its new maout SPAB—the Supply, Priorities and Allocation Board. And at the feet of OPM, a raucous little carnival of blaze and fury all its own, squats its mowem-down brat OPA—the Office of Price Administration. Remember the days of the New Deal's youth with its AAA's and CCC's and the rest of its brawling little garbles? Al Smith called them alphabetical soup and people laughed because then it was easy to laugh. The man had seen nothing. Those weak, piping days were but thin, insipid consommé compared with these.

Across the seething city, shadowed by the White House, stands OEM—the Office of Emergency Management. It stands apart simulating a calm it doesn't own. OEM is the President's eyes and ears. It watches SPAB, OPM and OPA. It's the President's hand on them all, his grip on their work, his tongue in their conferences. OEM is the President.

These four—OEM, SPAB, OPM, OPA—are your emergency government. Their method is half evangelism and half crackdown. They have fifty-six billion dollars to spend but not a penny for your vote. That alone is a miracle, but a minor one. Slowly at first, but swifter week by week, American industry is responding to their call to arms. Maybe you don't think the picture pretty, but you must admit it's a heroic one. Big Business has hit the trail. Little Business, fearful for its life, crowds into Washington begging for machines, tools, contracts, subcontracts. Plants, factories, shops and village forges have become, are soon to become or hope to become American Krupps, Schneider-Creusots, Skodas, Vickerses and Boforses. Scoff if you wish—but wait. What was a prairie cornfield twelve months ago is a thundering tank plant now. From what was a woods a little while back—a woods beloved for family picnics—thousands of aircraft motors will roll before Christmas. Where zippers were made, detonators will grow. Guns are growing where gadgets were planted. Get out of your office and look around. You'll see the major miracle. Perhaps it won't make you happy. Perhaps you won't rejoice. We've seen it, and for some idiotic reason laughed.

At their present rate of increasing momentum they'll make Mars and all his blacksmiths look like kindergartners in another year. You who look on with your chin on your chest, you who must

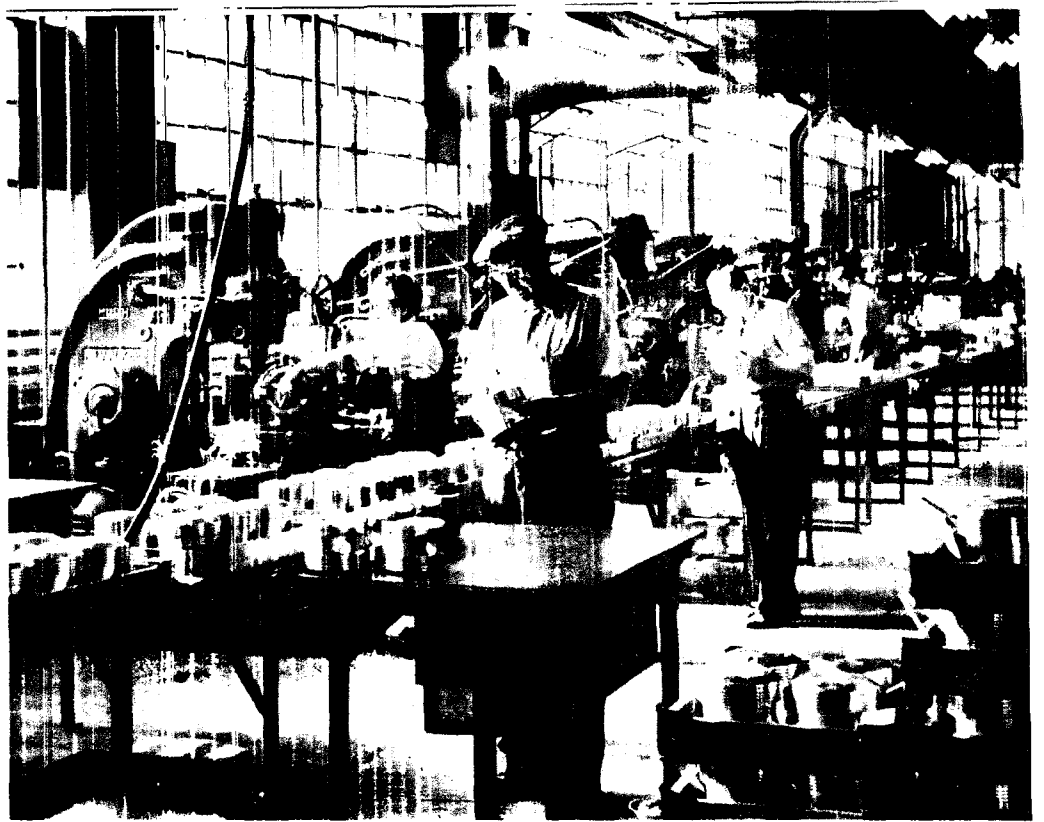
pay the bill, may have to struggle along without rubber heels, costume jewelry, galvanized water pails, aluminum pots and pans, new refrigerators, motorcars, new cameras, oil burners, saxophones, copper screens and an ever-lengthening list of what they call consumer goods—but you'll be a sight to behold with ships and guns, tanks and planes, bombs and shells. You're asked to stop receiving and to give.

Back to the Simple Life

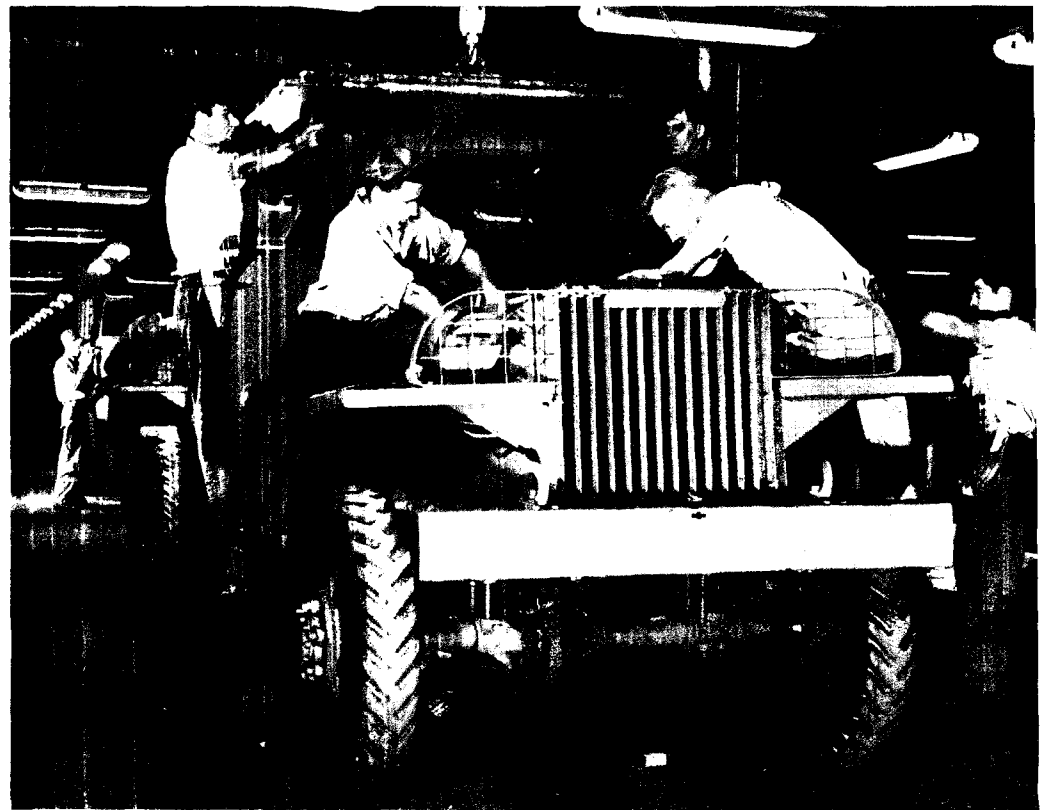
In spite of what office seekers and flag-waving sobsters tell you, that standard political mousetrap, the American Standard of Living, is due to lose its snap. SPAB's executive director, Mr. Donald M. Nelson, warns you and bids you be ready. You'll probably benefit thereby. You'll walk more. Already they've reduced the production of private motorcars by half, and don't be shocked if the cut goes much deeper next year. Even if you have a car you'll have trouble getting tires and perhaps spare parts. Walking's good for you. You may have to eat fewer extras—the extras that put that belly on you.

During this thing they call emergency, you'll struggle along somehow with fewer laborsaving gadgets in your office and kitchen. You may have to hire somebody who can add columns of figures in the old-fashioned way because if this goes on the man who sells you computing machines will be out of stock. Similarly your wife, poor soul, may have to beat eggs, whip cream and mix her batters by hand because the metal that went into gadgets will be blowing up Nazis. Maybe you paid no attention, you with your stomachs packed to the burp stage, but three or four years ago the dietitians and doctors discovered that as a whole the hundreds of thousands fed by relief thrived on the simple fare whilst the fat cats made the liver-pill rollers richer and richer. Now is the time for a hundred and thirty million people to find out how simply they can live, how few frills and furbelows they need for happiness, how many pretty things they can do without, how much trimming they can cut off living. Find out for yourself or, what with ships, wings and guns to pay for, it will be found out for you. OEM, SPAB and OPA are not the old political alphabeticals. Very few lame ducks

The Packard Rolls-Royce machining plant, Detroit, contains \$18,000,000 worth of new defense machinery. Two thirds of it belongs to Great Britain, one third to the United States government. Of the two great drill presses in the foreground one is British-owned, one American. They merely drill and tap a temporary hole in the hub of a reduction driving gear



Pistons for the new Wright Cyclone aircraft engine are turned out in mass production by the Aircraft Division of the Hudson Motor Car Company of Detroit, Mich. This plant also produces rocker arms in mass quantities



An Army truck comes off the assembly line at the Studebaker plant in South Bend. This truck has three axles, with a drive on each of the six wheels



loll within their doors, political pensioners. These agencies are getting tough. By this time you've probably read the names of several proud corporations who have learned the awful truth. As we left Washington OPM was preparing to crack down on two or three big boys who refused to read the signs, who were using the scarce raw materials they'd get with priority permits for nondefense goods. OPM was getting ready to cut off all their supplies—to put them out of business for a term. Maybe you don't like what's going on in the capital of your country, but you had better get used to it.

The Realities of War

Nobody in Washington or elsewhere completely realizes the latent possibilities of American industry. A year ago OPM, trying to swing the job alone, was wallowing badly, down at the head, getting nowhere even on paper. Individually its offices were sturdily manned. Gallantly enough, they tried to break through political jealousies and precedent, industrial fear and suspicion, civilian distrust and ignorance—an ignorance that nobody from the White House down made any effort to dispel. From great General Electric and mighty United States Steel down to Joe Kumoninski's two-man welding shop, no one believed it possible that today we'd be turning out approximately 4,500 airplane engines a month, that by next July we should be producing more than 8,000 a month. And if anyone had told you a year ago what Detroit would look like today you'd have called a cop, or at least have advised a doctor. We've just got back from that Chrysler tank plant—started at the rough castings and left the gigantic place in the fifth twenty-eight-ton battler they'd turned out that day. A year ago that plant was a cornfield. These are mere samples that we toss off as we speed the tale along.

Like it or not, this is the path we're taking. We're too far along and the wheels are turning too fast to do anything about it now. You may as well know. Hitler does. You'd better get used to it; we've a long way to go. A year ago America talked with shudders of bottlenecks. Today it's an almost forgotten word. A year ago big industrialists were telling OPM to go to hell. There was a household-utility manufacturer who told OPM that he'd quit making them and turn to munitions when General Motors, Ford, Chrysler and the rest of the big motor fellows quit making automobiles. And not before, he added. Today he's making bombs. We hope he's liking it too. He'd better.

We'll waste no time with bygones. Why OPM didn't crash through under its own steam, its internal bickerings, interdepartmental jealousies, bad guesses and the distrust of industries not represented within its personnel is old stuff. OPA (originally OPACS because it was supposed to look after Consumer Supply too), appeared. OPM and OPA battled each other for the President's smile. Not much except considerable spitting on hands, fussing with shirt sleeves and an assortment of attention-calling noises ensued until the President made it quite clear that he had abandoned all hope of preserving all the benefits of peace and at the same time fighting Germany.

It wasn't until then (and there's no specific date to mark the day) that skeptical industry began to set aside its distrust of the White House. As long as the distrust lasted, as long as industry feared that it was going to be taxed out of its last cent of profit and as long as the belief flourished that in labor disputes the White House was going to align itself blindly with labor, man-

agement was halfhearted. Nothing suggestive of the present speed was noticeable until the government took over the strike-paralyzed North American Aviation Company. Not until then were the manufacturers convinced that the President had sacrificed most of his political romanticism to the realities of war.

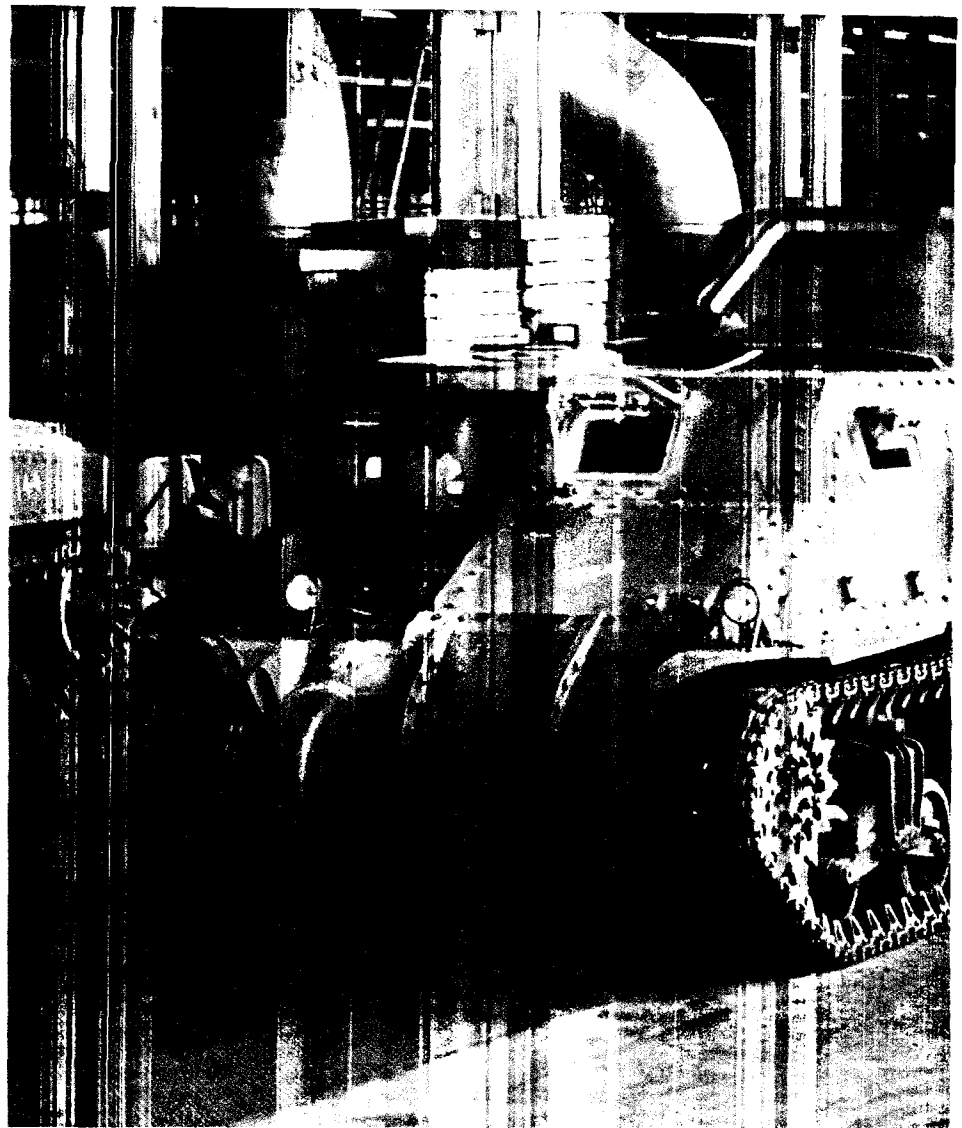
The temper of the country has changed, not that there is any perceptible increase in the desire to shoot or get shot; but much of 1940's pessimism is gone. A year ago the consensus was that when stocks of essential raw materials which we import were exhausted, plants would close—defense and civilian contracts would be broken by mutual consent. A few unquenchable optimists assured us that our scientists had seen to all that—that government and private chemists and metallurgists had been working for years on substitutes for imported stuff. If no rubber, tin or manganese came out of the Far East, they said, we'd have *ersatz* to take their place. Well, they were partly correct. The chemists and metallurgists did lots of commendable thinking and mixing. Many times they produced substitutes superior in strength and lighter in weight and altogether more desirable than the original. The only trouble is that most of the materials which went into those substitutes are now on the scarcity and priority lists along with the stuff they were to replace.

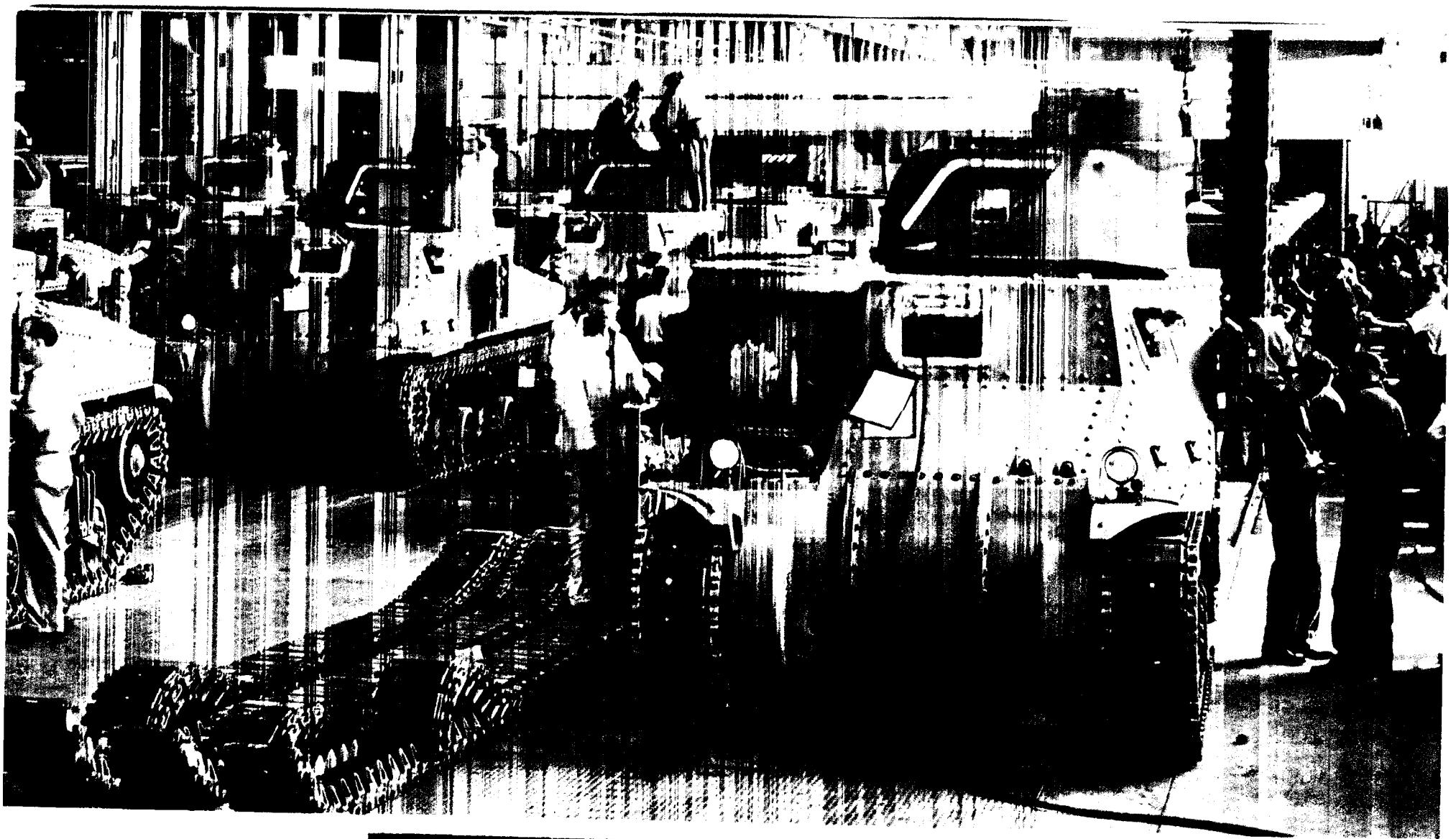
Of course if we get into a real brawl with Japan and have to lick her before we can get rubber, tin and manganese, we may be in a nasty spot. But what we're getting at is that neither labor nor management seems to be worrying much about that. A year ago the prospect, remote as it might be, would have found them weeping into each other's beer and willing to cry quits. All the country needed was a little leadership. We have two statements about the airplane industry that separately or together give you a pretty graphic picture of what's happened. They're not so very dissimilar, either, although the figures we got in Washington are slightly larger than the ones we have from the industry itself. Let's get a little perspective on it first.

The Assembly Line Speeds Up

You'll remember, perhaps, the early statistics on Hitler's plane productivity. We won't try to cite them all, contenting ourselves with saying that it was generally agreed a few months ago that we had about as much chance of producing planes at Hitler's rate as Mahatma Gandhi would have of going six brisk rounds with Joe Louis. It's entirely possible that the figures from Germany were accurate. These present figures we have from the airplane industry have it that our two largest manufacturers of military engines—the Wright Aeronautical Corporation and Pratt & Whitney—alone are on the verge of a monthly output equal to the total production of all of Germany's huge plants. It took Germany seven years to reach her present rate. Two years ago we were manufacturing only about one tenth of her production. Of course you're going to have to get along somehow without a lot of things you had before, but a year hence we should be making Hitler's producers look juvenile. When Ford, Buick, and Chevrolet too begin turning out Pratt & Whitney engines and Nash gets tooled up to produce engine parts—oh, well, say it yourself. Before we have a look at the government estimates, we'll give you the latest advices from England. Britain's aircraft engine production today is about 1,800,000 horsepower monthly. What that means in plane numbers we don't

(Continued on page 74)





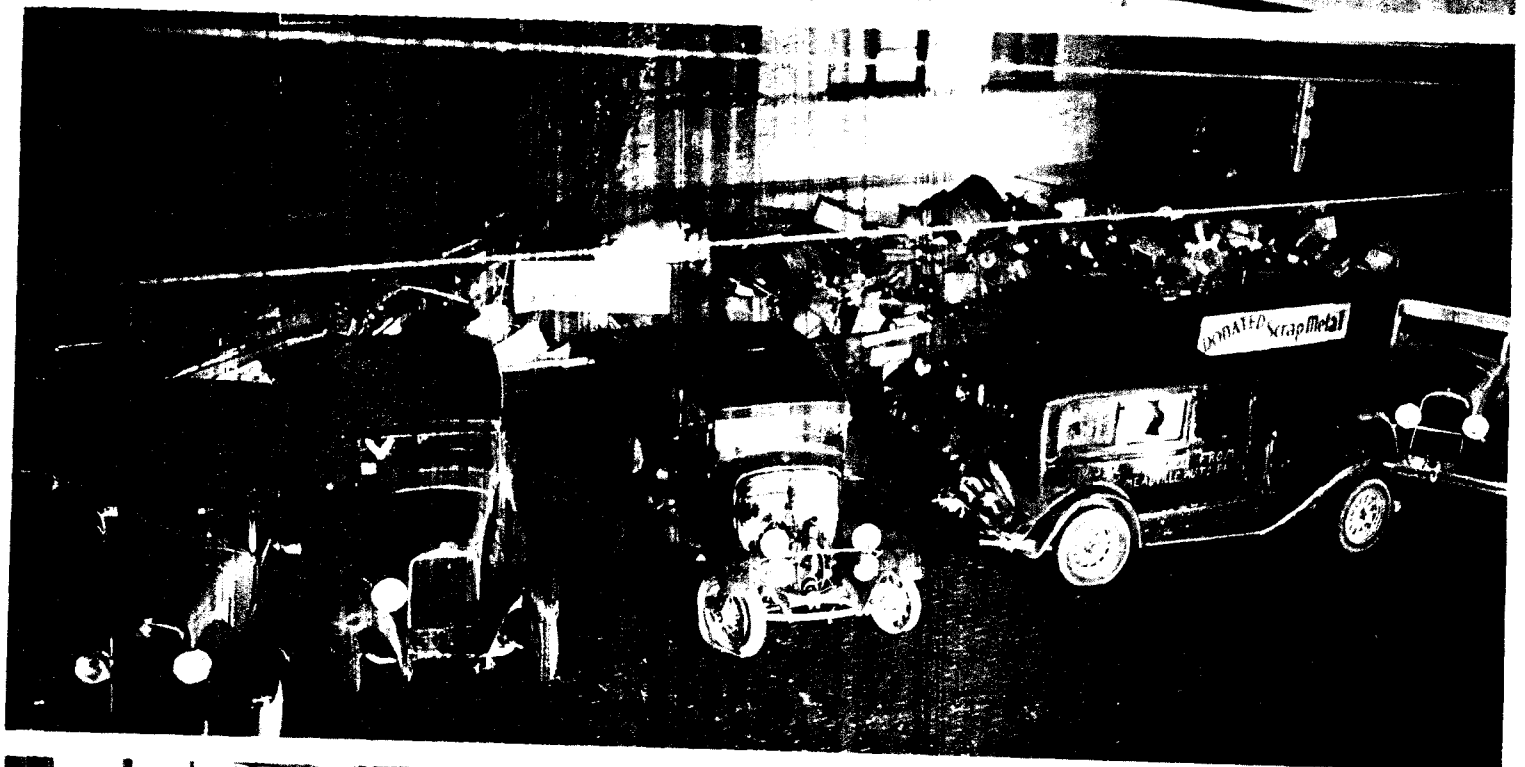
Here, at the Chrysler Tank Arsenal, in Detroit, the Army's new 28-ton medium-sized tanks are reaching the end of the production line and are ready for shipment to the various supply depots. Twelve months ago, the site of this thundering tank factory was a prairie cornfield

The Talon Fastener Co., Meadville Pa., which normally employs about 4,000 workers, will soon be without raw supplies. At left, a technician is testing plastic materials that may be substituted for the metals under the priorities ban

Meadville has two other industries hard up for lack of materials, the Meadville Malleable Iron Co. and the National Bearing Metals Co. The huge pile of scrap metal at right was donated by townspeople to keep them going

In Flint, Michigan, the A C Spark Plug Division of General Motors is now manufacturing .50-caliber Browning machine guns. At the left, an inspector gives each gun a rigid inspection as it comes to him from the production line

Cases for 37-mm. cartridges are being made by the Guide Lamp Division of General Motors, Anderson, Indiana. This company also makes other cartridge cases. Army truck lighting equipment and parts for Allison airplane engines



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY
SARRA AND W. EUGENE SMITH



An 1,100-pound demolition bomb lands in the Barksdale target range (lower left). Captains Daniel Todd and Thos. Fleming examine the resultant crater

—and the streamlined job of 1943 will be something for the critics to keep quiet about.

MEANWHILE, Congress might okay a few bills designed to give the rank and file a better break in the matter of this and that. A bill now under consideration would present every man with a ribbon for his year of service (including field maneuvers) and higher ups feel it should be given to him a month or two before he's discharged, not six months later. Three other items are being advocated in some quarters: (1) Free franking privileges, (2) a rail-rate differential, and (3) extra subsistence for men with dependents. (1) Free postage for men in the service is self-explanatory; (2) the flat-rate railroad fare for the soldier on leave would eliminate the justified gripe of Pvt. John Messkit, who has to pay three times as much to get home from his distant post as does his brother, Pvt. Joe Messkit, who was assigned to a post within yelling distance of Ma's cooking; and (3) the man with dependents wonders why he can't get at least an extra forty-two cents a day to send home to his family. All this would cost plenty, of course. If you have a mulling machine handy, drop these thoughts into it and see what gives.

WASHINGTON

PORT OF EMBARKATION, Seattle.

Troop movements are military secrets but the fact that men are being transferred to distant posts steadily and in numbers is evidenced by recent alterations of Seattle's water front. One end has been pretty well roped off by the Navy; at the other end the Army has taken over what used to be piers and offices of a luxury-liner service. Furthermore, the Army has taken over the long-idle, \$2,500,000 Ford plant in Seattle and is jamming it to the gills with supplies. Transports, officered by the Navy, move in and out of the Army docks and there is a resultant and unusual mingling of soldiers and sailors, on duty together. It leads to the inevitable discussions of the respective merits of each service, but the Army usually wins by pointing out that the Navy had to get an Army man to be its secretary.

McCHORD FIELD, Tacoma. The Chamber of Commerce is touchy about it but everybody knows that this air base was built in one of the foggiest places on the coast; in fact, just a toss from one of the two major spots on the Pacific Highway where yellow sodium-vapor street lights are necessary in winter to keep motorists on the track.

THE Army Air Corps tries not to hurt anyone's feelings on the subject of weather, which may be why Commanding Officer Col. William H. Crom recently told Tacoma Kiwanians that the foggy field offered the best opportunity possible for blind-instrument flying.

Actually, there were times last winter when planes couldn't land at McChord for a week at a time. This winter, squadrons will be able to take off and land at any time on a spot of ground Col. Crom has picked out at Ephrata in arid eastern Washington; and any of the Douglas bombers (needing three miles of visibility for a landing), which take off in McChord fog and find it tough getting back, can high-tail it for the Ephrata layout.

(Continued on page 29)



BOMBS AT BARKSDALE are the only U. S. School near Seattle. Army and co-operating when a few weeks ago to top-ranking general. 4,000 officers of the 28 Armies what the night. Lined but still some. Right can do. With accuracy 65 airplanes dropped 460 demolition bombs weighing 100 to 1,000 tons onto a 1,000-by-2,000-foot range only 1,500 yards from Barksdale's hangar. Thirty tons of explosives chewed thirty-foot craters in the Louisiana foam, sprayed the surface with lethal bomb fragments and blasted orderly rows of six-ton World War I tanks hauled from Rock Island (Ill.) storage

OUR NEW ARMY

PARTICIPANTS in large-scale mock wars give you a funny look when you refer to maneuvers as games. Unfortunate, too, was the choice of the word umpire for judges and co-ordinators, because "game" and "umpire" connote pop bottles and Bronx cheers—and the Louisiana war was no ball game. Nothing was missing but live bombs and bullets. Fatigue, mud, dust, heat, rain and bugs in difficult terrain added up to field conditions only toughened soldiers could take. The Second and Third Armies took it last month and the First Army is taking it now, in the Carolinas.

A man, exhausted and sweat-caked with grime, doesn't smile when he tells you the bridge on which you stand was destroyed last night; an infantry colonel looks almost grim as he describes the effects of yesterday's attack by a squad-

ron of A-20's. (Secretly amused by this is your correspondent, who, strapped securely in the broiling, screaming, glass-enclosed nose of one of those very bombers, helped "mow down" the colonel's men.) Realism is the watchword of maneuvers, and realism is what the men get. In one phase of the Louisiana battle dive bombers blitzed an armored force encircling the town of Zwolle while "enemy" airplanes dropped propaganda leaflets into the streets of the town choked with men, horses, guns, tanks and every type of military vehicle. "Your commanders," the leaflets read in part, "are withholding from you the terrible fact of your impending defeat. . . . Rout, disaster, hunger, sleepless nights in the forest and the swamps are ahead of you—unless you surrender. . . ."

The spectacle was unique in U. S. military history. Seldom during the previous week had the men slept, shaved, or eaten. The action had been a grueling maneuver milestone. But the weary officers and men were still willing and able, and an observer might well boast that what this country now has is the nucleus of as fine an army as men and matériel can contrive. The spirit will continue to be high as long

as the service is endowed with the type of individual, who, told by a general to "Put down that gun, sentry! I'm General Snafu," slaps down the general's ears with, "Nuts; I don't recognize you—keep your shirt on until I call the sergeant."

INCIDENTALLY, there has been a lot of loose talk lately about Army morale. Brass hats who know their jobs will tell you that good morale stems from good discipline. Nobody likes the idea of selective service and the Army has tried to soften the measure by handling the boys with suède spats. Result: A "Will-you-do-right-face-please?" command from too many officers and an "Oh-well-I-suppose-so" response from too many men. If, as a lot of experts believe, this country is to police the world for the next ten or fifteen years, selective service will come to be a natural experience for lads not at this moment old enough even to join the Boy Scouts, and there'll be an uncompromising maintenance of strict discipline by officers trained to enforce it. There will be some changes made when the 1941 maneuvers are post-mortemed. The Army of 1942 will be a humdinger

Satan's Blacksmith Shop

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Four bits of the church's money are now in the hands of Modom Aw-bear. It happened because the hoodoo lady is so good at being evil and B'r Charlie is kind of bad at being good

IT WAS during the season on Little Bee Bend when crops are "laid by," mules in the pasture, and everybody is waiting for the cotton bolls to open so picking can start.

B'r Charlie, the one-legged blacksmith-preacher, sat in his homemade reclining chair under the big china-ball tree and ruminated. It was past the noon hour but he had not eaten a mid-day meal. He had not forgotten to eat; he had studied his mind and weighed the inconvenience of rising to prepare dinner against the probable discomfort he could expect by missing it, and he had chosen the latter.

"A man kin always eat," B'r Charlie reasoned, "but you can't always jest set."

Picking would start in three or four weeks, he knew, and the boys would begin breaking up the cotton wagons, and his life would be full of labor again.

From where he sat, by turning his head slightly to right and left B'r Charlie could see a thousand acres of growing cotton. It looked good to him. "Out dar, jest a-growin' and goin' on!" he commented. "And hit ain't got to have Giles ridin' up and down, fussin' and raisin' sand all de time."

The weather, too, was about right. Hot days and hot nights, with enough evening dew to keep the fields steamy under tomorrow's July sun.

"Even de Widow Duck ain't got de cheeks to pray for better weather," he thought with satisfaction. B'r Charlie resented the way his senior usher took charge of spiritual matters which rightly belonged to him.

IT DISTURBED him a little when he turned his gaze toward the ramshackle cabin of Modom Aw-bear, the hoodoo woman. Modom Aw-bear was a sin and a shame, and a constant source of embarrassment to the pastor of Old Ship of Zion Church. More than once he had preached himself into a state of exhaustion, trying to bring light into the confused souls of some of his parishioners. They would listen politely, drop a nickel or a penny in the plate, and then carry four bits to the hoodoo woman to buy a husband-stay-at-home charm.

He grinned when he remembered the season. "De mens and de ladies got plenty time to 'tend to all er dat stuff, now," he thought, "and dey don't need Modom Aw-bear's tobies." His mouth hardened. "I hope she don't make a copper cent all summer."

There was another small speck of gall in his soul. It was Uncle Henry, the aged lotman. With the mules in the pasture, there would be no feeding to attend to and B'r Charlie resented Uncle Henry having a rest. "Ole devil," he

grunted. "Efn I was Giles I'd run him off."

All things considered, however, the world was treating B'r Charlie pretty well. "I b'lieve," he told himself, "I'll go fishin' and git me a bait er fish for my supper. Hot as dis weather is, I bet dem catfish is bitin' like a hongry dog."

The Widow Duck would lend him a pole, he knew, but it was a far piece from his house to that of his senior usher's, and the heat devils were dancing up and down the path. "I'd have to dig me some worms, too, and den dem no-good fishes might not bite, nohow."

Before he realized he had reasoned himself out of a fish supper, a spring-

born swamp rabbit—now almost grown—came hopping along the path within easy throwing distance. B'r Charlie had knocked over many a rabbit at greater distance, but he made no move to heave his crutch at this one. Instead, he spoke: "Go 'haid, rabbit. You ain't big enough to take de trouble."

A HUNDRED yards away, Uncle Henry retrieved the rabbit. B'r Charlie watched with growing interest as the lotman picked up his game and brought it directly to where B'r Charlie was sitting.

"Huntin' rabbits, Uncle Henry?" B'r Charlie asked politely.

"Nawp. Dis scound'el was fixin' to run smack over me. So I chunked at him and hyar he is."

"Well, skin him and clean him and drap him on de po'ch," B'r Charlie instructed. "I'll stew him for my supper."

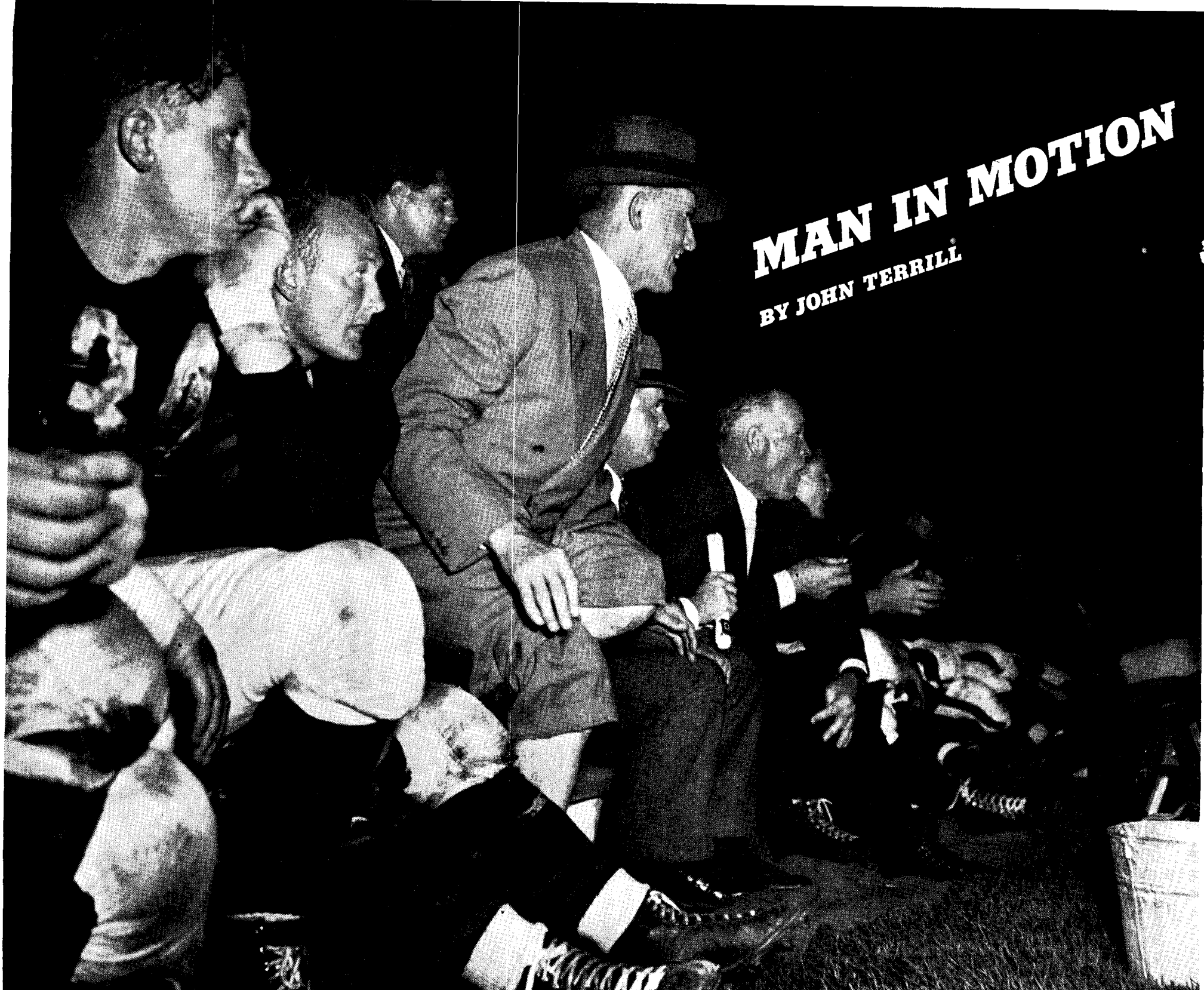
"Not dis rabbit," Uncle Henry said emphatically. "Dis hyar rabbit is fixin' to git stewed but not for no preacher's supper." He chuckled. "Hit's a certain lady down de path a little ways dat's fixin' to stew dis rabbit for my supper."

B'r Charlie snorted. "You and dat certain lady! Why, you's so old hit ain't a lady on de place'd give you a pleasant 'howdy,' let alone cook yo' supper."

(Continued on page 56)



"I'll bat off yo' haid," he told her. "Don't make no ju-ju tawk on me!"



MAN IN MOTION

BY JOHN TERRILL

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE MONAHAN

George Halas works almost as hard on the bench as he did during his playing days when his champion Bears were in the making

With blood, sweat and hard practical honesty, George Halas built the Staley Starchworks Terriers into the Chicago Bears. It took twenty years, but today he is rated the nation's best judge of football material on the hoof

THE Chicago Bears, most powerful football team in the land, are famous for their man-in-motion attack. There can be no doubt concerning the origin of this devastating offensive. The Bears got it from their own founder, father-confessor, president and coach—George Stanley Halas.

George, forty-six-year-old son of a Bohemian tailor from Chicago's West Side, has been using a man-in-motion attack all of his life. His Bears, you recall, gave the Washington Redskins that 73-0 walloping in last season's championship game, but the players were no busier on that memorable day than Halas is any day in the week, in football season or out.

You walk into his snug little office in a Loop skyscraper and George springs

out of his swivel chair, grabs your hand and gives you a resounding whack between the shoulder blades.

"Hello, fella! How's it going?" he asks, immediately lunging at the nearest telephone. "Be with you just in a minute, got to make a call." Just as he finishes it, the phone rings and the chase begins. Stick around for half an hour and you might get in a dozen words or so. Without a telephone he would be miserable and helpless. Maybe it is one of his football players needing a little cash against next week's salary. Or the call might have to do with any one of George's various enterprises—a jewelry and sporting-goods mail-order house, one of Chicago's largest laundries or his professional basketball team.

George directs all of his business in-

terests from this cubicle. He works from twelve to sixteen hours a day. All of these enterprises of which George is president and treasurer take up his time, but his main source of happiness is the work with the Bears.

"George would be miserable out of football," his wife says. "He is forever devising new plays, studying formations and looking for new stuff. Football makes the world go around for him."

But it isn't exactly a labor of love, even if George is completely devoted to the game. Halas draws a handsome salary in addition to his stock dividends in the Bears. But there were times when George and his Bears hardly knew where their next touchdown, not to mention pay check, was coming from.

With blood, sweat and hard practical honesty, Halas built the Bears to their present high status. He is dynamic, shrewd, tough as they come when necessity forces, but his integrity has never been questioned. The best guide to that is the respect of the players, ranging from the boys who played football for him back in the early struggling days to the modern, well-paid Bears.

Worshippers at the shrine of amateurism considered George and his gang of players nothing better than young ruffians in 1921, when the team was moved from Decatur, Illinois, to Chicago. Professional football was not new even then, but the sport had never gained the confidence of the public. A few people realized that finally the game had in Halas one of a small group determined to see the thing through and clothe it eventually in respectability. He did this by making the other players match his own fire and spirit on the field. Halas is scornful of anything but the best. The Bears were the first team to hold daily practices, first team to use a big-league park for their home games, first to hire a college coach and first to have a knothole gang—all long-range moves designed to instill confidence in the customers. But the press and the public had to be shown and were cool to the young promoter back in those days of flappers and bathtub gin.

"The newspapers soon got accustomed to seeing me around," Halas recalls. "I went to see the sports editors every day and banged away at them. And when

(Continued on page 25)

Mercator Island

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

"PASSED over" for promotion, Bob Bolles, a young American naval flier, resigns his commission, buys a sixty-foot schooner (the Thistlewood), and, with a one-man crew—Tom, a colored boy—starts on a long, aimless cruise.

To make a little money, he takes the Kingmans—Malcolm Kingman and his wife, Helen, who say they are from New York City—from Kingston, Jamaica, to an out-of-the-way island, Mercator, which they seem eager to visit. In the course of the voyage, he grows suspicious of Kingman; so, shortly before they cast anchor, he tells Tom to swim ashore, hide and swim back to the boat after everyone has gone ashore. Tom obeys the order. . . .

On Mercator, the little party—the Kingmans, Bob and Mr. Kingman's valet, Oscar—encounters a Japanese, "Mr. Moto," who informs them that he has come from Kingston on a motor launch which has returned to Jamaica. As Kingman and Mr. Moto talk, the Thistlewood, with Tom at the wheel, sails away. And, as the two men talk, Bob gathers that they are looking for an airplane—one left on Mercator by a French merchant vessel; Bob believes that the airplane contains a remarkable bit of secret war mechanism. . . .

A Britisher—Inspector Jameson, of Kingston, (a stowaway on Mr. Moto's motor launch) suddenly appears on the scene and attempts to arrest Kingman and Oscar on a murder charge. They knock him unconscious, gag him and bind him up.

Kingman and Moto find the airplane. "Mrs. Kingman" (who, it appears, is a spy and not Kingman's wife) is the only one who knows what the secret mechanism is. She says, now, that it is a revolutionary type of supercharger.

Bob knows motors. So the Japanese and Kingman force him to extract the supercharger. While he is at work, he inspects the cockpit; there, to his amazement, he finds a radio device that will enable a combat pilot to fight as well by night as by day! He says nothing of his discovery. . . .

Feeling sure that the Thistlewood will soon return, and that he can somehow manage to board her, Kingman gives Bob the shock for which he has been waiting. "You know too much," he says brutally. "Anything you want to say?"

Bob knows that the man has decided to kill him. "No," he shoots back, "to hell with the whole lot of you!"

Conclusion

BUT Mr. Kingman still was troubled. His whole manner was kindly, almost apologetic.

"It is only that there are too many of us here, Bob," he said. "It's only you've got yourself into a damned dirty game, and you're in the way. I do hope you see it, Bob. Oh, well, let's have some coffee and a bite to eat." Mr. Kingman slapped his hand on Bob Bolles' shoulder. "There's nothing personal, you know, old man. Everybody draws—his number sometime. You'll feel better with a good hot cup of coffee."

But there was something personal, and Bob Bolles knew it. All Mr. Kingman's solicitude was a slimy sort of mockery. He knew that Mr. Kingman was enjoying himself. He remembered Mr. Kingman's look when he had driven the butt of his rifle into Inspector Jameson.

"I'd feel better if you'd put that rifle down," Bob said. "Maybe we could talk a few personalities."

Mr. Kingman moved a step nearer to him and looked him up and down appraisingly.

"I'm not—not yellow," Mr. Kingman said. "That's the word, isn't it? I'd like to oblige you really, old man, if I didn't have any other business. I'm sorry I can't use you on your boat. We have to make the best of that black boy of yours. You'll sail her, won't you, Moto?"

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "oh, yes. So sorry we can manage without Mr. Bolles."

"Yes, Bob," said Mr. Kingman, "everybody's sorry—and Helen will be particularly, won't you, my dear?"

Mrs. Kingman did not answer.

"Yes, Helen will be particularly sorry," Mr. Kingman said. "Now come inside. Some coffee will do you good. You'll need it for what's coming, won't he, Oscar?"

Mr. Moto coughed behind his hand. "Excuse, please," he said. "I think, ah, Mr. Kingman, that you are not being polite. I ask you to be polite. Mr. Bolles behaves like a Japanese gentleman."

"Polite?" Mr. Kingman answered. "Why, don't you hear me telling him I'm sorry? Walk ahead, Bob. Gentlemen first. Oscar's boiling up the coffee."

They walked inside the (Continued on page 35)

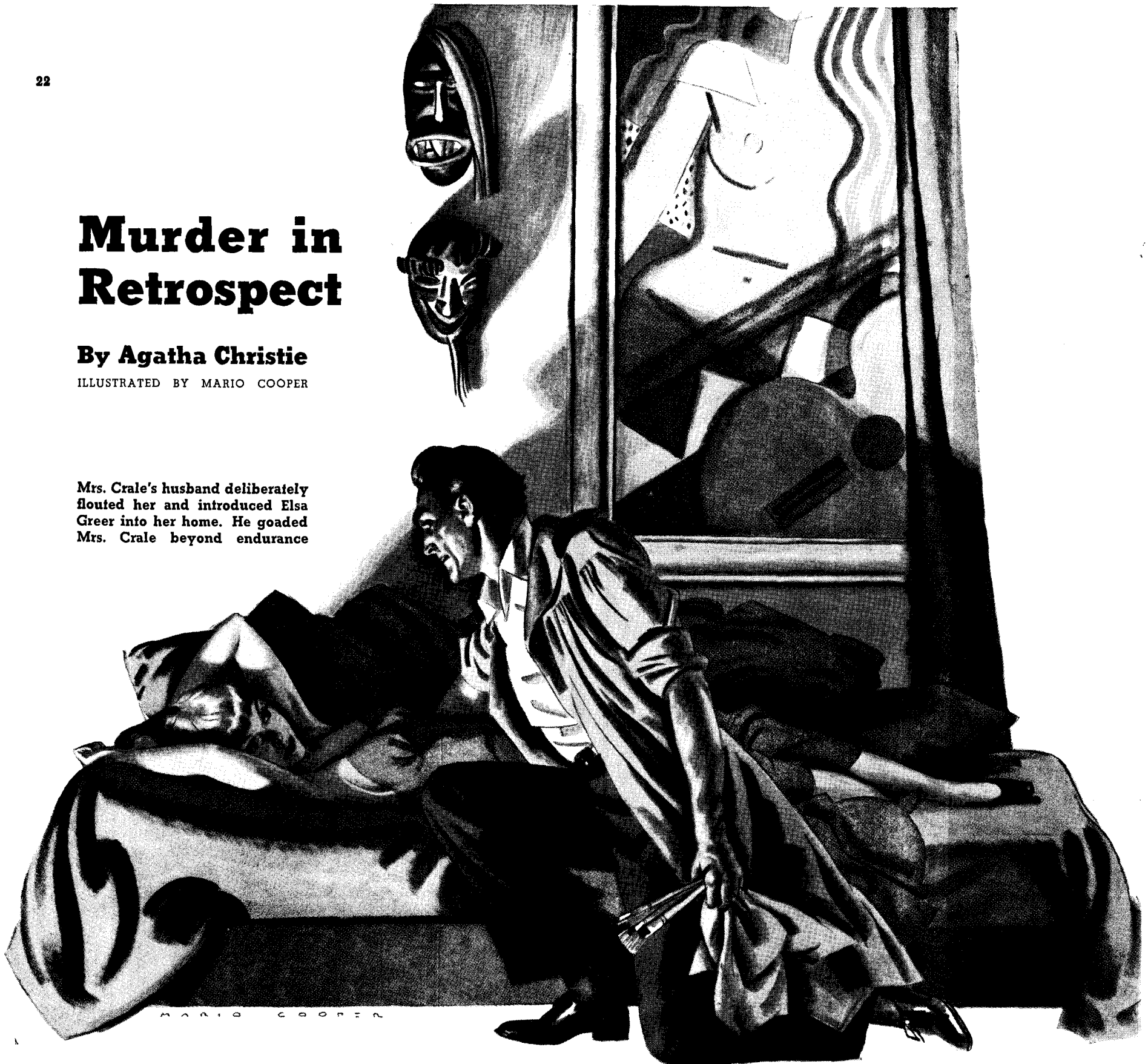
He must have known that she would do it, for he beat her arm aside with his open palm, snatched at her wrist and wrenched the knife from her hand

Murder in Retrospect

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Mrs. Crale's husband deliberately flouted her and introduced Elsa Greer into her home. He goaded Mrs. Crale beyond endurance



The Story Thus Far:

AMYAS CRALE, a well-known English artist, is found dead in the garden of his country estate: Alderbury. Investigation reveals that his wife, Caroline, had given him a glass of beer, shortly before his death; and the beer had contained coniine, a poison.

Caroline Crale is arrested, charged with murder, tried, convicted. One year later, she dies in prison, leaving a letter in which she protests her innocence. The letter—addressed to her young daughter, "Carla"—is to be read by the girl when she reaches the age of twenty-one.

Sixteen years later, Carla (Carla Lemarchant to the public) reads the letter. Then, certain that her mother had not been guilty, she induces Hercule Poirot, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator, to dig up the facts in the case and, if possible, learn the truth.

Poirot begins by making a list of everyone who had figured, in one way or another, in the celebrated affair. Then he interviews those who are still alive.

Amyas Crale (he soon learns) had been infatuated with a beautiful young girl: Elsa Greer, at the time of his death. He had been painting her portrait, in his garden, when his wife had given him the beer. When he died, he had been alone. On the previous day, some coniine had been stolen from the laboratory of a neighbor, Meredith Blake, an amateur chemist. Any one of these persons might have had a chance to filch the poison: Blake's brother, Philip; Mrs. Crale; Elsa Greer; and Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's half sister. All had been guests of Blake when the coniine had disappeared.

Fortunately, the Blake brothers are still

living. Both of them promise Poirot to set down in writing all they can remember of the tragedy; and Meredith escorts the Belgian to Alderbury, shows him everything he wishes to see.

Elsa Greer is also alive; she is now Lady Dittisham. Poirot pays her a visit. He finds her still astonishingly beautiful. She tells him quite frankly that she had hated Amyas Crale's wife—and that she had loved Amyas. She insists that Amyas had loved her.

But Miss Cecilia Williams (Angela Warren's governess, on whom Poirot presently calls) does not agree with her—Miss Williams tells the detective that the Crales had been a happy couple, had loved each other! "You liked Mrs. Crale?" Poirot queries. "I was very fond of her," the woman replies. "And your pupil—Angela Warren?" Poirot leans forward, his eyes fixed hard on Miss Williams', as he asks the question.

VI

SHE was a most interesting girl—one of the most interesting pupils I have had," Miss Williams said. "A really good brain. Undisciplined, quick-tempered, most difficult to manage in many ways, but really a very fine character."

She paused and then went on:

"I always hoped that she would accomplish something worth while. And she has! You have read her book—on the Sahara? And she excavated those

very interesting tombs in the Fayum! Yes, I am proud of Angela. I was not at Alderbury very long—two years and a half—but I always cherish the belief that I helped to stimulate her mind and encourage her taste for archaeology."

"I understand," Poirot murmured, "that it was decided to continue her education by sending her to school. You must have resented that decision."

"Not at all, M. Poirot. I thoroughly concurred in it."

She paused and went on: "Let me make the matter clear to you: Angela was a dear girl, really a very dear girl—warm-hearted and impulsive—but she was also what I call a difficult girl. That is, she was at a difficult age. There is always a moment where a girl feels unsure of herself—neither child nor woman. At one minute Angela would be sensible and mature—quite grown-up, in fact—but a minute later she would relapse into being a hoydenish child—playing mischievous tricks and being rude and losing her temper."

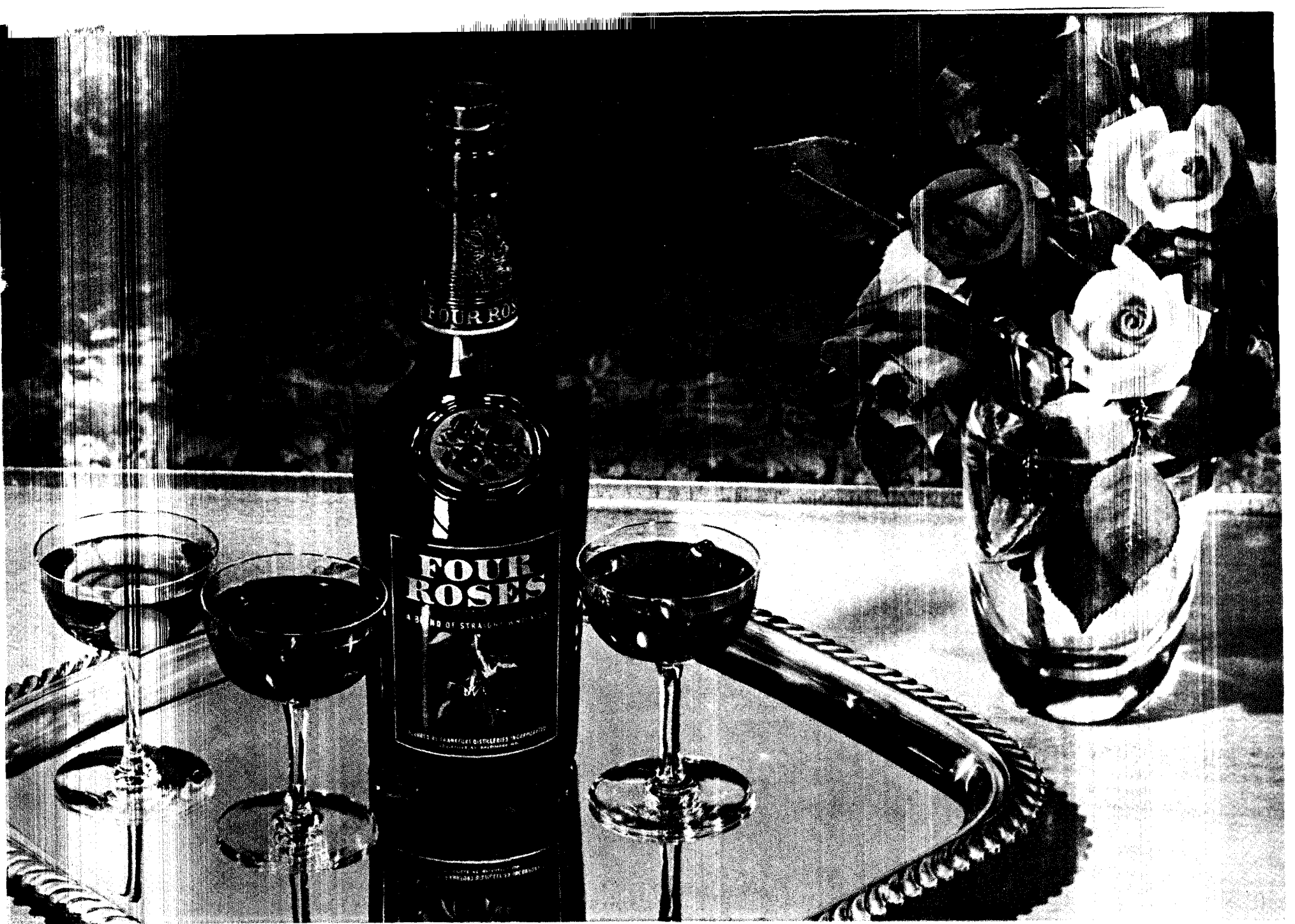
"Girls, you know, feel difficult at that age—they are terribly sensitive. Everything that is said to them they resent. They are annoyed at being treated like children and then they sud-

denly feel shy at being treated like adults. Angela was in that state. She had fits of temper, would suddenly resent teasing and flare out, and then she would be sulky for days at a time, sitting about and frowning; then again she would be in wild spirits, climbing trees, rushing about with the garden boys, refusing to submit to any kind of authority."

"When a girl gets to that stage, school is very helpful. She needs the stimulation of other minds—that and the wholesome discipline of a community help her to become a reasonable member of society. Angela's home conditions were not what I would have called ideal. Mrs. Crale spoiled her, for one thing. Angela had only to appeal to her and Mrs. Crale always backed her up. The result was that Angela considered she had first claim upon her sister's time and attention, and it was in these moods of hers that she used to clash with Mr. Crale."

"Mr. Crale naturally thought that he should come first and he intended to. He was really very fond of the girl—they were good companions and used to spar together quite amiably, but

(Continued on page 47)



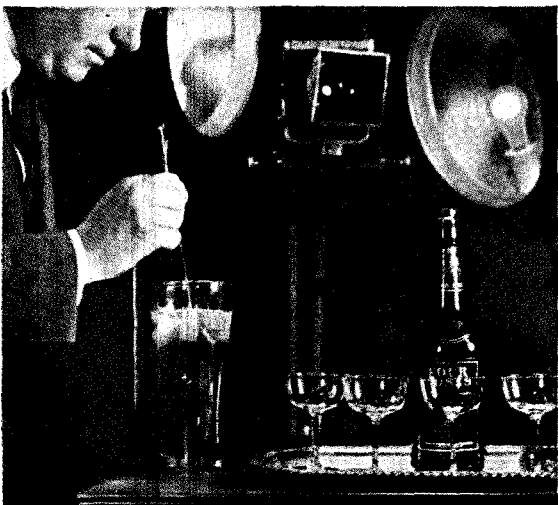
What happened to the fourth Manhattan?

WE RECENTLY ASKED a famous photographer to take a picture that would really do justice to the magnificence of Manhattan Cocktails made with today's Four Roses Whiskey.

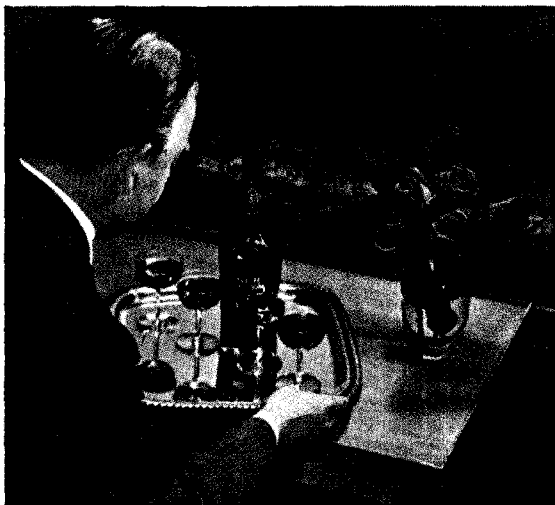
He brought us the photograph you see above. We were tremendously pleased

with it. But, knowing that, in the past, his Four Roses photographs have usually shown *four* cocktails, we asked, "What happened to the fourth Manhattan?"

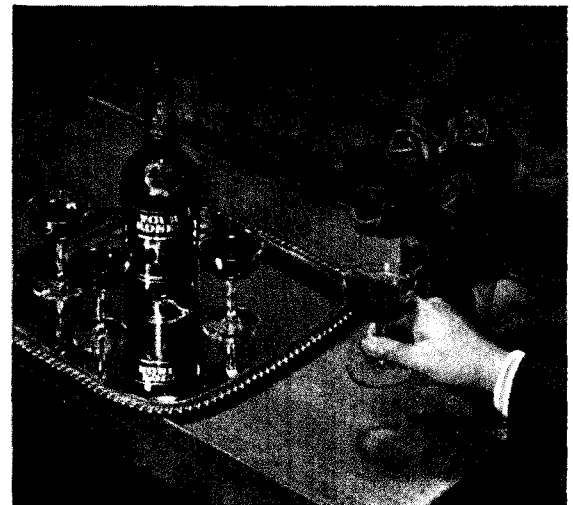
His answer amused us—and pleased us. So we asked him to re-enact just what did happen to it—for your benefit...



First, with infinite pains (for our friend is a true connoisseur), he mixed the four Manhattans... using one-sixth *dry* Vermouth... one-sixth *sweet* Vermouth... a dash of Bitters... and for the remaining two-thirds, Four Roses. Stirring well with cracked ice, he poured the ruby-gold libation into the four glasses. So far, so good.



Next, he worked out the composition of the picture, being careful to give the Manhattans and the Four Roses bottle the patrician surroundings they deserve. For this Four Roses, he'd heard, was the very finest whiskey we'd ever made or known in the past 76 years. And that, he knew, meant it was finer than any whiskey *anybody* ever made!



In fact, (he confided), this Four Roses made such downright gorgeous-looking Manhattans, with such ambrosial aroma, that... well, *he drank that fourth Manhattan!* And now we wish that *you*, too, would discover the satin-smooth perfection, the softly exquisite flavor, of today's Four Roses. Just try this matchless whiskey—won't you?

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

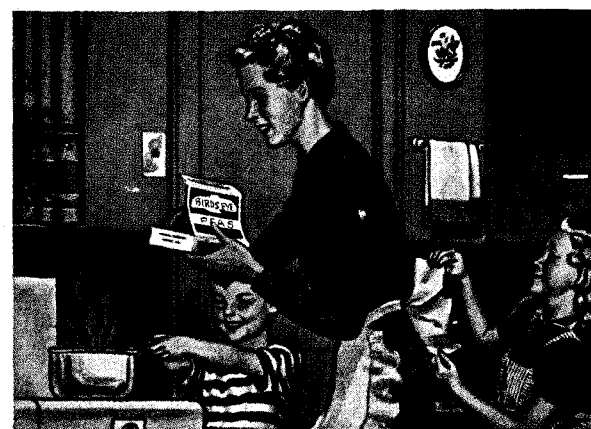
The Peas that bring ...a breath of Spring!



1. Step right up, folks, and meet the most charming purveyors of summer sunshine that ever graced your table . . . Birds Eye Peas! Why, the little darlings have spent a life time—just getting ready to leave you wide-eyed with wonder at their garden-fresh goodness!



2. Bred from specially selected seeds . . . they lead the life of Riley in the finest soil . . . and then, when they've reached the peak of goodness, the choicest, sweetest products of this pampering are chosen and . . .



3. Our patented process of Quick Freezing imprisons all that just-picked goodness till the moment you taste the first luscious forkful! Winter or summer, Birds Eye Peas come to you garden-fresh . . . shelled, washed, ready to cook! That's right . . . no work, no waste . . .



4. You get all peas when you ask for Birds Eye! Remember—one box of Birds Eye equals 2 lbs. of ordinary unshelled peas. And you save *money* as well as time, for Birds Eye Peas now cost much less than ordinary market peas! So try 'em this week while they're specially priced, and treat your family to a breath of spring!



Special!
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October 20 to 25
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OTHER BIG VALUES!
CHOPPED STEAK • PEACHES
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SAVE MONEY. . . All Birds Eye Foods fit
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Make no mistake! All quick-frozen foods are not Birds Eye, so ask for Birds Eye Foods by name! Money back satisfaction! For further information, write . . . Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Ave., N. Y. C. Also grown, packaged and distributed in Canada by Hudson's Bay Co., Montreal.



Man in Motion

Continued from page 20

they'd give us a couple of paragraphs the day before the game, we were supremely happy. We thought we had hit the jack pot."

Halas is one of those rare persons who know when to fight, when to compromise and when to swap bluntness for tact. He is an expert in both leagues.

George was an outstanding football player under Bob Zuppke at Illinois, also captain of the basketball team and a baseball star. He graduated in 1918 with a degree in engineering, but never got around to using this knowledge much. World War I was still in progress so Halas joined the Navy. He played on the Great Lakes Naval Training Station eleven in the 1919 Rose Bowl.

Baseball Misses a Sure Thing

The war was over before George got any farther from home than San Diego, California, so the energetic young man turned to baseball in the spring of 1919 and went south with the New York Yankees for a tryout. Little Miller Huggins liked his dash and fire, but an injury nipped his career. George smacked a triple off Rube Marquard in a Florida exhibition game, but injured his hip sliding into third. Recurring effects of the injury handicapped him until finally he was sent to Bonesetter Reese at Youngstown, Ohio. Reese remedied the ailment, but by this time New York had completed its roster. Huggins shipped the rookie to St. Paul.

The disappointed youngster finished the season there and then quit organized baseball, not interested in playing outside the big leagues, a typical attitude for him. At loose ends for once in his life, George went to work for the Burlington Railroad as a bridge engineer, playing pro football on week ends at Hammond, Indiana.

The Staley Starchworks of Decatur, Illinois, hired him the next spring as its athletic director and asked him to round out a strong football team for that fall. They would foot the bill as an advertising venture. Halas, already well known as an athlete, toured all the prominent Midwestern schools and corralled senior players for the 1920 season. George didn't know it but his first Bears' eleven was in the making.

His recruits included Jimmy Conzelman, now coach of the Chicago Cardinals; Burt Ingwersen, now line coach at Northwestern; Hugh Blacklock, Michigan State tackle; George Trafton, Notre Dame star who was a mainstay of the

Bear line for a decade; and Edward (Dutch) Sternaman, Zuppke pupil like Halas and Ingwersen. The quarterback on that Staley eleven was Charley Dresden, Decatur native and the same cocky little guy who became Leo Durocher's right hand with the baseball Brooklyn Dodgers.

Halas coached and captained this squad to the championship of the Middle West. The players cut up a chunk of cash, amounting to \$1,700 each, at the season's end—not bad for kids who had been playing four years in college for nothing.

The company, feeling the effect of a general industrial recession, told George to forget about football in 1921. He didn't. He resigned as athletic director and took the club to Chicago. The club won the professional championship that season, the title game drawing 12,000 at Wrigley Field. Any doubts Halas may have had about the sport's future were erased once and for all by this outpouring of customers.

The league was formed that fall of 1921, but it was a long time before the organization had anything resembling unity and compactness. No less than 38 teams held membership at one time or another—the teams ranging from Los Angeles, California, to Providence, Rhode Island; Duluth, Minnesota; Pottsville, Pennsylvania; and Kenosha, Wisconsin. The league had a hodgepodge of twenty-two teams as late as 1927. Many promoters who thought that they had the "Midas" touch tried their hands, but soon became discouraged and dropped out.

But none of these ups and downs ever affected Halas' faith in the game.

After a victorious season in 1921 the Bears, although prospering financially, went for ten years without a championship. The club netted \$1,476.92 in 1922, lost \$71.63 in 1923 and cleaned up \$20,000 in 1924, when George and Dutch Sternaman, his partner, rejected an offer of \$35,000 for the club. Other clubs floundered, died, were reorganized and crawled through the league's first decade, but the Bears had little need of red ink. The public liked the fire and spirit of the pioneering Bears, many of whom played through every game. Back in those early days the young co-owners paid themselves \$100 each per game.

Halas himself once suffered a broken jaw in a game at Rockford, but was in there at right end for the full sixty minutes the next Sunday. It is easy to see why young Halas got such a quick and firm hold on the Chicago public. He

works harder now than in his playing days, dying a thousand deaths on the bench when the Bears play. He often rushes out to the side lines to give the officials a verbal blasting. Of course, this sort of thing is becoming less frequent nowadays, but George still rants and raves when the Bears lose; especially if, in his eyes, the club really has outplayed the rival. On these occasions he is inconsolable. But he always takes the blame himself if the Bears are outplayed or outsmarted.

In 1924 in Cleveland, Halas became enraged at an official who was spending a good part of the time "walking"—ripping off offside and holding penalties on the Bears. Finally, he rushed out and directed a choice bit of invective at the man in white.

"That'll cost you fifteen more," yelled the official.

Halas cut loose with another blast.

"Fifteen more," bellowed the arbiter.

"Go on, walk your fool head through that brick wall," fumed Halas. The official didn't walk through a brick wall, but he did keep going until he had penalized the Bears back to the one-yard line.

He Plays—on the Bench

You have to see George in action only once to know that this is not an act. Halas suffers intensely every minute of a close game. Several years ago the Bears were being pushed around by the Philadelphia Eagles. The Eagles marched down the field and set the stage for an important field goal. Halas, completely oblivious to all around him, kicked vigorously with the place kicker. His foot struck a 240-pound lineman on the chin and knocked him off the bench. It is nothing unusual at all for George to push his associates off the bench as he shoves and heaves up and down the boards.

Halas and Sternaman had the Bears moving along smoothly by 1925, but the pro game, in general, was just crawling. It needed a shot in the arm. The Bears and the late C. C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle provided the stimulant in the person of Red Grange, most publicized star football ever has known.

Grange joined the Bears less than a week after completing his gridiron career at Illinois, creating a terrific furor. The collegians cried bitter tears at Grange's action, but his step was praised by many others. Grange played anyway and collected more than \$100,000 for his first two weeks of play. Thousands who had never given pro football a thought saw the famous redhead play in all sections of the country and consequently pro football as a national sport received a terrific impetus.

The Grange tour, although it brought the game into focus for thousands, also backfired. The Bears and Grange played too often. The famous star naturally could not live up to advance notices under such circumstances.

But worse times were ahead. In 1926 Pyle, realizing he had the biggest name in football, tried to organize a circuit in opposition to the National League. His league was a dismal flop but it lasted long enough to cut into the patronage of the National League.

The late Joe Carr, president of the league until his death in 1939, summed up the situation in 1926 when he said, "Nobody has made much money in this pro game yet—but a lot of us have gone broke thinking we would."

When the Pyle circuit folded, Halas signed the still great Grange and used him for eight years as a valuable all-

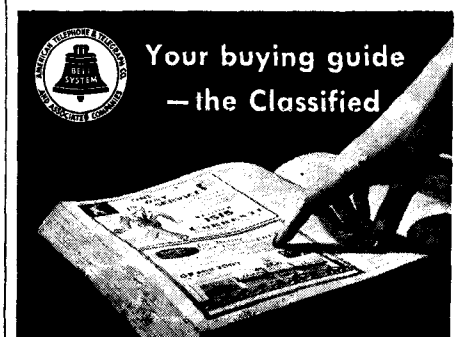
"Hey soldier, why not look up BUS LINES in the CLASSIFIED? Ha! Ha!"



The sergeant is right! Take the case of Mrs. M's family. They wanted to go to Maine, so Mrs. M. turned to the Classified Section of her Telephone Directory. In the advertisement of a certain bus line, she saw a statement that they connected with points in Maine. She used that line. There's a moral for you, too!

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round back and box-office attraction. But even with a talented cast the Bears were something less than sensational in 1928-29. Halas' club lost four games in 1928 and sank to the second division in 1929, winning only four of 14 games.

"I'll tell you why we were so terrible in 1929," said one of the Bears of that period. "Halas and Dutch Sternaman were not getting along. We had two offenses, one designed by Dutch and one by George. Nobody knew what to expect on any play. One day, in practice, two linemen smacked head-on into each other and one was cut up badly. The team had no precision or timing. You've never seen such a mess."

Halas and Sternaman stepped out as coaches at the end of the season, and turned the job over to Ralph Jones. Jones rebuilt the club in 1930 and 1931, experimenting a great deal with the man-in-motion running off the now famous T formation, and then produced a championship eleven in 1932, Grange scoring the decisive touchdown on a pass.

But six dismal tie games and weather even more dismal left the Bears with a season's deficit of \$18,000. Apparently convinced pro football was on a dead-end street, Sternaman sold out to George and his associates for \$38,000. Jones stepped out as coach to return to college coaching, so Halas took over the reins again himself. This was the old Halas, back in the driver's seat and ready to put on a show—and a show it was and has been ever since.

George was smart enough to know that the public would never swarm the turnstiles to see a tug of war. He whipped his league satellites into line that winter and pushed through the important rule change legalizing a forward pass anywhere behind the line of scrimmage. College coaches sneered at such goings-on and prattled of "glorified basketball" but Halas said:

"We've got an offensive system that is going to revolutionize football systems. No college team and no coach uses it now—but they'll be using it some day. And when they do the forward pass will become a real weapon, instead of a haphazard threat. Colleges now have one chance in ten to complete a pass, we have seven chances in ten."

The Best for the Bears

George knew what he was talking about and soon proved it. The Bears, paced by the incomparable Bronko Nagurski and Jack Manders and Bill Hewitt, captured the Western division title and then smacked the New York Giants for the championship in the play-off battle, 23 to 21. Never satiated with victory, Halas added new blood in 1934 with spectacular freshmen like All-America Beattie Feathers of Tennessee and the Bears rolled up 13 straight victories.

The good old days of catch-as-catch-can and survival-of-the-fittest are over in the money game, but George still is the same aggressive battler, although in a smoother, more dignified manner. Only last winter the league directors changed the rules to put a curb on Halas' devious methods of obtaining highly publicized college stars. Halas had been in the habit of swapping players to the weaker clubs in exchange for that team's first choice in the draft for the following year. Consequently, he would come up to each draft meeting each year with the first choice for two or three clubs in addition to the choice entitled to the Bears.

Last winter the Bears turned up with Tom Harmon, Michigan's superstar, and Norman Standlee, the Stanford ace. He also has contacts all over the country and gets hundreds of letters every year recommending little-known

players as future pro material. His rivals were astonished in the 1939 draft meeting to hear Halas take Clyde (Bulldog) Turner of Hardin-Simmons College as his first choice in the draft. Turner was the Bears' number-one center last season and has no peer in the league.

Some coaches who have seen Halas in action say he is at least five years ahead of his rivals; others describe him as the smartest football technician in the country. His old coach, Zuppke of Illinois, once said Halas was the "country's best judge of football material on the hoof." Observers marvel at his ability to teach a squad of thirty-three players a multitude of details necessary to efficient operation of the Bears' offense. The team has more than four hundred plays.

Luckman Learns How

Late in the 1939 season newspapermen were chiding Halas about the failure of Sid Luckman, Columbia star who was drawing big dough, to burn up the league. Halas just sat there until the gabbing scribes had subsided.

"No, no, you're all wrong," he said. "Sid is all right. He's been coming along great. Watch what I tell you. He'll be a great quarterback next season."

Those who saw the 73-0 debacle at Washington last December will know what Halas was talking about. Luckman, who had needed a full season to acquaint himself thoroughly with the Halas encyclopedia of plays and strategy, called a "dream" game if ever a field general did.

In fact, Luckman was flabbergasted when he first saw the Bears' repertoire of plays shortly after he had signed with the pros. Luke Johnsos, one of Halas' aides, went over the hundreds of diagrams with the newcomer. Luckman immediately began pouring out questions. He wanted to know where the halfbacks went on this play, who handled the opposing tackles on this play, et cetera, on into the night.

"You don't need to worry about all that just yet," Johnsos said. "Just study these maneuvers and you'll catch on to the strategy and assignments later on." He did, but it took the rookie a full season to digest the fine points of such a complicated and intricate offense.

But Luckman is getting better all the time now, a coach on the field. A great passer and fine kicker, Sid also shines as a ball handler since the Bear quarterback handles the ball on every play, exclusive of punts and place kicks. And his experience and uncanny ability to analyze quickly an opponent's weak and strong points make him invaluable to the Bears. He seldom attempts to advance the ball himself or throw a block. He recently admitted he would have been a "bust" as a pro under the single-wing or Notre Dame systems. "I can't block well enough or fast enough," he explained.

Through the years Halas sold his pet game so well that now he can't get away from it. Frequently, his phone at home rings and some football nut wants to know "who scored the winning touchdown in the 1931 Green Bay game." By such things as this he knows that pro football finally has arrived as a major sport. And his pretty wife and teen-age daughter and son have their instructions along this line—always answer those screwy phone calls. If they don't know the answer all they need to do is to look it up in one of the twenty-nine Halas scrapbooks! This stack of clippings tells the whole story of pro football and also illustrates the faith George had in the sport—else he never would have saved those two-paragraph items on the Staley Starchworks Terriers back in 1921.

Old Mustache

Continued from page 12

quickly sprinkling on a spoonful of croutons.

Inwardly cringing with panic and shame, Old Mustache still had sense to realize that the truth, if he confessed it, would bring scorn, derision and execration. Instead of Old War Horse, men would call him Old Wind Bag; he would be a laughingstock for the rest of his days! And so he drew a quick breath, licked his parched lips and answered Lambert's question. "Fine!" he mumbled. "Exactly as planned!" As he took up the tureen and stooped to set it over the little blue flame of the alcohol lamp, Lambert gave him a quick, soft pat on the back. It was an accolade!

That evening, as soon as the Germans had gone, the Restaurant Aux Gourmets d'Auvergne became the scene of subdued but savage rejoicing. It was almost as though a victory had been won. Forbidden bottles appeared from unexpected places; the health of the hero was drunk, while his frequent melodramatic re-enactments of his supposititious exploit earned him cognac, armagnac, cointreau and benedictine in large quantities. Before long, he was proclaiming himself the avenger and savior of France. By closing time, he was so badly fuddled that Lambert and one of the bus boys were delegated to take him home. It was only with the greatest difficulty that they restrained him from bawling the Marseillaise in the Rue Brienne and assaulting the German patrol at the corner. His wife called him a boozy old goat and put him to bed with his clothes on.

OLD MUSTACHE was awakened by a clattering from the kitchen as his wife prepared the bitter brew of burned bread crusts and chicory which nowadays passed for coffee. His head ached, so he closed his eyes and reviewed as much as he could recall of the previous night's happenings. His memory was not only vague, it was full of holes. Of course he could remember the German colonel and the long-planned trick he had set out to play on him, but he was reasonably certain that he hadn't played it. Something—something had intervened; just what, he didn't know. Still, the clients, Monsieur Joly and the staff had made a great fuss over him; they had acclaimed him as a hero; they had even made him drunk; obviously, therefore, he must have pulled off something rather special. But what? For the life of him, he couldn't remember.

He prudently decided to hold his peace until he could find a clue in the words of others. Let them tell him—and then he'd tell them! Thus, when Madame Guichard brought in his break-

fast and said, "Well, you animal! A fine mess you made of yourself, last night!" he frowned, looked mysterious and answered, "Gently, my dear! You are talking to a man who deserves well of France!"

"Rot!" cried Madame Guichard, failing to rise to the bait. "How dare you try to give me that kind of eyewash, you shameless old rip?" She placed her hands on her hips, a sure sign that she was settling down to a long, loud session. Old Mustache groaned, got up hurriedly, found his hat and made for the door.

AS HE emerged from the courtyard, he was stopped by Madame Lebihan, the concierge, who was sweeping the sidewalk.

"Ha! Monsieur Guichard!" she greeted him; then, lowering her voice: "Tell me! Is it—true?"

"Is what true, Madame?"

"What you—what you did last night!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps—and again, perhaps not," he answered cryptically, thinking to draw her out. "Just what leads you to believe that I did anything at all last night, Madame?"

"Well," she said, "I couldn't help hearing what you were saying to those friends of yours who brought you home squiffy and lugged you up the stairs. And now, this morning, Madame Le-fauchaux, who delivers the milk, she said—she said, well, she said everybody in the neighborhood is talking about what you did to that German in your restaurant. What I want to know is, is it true?"

Old Mustache bowed. "Madame," he said, with great dignity, "I can only remind you that a real Frenchman cannot lie—and will not boast!"

Madame Lebihan dropped her broom, grasped his hand and kissed it impetuously. "Then you did do it! Oh, bravo!" she cried. "Oh, that's the way to serve those filthy Boches!"

Old Mustache disengaged his hand, raised his hat politely and moved on, still wishing that he knew what act of derring-do had merited this adulation. Certainly—certainly it wasn't the trick he had planned. Well, almost certainly! He went over the whole thing again. He remembered getting the soup in the kitchen. He remembered resting his tray on the service shelf beside the door. He remembered standing behind the screen. He remembered a terrific surge of emotion sweeping over him. But all the rest of it was lost in a complete mental black-out. Strange!

As he turned the corner into the Rue Gouarches, Roger, the postman, came

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Playwright: He says the play hasn't any "whoosh." Now what does *that* mean?



Wife: No "oomph," my crestfallen celebrity. No zip. No pep appeal. And neither has its author! Now maybe you'll listen to me about neglecting your *vitamins*! You've got to have them all, you know, and we're making a start right now.



Wife: Lesson number one is crisp, delicious KELLOGG'S PEP. It's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant in ordinary diets—vitamins B₁ and D.

Playwright: Say! Why didn't you tell me PEP *tastes* so good? You've been holding out on me! Why, it's marvelous!



Playwright: (sometime later) And now, my dear, that I've discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become the world's "pep appeal" playwright. Why, Shakespeare himself would be green with envy to read the masterpiece I've started here.

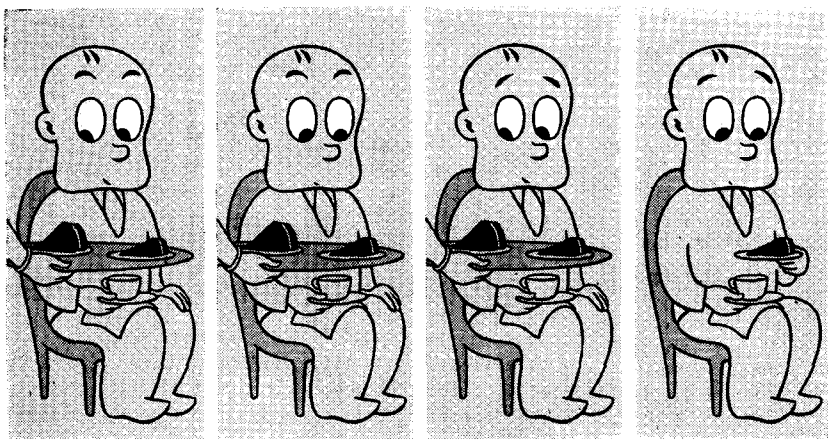
Wife: You know what they say: "Where there's pep, there's hope."

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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out of a doorway and fell in step beside him. "That was a great stunt, Monsieur Guichard! Felicitations!"

"Stunt, Monsieur le facteur?"

Roger nudged him in the ribs, knowingly. "Oh, I've heard all about it, but you can trust me! The only thing is—are you sure he didn't suspect anything?"

"Who?"

"I mean the bloody, dirty, damned German!" Roger said, speaking from the corner of his mouth. "When you brought him the soup, didn't he—notice anything?"

The soup! The soup! So it had been the soup, after all! Now, Old Mustache knew where he stood! "Monsieur Roger," he said, "a true Frenchman acts not only with courage but with foresight, intelligence and skill!"

"Yes, yes, of course!" the postman agreed. "God knows, a man shouldn't take any chances, on a job like that!"

AS HE passed through the streets, a number of people whom he scarcely knew went out of their way to bid him good morning, their greetings accompanied by little nods or gestures of approval.

His stroll became a triumphal progress; even the policeman bade him good morning. It occurred to him that he might do worse than present himself as candidate for some minor office at the next municipal election, for surely, with this numerous personal following, he could carry the 14th Arrondissement in a landslide! The thought was so heartening that presently, whenever a friend or acquaintance approached him and whispered, "Look, Monsieur—is it really true about the soup?" he would draw himself up, cast caution to the winds and cry, "True? Of course it's true! If it's soup these pigs of Germans want—well, here's one Frenchman who's brave enough to give 'em the kind they deserve!" With brows beetling and mustache bristling, he would stalk grandly away, the effect somewhat marred by his fallen arches.

At the restaurant, as elsewhere, he was the man of the hour. Although several of the clients were afraid to speak to him, his tips at lunch and at dinner were far above the average. But every time he came out of the kitchen and passed behind the screen, he was prey to a most peculiar sensation. It was as though part of his brain were asleep. He had to tell himself what he had done, there—and he was able to tell himself only because others had told him.

All in all, it was a grand day. On the way home, he stopped at a bistro to treat himself to a split of mineral water. The evening paper was lying on the wet marble counter and he fell to scanning it idly. He saw a headline, GERMAN OFFICER POISONED, and as he read the item beneath, he went slowly cold with horror. For it said:

"The German Hauptquartier announces that an officer of the Occupation Forces died early this morning of poison administered to him in a restaurant last night. He passed away in coma and so was unable to reveal the name of the restaurant, although it is believed to be somewhere in the 14th Arrondissement. An autopsy revealed the toxic substance to be rat poison."

Rat poison! Rat poison! So that was what he had done—and what he hadn't been able to remember! But—yes—he remembered it now! He could see the little red bottle on the serving shelf by the kitchen door, where he had paused to steady his tray! He could see himself picking it up—could feel the bottle in his hand, hear the squeak of the cork and the tinkly gurgling sound as he poured the liquid into the soup!

He got out of the bistro somehow and staggered down the black street.

Throughout the dreadful night, he lay listening for the sound of motorcars bringing the thugs and torturers of the Gestapo. That corporal would tell them where the colonel had dined and they'd hunt him down in no time! And all those people in the street who had asked, "Is it true about the soup?" and to whom he had answered a boastful affirmative—why, they hadn't meant what he'd thought they meant at all! Unwittingly, he had confessed the murder to the entire neighborhood! He was as good as dead already!

The thought of death, while terrible, was not as bad as the vision of the beatings and torture which would certainly precede it. He envied the German colonel, who had died in coma. He wished that he, too, could die in coma. Well, and why couldn't he? There was still the bottle of rat poison!

Yes, that was the way—the way to cheat the Boches—the quick, the painless way out! He lay there thinking about it until the sky lightened, and at last it was day. Without waking his wife, he stole out of the flat. The Gourmets would not open for hours, but he knew that he would be in less danger of arrest roaming the streets than if he stayed at home.

He walked for miles, aimlessly, blindly, into parts of the city where he had never been before. He was in a sort of trance, his single lucid thought being to avoid arrest until he could get to that little red bottle. At length, without knowing how he arrived there, he found himself at the head of the Rue Bienne.

He slid into the service entrance, through the pantry and to the kitchen. He made for the shelf beside the swinging doors. The little red bottle was in its usual place. He took it up and pulled the cork. As he raised it to his lips, he trembled so violently that a few drops of the liquid spilled on his hand. Why, the bottle was full—full to the neck! But how could it be full, if he'd—he'd...? As he stood there pondering, he became aware that his mouth was as dry as ashes. Dry as ashes? Dry as ashes?

IN a flash, it all came back to him! He remembered what he'd done—or rather, what he hadn't done! Why, he hadn't done anything! He was innocent! But somebody had poisoned the German! Who?

He closed his eyes and leaned against the wall, thinking. It must have been Lambert! That was it—Lambert! Should he denounce him? Should he? He heard the vacuum cleaner humming in the dining room and the clatter of silverware as the tables were set. Mechanically, he removed his coat, took his apron from the hook and passed through the swinging doors.

Lambert, in his shirt sleeves, was sitting at the cashier's desk, reading the paper. "Hello, Mustache!" he said, looking up. "You're early, this morning! Did your wife go on a rampage again and kick you out of the house?" Old Mustache could only shake his head.

"Well, you'd better watch her, all the same!" Lambert chuckled. "Oh, these women!" He slapped the newspaper spread open before him. "Why, it turns out that that German lieutenant who died after eating at the Café Zanardi, the other night, was poisoned by a lady friend he'd brought with him from Leipzig!"

"Eh? What's that? He was? Well, it's a damned good job!" shouted Old Mustache, with all his accustomed fervor. "If I only had the chance, I'd poison 'em all!"

"Yes, yes, but go easy with that talk!" said Lambert. "Do you want to get the lot of us pinched?"

Our New Army

Continued from page 18

CALIFORNIA



40TH DIV.

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. It has been thumbs down on thumbs up here ever since a division H.Q. order stated plainly that any soldier caught hitchhiking within twenty miles of camp will lose his pass and get booted back to the post. It's "too much like begging" and "disgraceful" is the way the brass hats feel about it. Special highway patrols enforce the order but often find it impossible to decide whether a guy is asking for a ride or accepting one voluntarily offered him. A soldier with a "gosh-how-my-dogs-hurt" limp and expression can hardly be charged with "begging" and it's a question of reasonable doubt, too, when a couple of suspicious characters say: "Whaddya mean, thumbing a ride? Listen, Corporal, we were ambling along having a little fun imitating a newsreel of Churchill cheering up some folks after a bombing raid."

CAMP ROBERTS, San Miguel, Staff Sgt. Ira V. Brewer, Jr., has discovered a way of making the drivers of Battery B, 53d F.A. thoroughly check their trucks before moving same off the line. Every morning before reveille the sergeant gets out, jacks up the rear wheels of one truck, unscrews the gas line of another, sometimes disconnects a drive shaft of a third. When the drivers assigned to those trucks can't get them started the sergeant just keeps saying, "Why?" until he gets the right answer. "And it doesn't," Sgt. Brewer says, "take nearly so long as it used to."

CAMP CALLAN. By the end of the month, for the first time since it was opened, this camp will have all the trainees it can handle—6,600 future coast artillerymen. Most come from the West, but nearly a thousand will be from Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Preliminary training is given in the camp, on a mesa near La Jolla (Hoyah, they call it) overlooking the Pacific; actual firing of the 155's goes on at the beach below the post.

Funny thing is that the projectiles, hurled at sea targets, cause plenty of fish to expire, but every time a soldier tosses a line into the surf during the off hours and hauls in a pint-size game fish, he's in imminent peril of having a game warden start a pointed conversation with him. A fishing license costs only two bucks, but two from twenty-one is a slice, so the boys don't go in much for legalized angling.

FORT ORD. One of the 47th Engineers' new members took a look at the beef stew in his bowl and headed for the kitchen. "Where," he demanded, "is the rice and sausage you got menued on the bulletin board?" "You," a cook told him, "are bats." Just before the battle someone got the idea of consulting the bulletin board, which undeniably listed rice and sausage. Trouble was, the paper was a duty roster, not a menu. Cooks Joseph Sausage and James Rice were the names involved. Have some stew.

SOUTH DAKOTA

FORT MEADE. There's name trouble here, too. The subject is Fay B. Horse, trombone player in the Fourth Cavalry band (of all outfits!). First payday a company clerk gave in to the obvious and listed the man as Private First-Class Bay Horse. It didn't amuse the finance officer, who had to issue a supplemental list to get Pfc. Horse's

hay. A sentry, though, topped the whole business one night when our trombone player came back to camp. "Who's there?" challenged the guard. "Private Horse," was the answer. "Advance," said the sentry, "and be mechanized."

MICHIGAN

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. When they put the pinch on Corp. Hank Greenberg (Detroit Tigers—remember?) for whiffing his convertible through the fort's main stem at forty-two, Custer M.P.'s brought the public attention to speed laws and how they operate. Army personnel are "grounded" for stated periods, depending upon how far down the accelerator is pushed. Corp. Greenberg was given a housekeeper (clean-up) job for thirty days, with two others of the 2d Inf. Antitank Co., and was thus kept out of the 2d and 3d Army maneuvers. He must have cried his eyes out!

Civilian motorists are punished by being forced to sit it out at M.P. headquarters. For speeding up to thirty-five they sit for an hour; up to forty-five, for two hours; up to fifty, for three hours. If they're caught doing more than fifty they just sit until the C.O. arrives in the morning. It's a long time to sit; and whatever it was they were rushing fifty miles an hour to see or do has to be seen and done later on.

WHEN Fort Custer set up its clothing and shoe-repair depot it began to keep score on the wear-and-tear factor. The average soldier gets three pairs of heavy-duty shoes a year, and each pair is half-soled twice before it hits the junk heap. An infantryman on maneuvers can go through a pair in two weeks. Mechanized personnel are easy on shoes, but you shouldn't see what it does to the seats of pants.

VIRGINIA

CAMP LEE. Members of the 9th Quartermaster Regiment, a colored outfit, got their girls' pictures together the other day and held a beauty contest. Names of the judges were kept secret "to avoid complications and pressure." No one was hurt.

SGT. HARRY SWARTZ, attached to the camp G-2, knows from experience about that fundamental rule (innocent remarks can be deadly) of Intelligence work. His lesson started the day he was assigned to fingerprint nurses at the post hospitals, continued when he made a crack about how enjoyable it was to hold the nurses' hands, snowballed when a story based on his remark appeared in his home-town paper, and ended when sympathetic officers gave him a week-end pass so he could straighten things out with you-know-who.

GENERAL

IF THIS G-1, G-2, G-3 and G-4 business has you biting your hair and scratching your nails, remember the key word "PITS." G-1 is Personnel. G-2 is Intelligence. G-3 is Training and Plans. G-4 is Supply.

THE Army postal service, bowed down by tons of additional mail during maneuvers, doesn't attempt special-delivery service. Spend your special-delivery dimes on Defense Stamps.

THEY pay off better.

G. W.

When Kisses Change To Duty Pecks...

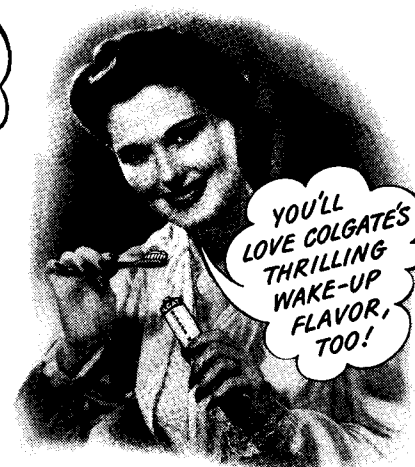


... it's time to look to your breath! For Bad Breath is a menace to married love—and even **YOU** may have it. So play safe! Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!



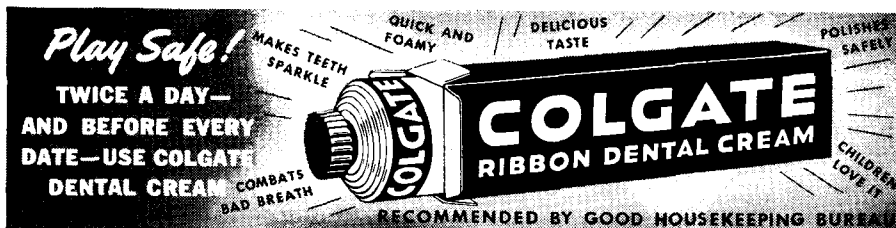
YES, SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH

HERE'S WHY: Colgate's has an active penetrating foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.



YOU'LL LOVE COLGATE'S THRILLING WAKE-UP FLAVOR, TOO!

BESIDES, Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently... makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!





"That's your affair, Norvin. But I promised the young man standing there that I'd bring you to look over the property. You won't be obligating yourself and there can't be any follow-up because I told him our name was Smith."

Her husband frowned with a dark brooding that almost dimmed the California sun. "If you've made a fool of yourself by promising, I suppose I'll have to make good. Been doing it all my life. But I buy nothing and I'm through with Rita." He banged the car door behind him. "All right, young man."

The star salesman of Solid Comfort Acres was on the sunny side of thirty. His blond, permanently waved hair shone like an aureole. He had two clear blue eyes that looked squarely at the person to whom he addressed himself; indeed his whole face and demeanor radiated honesty. His duck pants and the white shirt open at the neck contrasted pleasantly with the green tent which was the field headquarters of the corporation.

"Your wife was telling me about you, Mr. Smith. It's certainly a pleasure for me to show our layout to intelligent people because for us this isn't a simple business matter: we like to talk about Solid Comfort Acres because—well, we love the place. I own an acre here myself and expect to start building next month. By the way, what do you think of our Community Clubhouse?"

MR. PETERS stared at the iron rods with fluttering green markers, pricked in the earth to outline a huge rectangle. No clubhouse was visible. Except for the green tent and a half-dozen scrubby oaks the withered fields rolled out in aching monotony. There was no view of the sea and, to the east, the mountains were cut off by a desolate hillside.

"This is the main veranda, sixty-four feet long. You'll certainly enjoy sitting here with that old breeze coming off the sea, and on the table a long, cool drink—" he looked closely at Mr. Peters' face—"you know, lemonade or iced tea or something like that. And, of course,

you can always go inside where there's the big auditorium for dances and picture shows; and the music room, card rooms, dining room, library, and, down in the basement, bowling alleys. All air-conditioned."

Mr. Peters said, "Humph."

"And remember this is the sweetest soil in the United States." He scooped up a handful of grayish dust. "It isn't a case here of forcing things to grow; with this soil you have to work to keep 'em from growing. Your avocado trees—"

"I'm not interested in growing anything," announced Mr. Peters decisively. "I've never farmed and I'm not starting now. My working days are over."

The young man's face brightened like the hills under an Easter sunrise. "That's what we like to hear. Solid Comfort Acres was built for folks just like you. We don't want our people to work themselves into their graves. We want 'em to enjoy life; and that's where our Community Service Plan comes in. We plant your lawn, plant your shade trees, plant your avocado grove; and after that we take care of everything without extra cost or charge. When the trees bear, we pick the crop and it's marketed by our Co-operative Sales Agency. All you have to do is to cash the checks. Now let's look at a typical home acre."

As they walked along the burned soil he discoursed, from time to time, fixing Mr. Peters with his honest blue eyes: "Here we are on Prospect Boulevard. Cement with four auto lanes. There's the golf club right across the road, sportiest nine-hole course in the West. And back there's the bridge path. Here's the swimming pool, fifty feet long with an average depth of six. Behind, yonder, is the patio and outdoor barbecue."

Mr. Peters put in an objection: "Isn't all this a pretty expensive proposition? Somebody's got to pay and keep on paying."

The young man became as enthusiastic as a cheerleader: "I'm shaking you by the hand for saying that. It's a good practical question and I'm glad you asked it. Now let's suppose our avocado crop is blighted and a financial

Mrs. Peters started the car into the highway, calling back to the protesting salesman, "Some other day—we'll be back—maybe"

crisis sends everybody's stocks and securities blooey. No income for anybody. Well, we've got all that figured out. When you buy here you receive, free of cost or charge, a hundred paid-up, nonassessable shares of the Solid Comfort Acres Corporation. Now then, I'll show you three signed statements from three world-famous oil geologists who've examined this property . . ."

IN SPITE of the sun Mr. Peters came back to the car with his feet twinkling as gaily as any six-year-old's. "It's a real proposition, Jenny. I want you and me to go with this young man to the office and make a down payment before anybody wedges in ahead of us!"

"Get right into the car, Norvin." But instead of wheeling toward the green tent, Mrs. Peters turned into the highway, calling back to the protesting salesman, "Some other day—we'll be back—maybe."

"But, Jenny, you don't understand. I just picked out a site—"

"Rita's waiting for us at the hotel, Norvin. And I want you to think up some nice things to say to her because, whether we decide on Wisconsin or California, she's going to live with us till she gets ready to go away again. And we're paying for her divorce. You see, Norvin, you've just proved that Rita's your own daughter."

Mr. Peters' mouth suggested that of a bullhead of his native state suddenly hoisted into the atmosphere. "But—"

"From now on, Norvin, you'll be able to sympathize with Rita. She fell for a sales talk; so did you. Solid Comfort Acres is a fake and a swindle; so was Rita's husband. I spent two days locating that young fellow who almost sold you an acre of worthless dirt. He doesn't know me from a mud fence, but I know him. He's the man who married Rita."

IN THE parked car Mr. Peters' face grew poppy-red while his right hand doubled into a fist. He turned to his wife at the steering wheel and spoke with the severity of an outraged Roman father:

"I know doggoned well why you're taking me out here. Knew it last night. But Rita's made her bed; let her lie on it."

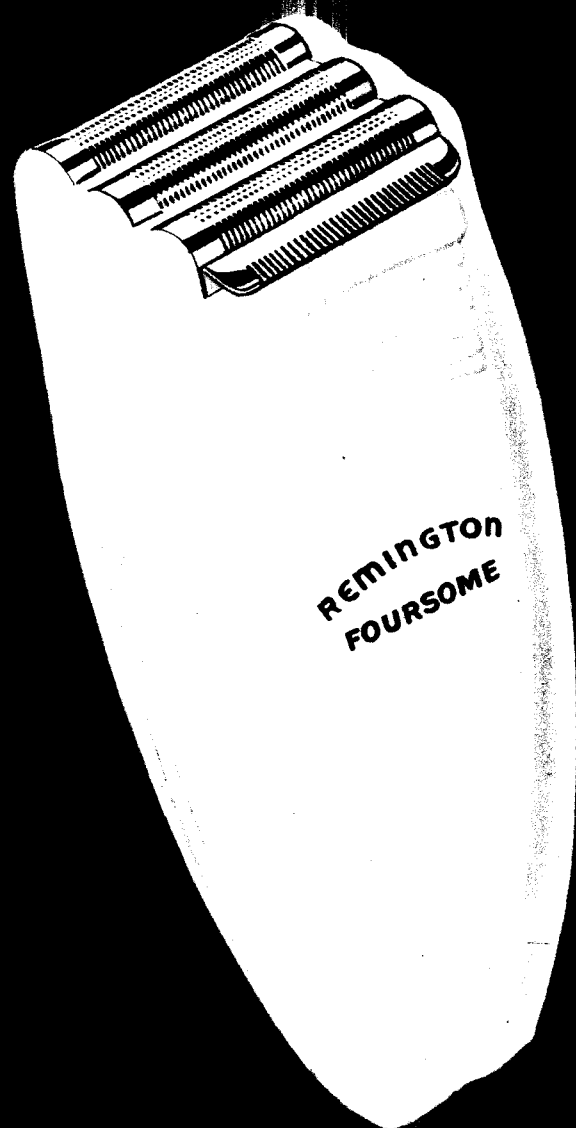
The placid, middle-aged expression on Mrs. Peters' face did not change. "What's that got to do with this, Norvin?"

"You know doggoned well. When Rita got that money from her grandma and went two thousand miles away and married a man she hardly knew, I told her she was making a fool of herself; but she wouldn't believe her own father. Now that this slicker has got her money and she's quit him, she wants to live with us and have me pay for the divorce. And your idea is it won't be so humiliating for Rita if we leave Wisconsin and buy this property and settle here in California."

"You're the head of the house, Norvin," said Mrs. Peters gently. "You know I always let you decide everything."

"And I'm deciding right now. Rita don't live with us any more or anywhere."

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Remington Rand
Achievement*



The Remington "FOURSOME" Shaver—
only electric shaver with FOUR cutting heads.
Newest addition to the Remington line,
used and recommended by 16,000 barbers.

THE WORLD'S FINEST ELECTRIC SHAVER. *This*

newest contribution of Remington Rand to modern

living owes much of its perfection to Remington

Rand's experience in precision manufacture.

Back of it is the same organization that has

made the name Remington synonymous with

the development of the typewriter



created new types of tabulating machines



and devised more efficient recording

systems.



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doing its part in national defense by turning its

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Noiseless
Standard
Portable

SUPPLIES

Carbon Paper
Ribbons
Duplicator Stencils

There is no Bottleneck

A word about the calibre of the distinguished new automobiles that Buick now brings to market for 1942

inmost goodness is to plump them squarely into the stiffest task your imagination can supply.

There are great gifts undefeatedly at work in the industry of this nation and not the least of them is good old-fashioned American ingenuity.

We have of course no corner on that here at Buick. But the first mile you drive one of these

TWO thoughts stood solemn sentinel throughout all the planning of our 1942 cars.

The first was:—*in their materials these cars must not trespass on the current needs of national defense.*

The second was:—*in their quality and performance they must not be an "ersatz" product.*

If you think this leaves only a cramped and stifling byway for engineering to advance in, remember that difficulties are sometimes the spur that real ability needs.

Our new cars, it seems to us, superbly prove this. But we neither expect nor ask you to take our word for it.

Indeed, we hope instead that you're skeptical—that you will require these sleek and powerful Buicks to demonstrate their merit under your own hands.

The real way to know what they are, and how marvelously they perform, is to breeze them down a country road or tool them through clogged traffic.

The sure way to gauge their mettle and their



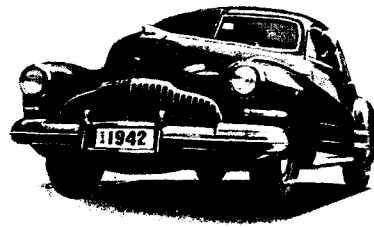
"BETTER"

in Brains

magnificent automobiles will make you say that we certainly have our share.

So come try the gorgeous new cars that we not only say pace the pack for 1942 but are bold enough to believe set an all-time high in all-round automotive excellence.

They will make you glad—nay, *proud*—all over again that you're living in America—and *now*!



No other car has

**ALL THIS FOR YOU
IN 'FORTY-TWO**

You get **FIREBALL STRAIGHT-EIGHT VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE** that gets more power and range out of every drop of gasoline.

You get **COMPOUND CARBURETION** (optional on **SPECIAL** models, standard on other Series) for top economy with extra power in reserve.

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ING BRAKE that goes on with a touch of the toe, locks and releases from dash.

You get **BROADRIM WHEELS** that prevent heel-over on turns, greatly improve car handling.

You get **FULLY ADJUSTABLE STEERING POST** that permits wheel to be set higher or lower.

You get **BODY BY FISHER**, in daring new styling featuring back seats up to 52 inches wide.

You get **WEATHERWARDEN** venti-heater (accessory) which provides winter warmth, summer comfort, freedom from noise and fog-free outlook in all weather.



BUY BUICK"

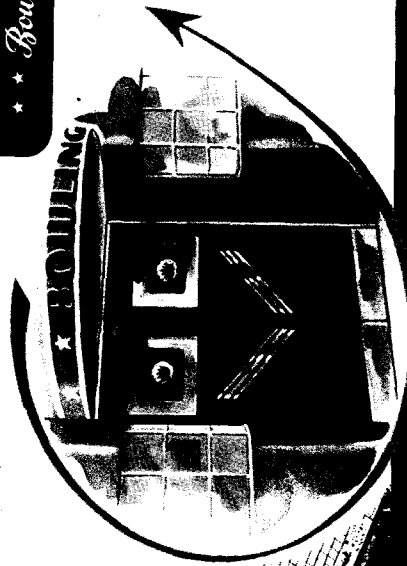
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*Bowling at
Its Best Where
You See
This Sign*



THE BRUNSWICK BAKE COLLENDER COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Continued from page 21

Continued from page 21

"Mac," Mrs. Kingman began, and she stopped.

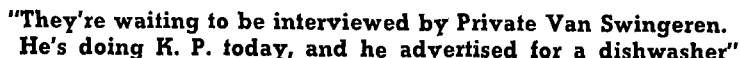
"As long as there are four of us," Mr. Kingman said, "the stone is a little

"One diamond, please," Mr. Moto said.

"Well, so long." That old desire came over him, that they must not think he was afraid. "Maybe I'll be seeing you."

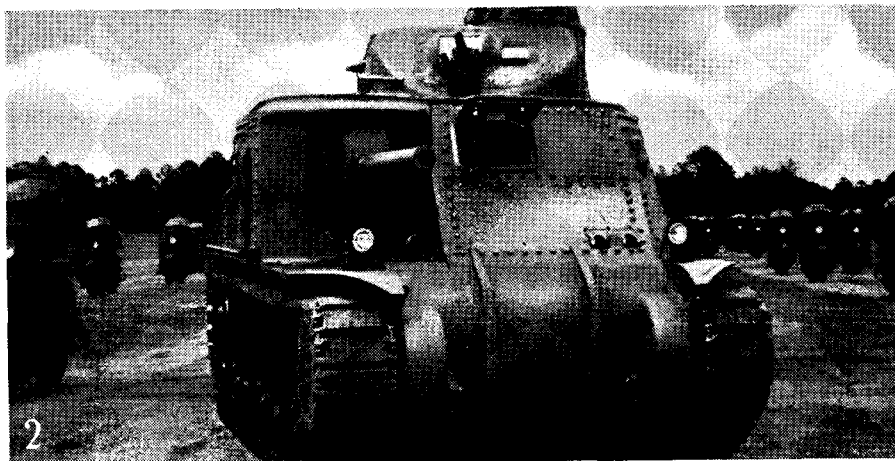
As he stepped slowly toward the window, he must have been weighing all the facts and his perceptions were very

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"Crash Helmet" is standard equipment for crews which will man the 28-ton M-3 tanks being built for the U. S. Army by The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Eddystone, Pa. Before...



...delivery to the Army these tanks are lubricated with Sinclair greases. Because Sinclair lubricants meet the tough requirements of these powerful tanks, you...



...can be sure that Sinclair lubricants will stand up and last long in your car. They will help add many extra miles to the life of your car. Have your car Sinclair-ized now for longer life and safer winter driving.

clear. If he could get out of the circumference of light he might have a chance. He might be able to dart around a corner, but Oscar would not be such a fool as to let him have that chance—he would get him while he was in the light.

Bob Bolles took another step. One more and he would be outside. His instinct was to bend double and to make a dash for it and it was all he could do to control that instinct. He did so, because his common sense told him that the only difference would be that he would be killed running instead of walking. He felt a cold spasm of unadulterated fear but if he was to be finished anyway, there was no use having them realize that he had been afraid. He did not even want to hesitate. He shrugged his shoulders and stepped from the light into the dark. His whole body was braced and waiting. His eyes were unaccustomed to the dark, so for a second everything seemed pitch-black, but nothing happened.

MECHANICALLY he took another step, and nothing happened. He could feel himself breathing in sharp, hard breaths. The sea breeze struck his face and he could hear the wind in the treetops on the slope below the clearing. He could see the outline of the stone railing of the terrace. All the shapes and shadows were illuminated by the stars—a fantastic, monotonous world of light and shade. He had stepped out of the light of the house and he was in the shadow and free from it.

His first sensation was an utter incredulity and then his knees were shaking and then he was filled with a panic-stricken desire—to get out of there, to get as far away as possible. The terrace railing was not thirty feet in front of him, dimly white in the starlight. His one desire was to get to the railing and to leap over it and go. He must have covered half the distance to it in that sort of cloudy progress which one connects with a bad dream, with all his thought focused on reaching the railing, when he saw Mrs. Kingman. She must have stepped from the shadow of the house, but he was not sure. At any rate, she was in front of him, diagonally to his left. She was waving her arm at him, gesturing to him to turn. He had half turned his head when he heard a soft thudding footfall behind him and saw Oscar, a whitish crouching shape. He even had time to see that Oscar was holding a rope in his hands, but he did not have time to turn.

He hardly had time to brace himself before Oscar had sprung at him and had landed with all his force upon his back. Yet even in that instant he understood—he was to be garroted, strangled with the rope. He would have been done for, if he had not turned his head. As it was, his body was thrown forward beneath the impact of Oscar's momentum, but he kept on his feet. He had raised his hand, he had grasped Oscar by the arm. His right hand was holding the back of Oscar's neck, and then with a spasmodic lunge he had thrown Oscar from him. Oscar was catapulting through space, and then he landed headfirst, crash, against the stone railing.

When he analyzed it afterward, he could see that some hideous coincidence had made every factor right—Oscar's momentum, his own forward lunge, the instinctive backward grasping of his arms—everything had fitted into that result, but Bob Bolles did not think of it then. All he saw was Oscar's bulk, crumpled against the railing. He heard Oscar breathing in long, snoring gasps, and then he heard Mr. Kingman's voice from the house behind him.

"There it goes," he heard Mr. Kingman say. "Oscar's very handy. Goodby, Mr. Bolles."

At least he thought that he had heard Mr. Kingman say it, but he was never wholly sure, for Mrs. Kingman had snatched his hand. She was pulling him after her across the terrace down the broad stone steps. They were running and he saw that she was holding a long knife in her other hand.

"Hurry," she gasped, "over to the trees!" And she ran beside him across the clearing from the house.

He seemed to feel no reaction and no reality until they were beneath the shadow of the trees. He stopped there and she leaned against him, clinging to him, fighting for her breath.

"His head—" she gasped.

"Yes," Bob said, "I know." The pulses in his ears and throat were pounding, but he could still hear that crash of Oscar's head against the stones and the snoring sound of Oscar's breathing.

"I was going to help you," he heard her say. "The knife—I did not need to help."

He stared dully at the knife in her hand. He could see the blade glitter in the dark.

"Thank God," she said. "Kiss me. I love you so."

It still was like a dream, but it did not seem strange when he kissed her. Then she drew away from him and looked back at the house. He could see the black walls against the sky and the light of the candle lantern, and as he looked he heard Mr. Kingman's voice.

"Oscar," he heard Mr. Kingman call, "Oscar!"

"They will shoot," Mrs. Kingman whispered. "Wait! Where are you going?" She snatched at his arm and held him. Her hand was very strong.

"I'm getting to that plane," he said. "It wasn't that turbo and you know it, and I'll bet Mac knew it too. Let go of me!" But she leaned against him again, still holding fast to his wrist. He heard the sharp intake of her breath and then she was speaking very quickly.

"Oh," she said, "don't do that, please! Because I can't let you, my dear. Don't you see I really can't? Of course Mac knew it. But the Japanese, he doesn't know."

He tried to push her away from him gently, but she still clung to him.

"No, my dear," she was saying, "not that. Please, not that! You mustn't. It's what I came here for. It's mine—Bob, please! I love you so."

THEN a sound from the house made him start, although he must have been ready for it. It was the sharp crack of a rifle shot, and a second shot followed it almost simultaneously, and then before he could speak, another.

"You see," he heard her say, "the Japanese—he's killed him! Bob, dear, he doesn't know. It's mine!"

Then he wrenched his arm away from her. "Oh, no, it isn't," he said. "I'm getting back to that plane!"

"Bob," she said, "Bob, please!" And her voice choked in a sob, and then she thrust the knife at him. He saw it coming in a sickening, leaden instant, and even in that instant he must have been ready. He must have known that she would do it, for he beat her arm aside with his open palm, snatched at her wrist and wrenched the knife from her hand.

"Gosh," he said, "you're quite a girl!" And then he turned and ran.

Yes, she was quite a girl. Just as he began to run he heard Mr. Moto's voice, thin and clear, calling from the house.

"Oh, Mrs. Kingman, it is quite all right," he heard Mr. Moto calling. "But where is Mr. Bolles?"

He looked over his shoulder once as he ran down the grassy avenue and he could see the faint flicker of light through the gaping windows of the

ruined house. It was faint enough to be as feeble and ghostlike as the lights of the will-o'-the-wisp in some folk tale. His eyes were accustomed to the starlight so that he saw the walls of the sugar house against the sky at the left, and he was even able to distinguish the gap in the brush where they had beaten the path toward it that afternoon. He ran along it, stumbling, falling and picking himself up again.

"You're quite a girl!" he heard himself saying again.

BUT it was like them, like the whole crew of them. It was ugly, but a part of it was clear. That work on the plane had been for Mr. Moto's benefit, for neither she nor Kingman could have wanted him to know what it was they had wanted. They had worked together, but she had been waiting all the time. He remembered when she had asked to take Oscar's rifle. She must have been ready to finish it off right then and to give Mr. Moto the supercharger and to let him go. Yes, she was quite a girl, and she had said again she loved him—

He paused in the clearing by the sugar mill and listened, but he knew it was no time for listening. Then his foot struck against the case of tools. Of course Mr. Kingman had left them there, because at his convenience he was coming back. Then Bob was on his knees, fumbling for a hammer. Then he was scrambling into the cockpit. He knew where it was, even in the dark, but even when he smashed it he was thinking. He was thinking that they had been too kind to him—or perhaps too clever. It would have been better for the lot of them if they had shot him that morning near the beach.

It was over, but it was not entirely finished. He left the plane and walked back toward the house. He had smashed the mechanism in the cockpit beyond any conceivable possibility of reconstruction. They were washed up, they were through.

He was never able to judge the actual time it had taken him to reach the plane and to return, but it must have been shorter than he had thought, for when he arrived at the head of the avenue the light was still inside the house, but when he walked into the opening the light moved. Someone was carrying the lantern out to the terrace. He heard voices and he saw two figures walking forward to the steps, and then they must have seen him, for he heard Mrs. Kingman say:

"There he is now. He was out there in the trees." And then he heard Mr. Moto's voice calling to him:

"Come toward us, Mr. Bolles. No fear of anything any longer, please."

Then as he came nearer, he saw that Mrs. Kingman was coming down the steps, carrying the lantern, and that Mr. Moto was beside her. His Panama hat was pulled over his eyes and his left arm was in a sling, made from one of the picnic napkins, and his right hand was in his pocket.

"It's all right," Mrs. Kingman said. "You don't have to hide any longer."

She looked ill and very tired, but she was smiling at him and there was no trace of resentment in her voice. Instead there was a definite ring to it, as though she wanted to make something clear to him, and he understood it. She was telling him as plainly as though she had spoken that she did not want Mr. Moto to know where he had been. He saw Mr. Moto's eyes beneath the shadow of his hatbrim, fixed upon him steadily.

"You were hiding, Mr. Bolles?" Mr. Moto asked.

"What else do you think I'd have been doing?" Bob asked back. "Running around in the woods for exercise? All I wanted was to get out from under."

"Get out from under," Mr. Moto said. "So nice the way you say things, Mr. Bolles."

"Where is Kingman?" Bob Bolles asked.

THERE was a second's silence and Bob Bolles heard the wind sigh past the corners of the house and he heard Mr. Moto clear his throat.

"So sorry," Mr. Moto said. "Mr. Kingman is not with us any more."

Mr. Moto's delicacy made it sound more gruesome, and when Bob Bolles did not answer Mr. Moto continued still more delicately:

"So sorry that it was of course so necessary. He was so nice and so much quicker with his rifle than I thought. So quick, my first—ah—shot I am sorry was a little wild. He felt nothing after the second, I am so very, very sure. Yes, for what he was, he was very, very nice. So nice the way he laughed, did you not think so, Mrs. Kingman?"

"No," Mrs. Kingman said, and her voice sounded harsh and strained. "I hated it."

Bob Bolles started to speak and stopped. "Oscar," he began, "is Oscar—"

Mr. Moto's voice cut his own voice off, as he hesitated. It sounded serene and final, devoid of passion or regret:

"He is not with us any more."

"You mean," Bob said, and it made him feel sick, "you mean I killed him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moto gently. "His



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WATCH yourself . . . and you'll realize that *all* smokers sometimes inhale. And when you do, there's *increased* chance of irritation for sensitive nose and throat passages. But *now* . . . look at the findings reported by eminent doctors—who compared the five leading cigarettes:

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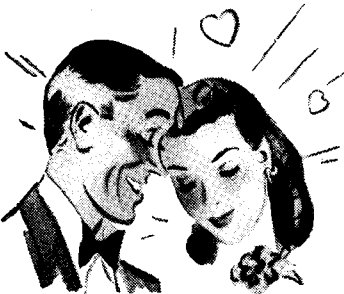
ROUGH STUFF

Rain, snow or sleet won't bother these brogues—you'll plow through puddles like a duck. Tough? Say, Walk-Over MUDHOUNDS just snicker at hard wear... So go ahead—fair weather or foul... these handsome hefties can take it!



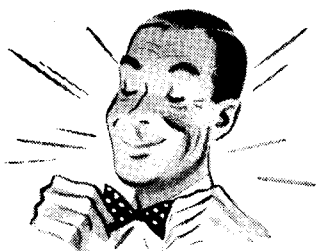
BUT OLD SOFTIES

Just made for each other—these shoes and your feet! MUDHOUNDS are brawny brogues that need no breaking-in... all softened up for you. And Walk-Over's Silver Lining* stays wrinkle-free, gives you cushioned comfort inside.



JUST YOUR MEAT

Meaty he-man style, beefy double soles oiled for ease—Scotch grain with that mellow antique finish. Spruce up in MUDHOUNDS at your Walk-Over store today! Walk-Over prices \$7.95 and up. Geo. E. Keith Co., Brockton, Mass.



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WALK-OVER Mudhounds

skull was broken, Mr. Bolles. It saved me so much trouble."

"What about Jameson?" Bob asked. "He isn't—"

Mr. Moto shook his head. "No, the Englishman is well. Still at the house. We have tried to make him comfortable. He has sent you his regards. He says it will be all right for you in Kingston. His people will find him tomorrow. This is no pleasure for any of us, please. Mrs. Kingman and I have reached an understanding and arrangement. I am so very glad. We began to understand each other down on the beach this morning."

"How did you do that?" Bob asked. "You never spoke to her." Mr. Moto's gold teeth glistened in the candlelight.

"So very simple," he said. "A gesture and a glance. This morning when I appeared the look was so plain on Mrs. Kingman's face. She hoped so very much that I would eliminate Mr. Kingman. It was more simple after that."

MRS. KINGMAN stood holding the lantern and Bob saw that she was looking at him, half defiantly, half beseechingly.

"Of course it's hard for you to understand, my dear," she said, "because you will never be like any of us. So much of this must have seemed to you aimless and you could never see behind the curtain. We can be truthful now because there is nothing left to hide. I could not get away from Mac—not from the moment he met me in New York. I could not trust him. I always thought that he would turn on me when he found out what I knew and use it for himself, and I was right, you know."

"Then, why did you work with him?" Bob asked.

"Because he was completely logical," she answered. "Even Charles Durant in New York, and he was one of our best men, went over Mac's credentials and advised that it was all right. But something must have turned up later. Charles must have suspected something. I knew that Mac was out for himself when I heard that Charles had come to Kingston. You told me—you remember."

She stopped, but her eyes were telling him that she was speaking the truth. Both she and Mr. Moto seemed anxious to explain. He could imagine them at some later time sitting together composedly and talking it all over.

"Poor Charles," she said. "All of us must go sometime, but Charles was very kind to me. He was one of our best men."

"Oh, a very nice man," Mr. Moto said helpfully. "We once exchanged shots in Saigon in the dark, but he was very nice. It was so careless of Mr. Kingman not to make it look surely like suicide. And, please, Mr. Bolles, I wish that you would like us. Mrs. Kingman has been very brave. I have so very much respect."

"Yes," Bob said, "I know she's brave."

"This evening at sunset I gave her the knife," Mr. Moto went on. "When Oscar attacked you it was the opportunity we both were looking for. She was to—ah—deal with Oscar when he was dealing with you, Mr. Bolles, and Mr. Kingman—that was my responsibility."

"Bob," Mrs. Kingman said, "I wouldn't have let him kill you."

Mr. Moto laughed in that polite, nervous way of his. There was no humor in it, but it was his way of making matters easier.

"And now it is all arranged. No more little unpleasantness. Mrs. Kingman has been sensible enough to surrender the piece of machinery to me. It still lies by the house, but will be collected in the morning. No need to stand here longer. I am going with you and Mrs.

Kingman to the beach. We shall light a fire and I shall be so happy to permit you and Mrs. Kingman to go. Your schooner will be in by dawn, I hope. Just you and Mrs. Kingman, please. I shall not go with you."

"You're not going with us?" Bob asked. "What are you going to do?"

"I have already made arrangements, thank you," Mr. Moto said. "There is a wireless in my suitcase—a message to friends on the mainland. They will be coming in the morning in a plane. I would prefer you not to be here. It might be so embarrassing. We shall go to the beach now and I think you are very lucky, Mr. Bolles."

"Yes," Bob said, and he spoke with deep conviction, "I'm mighty lucky."

Then Mrs. Kingman was speaking. "Look," she said, "the moon is coming up! It will be moonlight on the beach. I love it in the moonlight."

And Bob Bolles could almost believe that she had put it all away from her and that it was all forgotten. It was monstrous, but there was nothing monstrous in what she said. She looked different again—young again and beautiful.

Bob Bolles had admired moonlight often enough himself, but when the moon was up that night its light had an uncanny, revealing quality that brought out all sorts of facts that had been hidden by the sun. He had often thought that the moon on tropical waters signified peace and good will and coolness after the heat of the day, but that night the moonlight only made him restless and wide awake. He kept thinking, as they walked to the beach in silence, that the house behind them would be bathed in a sort of deadly whiteness. Ghosts would already be walking up there by the house. The path in front of them was a sort of shadowy black and white and the moon was drawing all the warmth from the earth, making the shadows dank and cold. The moon made Mr. Moto's face icily serene. He was wounded, but he smiled politely, so genially that Bob believed his shoulder was giving him pain.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Moto, "I always think the moon is very, very nice."

IT MADE Bob Bolles wonder what he was really thinking, whether everything in Mr. Moto's world was either very nice or very serious and whether Mr. Moto was ever anything but very glad or very sorry. Mr. Moto's reactions could not always be as simple as that, but he was completely sure of himself, and sure of what he wished to do. He must have learned it from his way of life, and suddenly Bob Bolles realized that he had learned it too. Everything was in a new perspective. His whole sense of values was different, so changed that he was like a different person.

"Mr. Bolles," Mr. Moto said, "you must not mind it, please."

"Mind what?" Bob Bolles asked him.

"That you are so unfortunate as to have killed that man," Mr. Moto said. "When it is over, so unpleasant."

"You mean," Bob asked him, "that you mind a thing like that?"

Mr. Moto laughed in a pleasant social way. "Sometimes yes and sometimes no. Mr. Kingman really was very, very nice. I hope you are not disturbed."

"No," Bob Bolles said, "not at the bottom of me. I guess I'm getting tough."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Moto. "You are developing, please. If this lasted longer I should be afraid of you, I think," and Mr. Moto laughed.

"I don't believe it," Bob said, "but it makes me feel better to hear you say it, a whole lot better."

And it was true. He felt better about himself than he had for a long while. The palm-leaf huts by the old pier were

Dear Ma: This is ME— in a PULLMAN!

1. Well, Ma . . . here I am taking my first trip in a Pullman. And every time I take one of my lazy six-foot stretches I sure am glad I'm riding by Pullman. Riding most ways is just riding. But riding by Pullman is *living*! And the service, Ma—just look at all I get on a Pullman . . .



2. Take the porter . . . He calls me "sir" and treats me like a king. (I bet he thinks I'm much older than 19.) He takes my bags and shows me my berth. He makes my bed. He shines my shoes. He brushes my clothes. He brings extra blankets, extra pillows, even a drink of water at the press of a button! And, last thing at night, he asks what time I want to be called in the morning! (Gosh!)



3. And the bed, Ma! With *two* pillows, and fresh, snugly sheets, and a nice soft, comfortable mattress, like the kind we have at home. All mine, Ma! Plenty of room to stretch and turn. Class, Ma? Listen! Two bed lamps, coat hangers, a little hammock to put my clothes in. And even a private air cooler *in my berth*! (What won't they think of next!)



4. I saw a big league pitcher in the lounge! We got acquainted, talked baseball to bedtime. (Gee, you meet nice people in a lounge car.) The lounge car, you know, is just like a private club for everybody with a Pullman ticket. It's a friendly place, with big, lazy chairs, free magazines to read, and a porter ready to jump the minute you clap your hands!



5. A washroom you can swing a cat in! You might think, Ma, that a washroom in a Pullman is a hole-in-the-wall affair. But it isn't. It's big and roomy, with hot and cold running water, and a special bowl with a goose-neck faucet for cleaning my teeth. It even has an outlet for my electric razor. And Ma, you can use a million towels if you want! (It's wonderful!)



6. And what do you think it cost? Only \$2.65 to ride Pullman the whole 300 miles; plus my first class railroad ticket. And this'll please you, Ma. It's the *safest* way to travel there is. So it's Pullman for my money. For you, too, Ma. From now on we travel in style!

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PERFECT! A SWELL GAME... AND A
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Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and
on draft at better places everywhere.

**33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO
MAKE ONE GREAT BEER**

IT'S SMOOTHER... IT'S TASTIER... IT NEVER VARIES

black and deserted in the moonlight. The people must have run into the bush again when they had heard their steps and voices; and they walked past the huts without speaking and down to the beach. The water was silvery in the moonlight and by the breakers there was a fiery phosphorescent glow.

"So very nice, the moon and water," Mr. Moto said. "Now we will build a fire, please. Here are some matches, Mr. Bolles."

There was enough small wood on the beach to build a fire. In five minutes it was burning brightly and all their faces were clear in the firelight.

"If Tom's out there," Bob said, "he won't be able to get through the reef until morning."

"I have a suggestion, please," Mr. Moto said. "I should like so much to be able to close my eyes. It will be so nice if you and Mrs. Kingman will give me your word not to leave the beach. I trust you, Mr. Bolles. Please, I treat you like one of us."

"Don't say that," said Mrs. Kingman. "He isn't one of us."

MR. MOTO sat down and placed his arms across his knees and rested his head upon them. Bob Bolles wanted to ask him if his shoulder hurt, but he did not. Instead he walked with Mrs. Kingman a little distance from the fire. "Do you think he's all right?" Bob Bolles asked her.

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman answered. "It was in the shoulder. I helped him fix it. It hurts of course, but it's all right. Why, what are you laughing at?"

"I was just thinking," Bob said. "What were you thinking about?"

"I was just thinking," Bob told her, "what I'm going to tell the boys on the Smedley if I see them."

"Don't," she whispered, and she looked at Mr. Moto sitting near the fire. "Don't talk about it now."

Then they sat down on the sand with their faces toward the sea. They just sat there not speaking for a long while.

"You're not angry with me," she asked, "because I—?" She stopped. "The knife—I had to do it," and he knew what she meant.

"No," he said, "you had to. I can see a lot of things more clearly than I ever did before. I never realized before that there are some things more important than any two people or the way they feel. I've always been pretty egotistical, I guess. It's knowing you that's changed me."

"Why!" Her whole face lighted up. Her eyes were sparkling in the moonlight. "I was so afraid you wouldn't see. Why, it's been worth while if I've done that. No matter what happens, it's something to remember."

"I thought you never liked remembering," he told her.

"Not often," she answered slowly, "but there'll be a sort of a past with you. No one can stop that. I can always think how it would be if you were there and how it would have been if I were not just what I am. Yes, I'll love to think about it always."

"I'm sorry," he said, "about what I did—spoiling everything for you. It was just the same with me—I had to."

Her hand closed over his and her grasp was strong and steady.

"Of course," she said. "It's just the same. And no matter where you are, it's something to be proud of, something to remember. If things go bad with you, you must always think—promise me you will—that you did something splendid once. Why, you beat us all, my dear, some very dangerous people. I'm sorry for myself, but not as sorry as I'm proud of you. I'm all mixed up in my mind, because I'm a woman. Women ought to be at home looking after men."

"Everything you say is new," he said, "and everything you say I like."

"You like it, dear," she said, "because it's dangerous to know me. You'll take me back tomorrow."

"Yes," he answered, "if Tom comes, anywhere you say."

"It will be Kingston," she said. "No, there will be no trouble for me there. It will be arranged and you needn't ask me how. It will take a little while to get to Kingston, won't it?"

"Yes," he said, "and that cutter may pick us up."

"Oh, no," she shook her head. "They'll have other things to think about, once they see the plane. We will have a little while on the way to Kingston. It's something, after all. You won't see me again after that. You must not even know my name. You mustn't—ever."

It had come. Perhaps he had known it always would, but when he heard her say it incisively there in the moonlight he felt the injustice of it very keenly.

"Look here," he began. "Why won't I see you?" And then he found himself believing all sorts of things which seemed true at the moment. He was begging her to leave it all. He was begging her to stay with him, but she knew better, and she was hardly listening to him.

"Under the trees," she said, "when you were going to the plane, I should have waited until your back was turned, but I couldn't. Now, do you understand?"

"That has nothing to do with you and me," he told her.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "everything. You see what I was planning?" She nodded toward the fire, but her voice was very low: "He thinks we have what we all wanted. I was planning to get it later. That would have been more important than you. I can't be different from what I am, and you can't either. Don't you see? You'll be going back to your country and I'll be going back to mine."

"We can chuck it all," he told her.

"Oh, no, we can't," she said. "You'll never mean that again—not after what you did tonight. You can look anyone in the eye and you can just remember. But there's still a little while. We're not back yet."

"No," he said, "not yet." He hesitated. "When this war is over—and it will be over some time—I'll be looking for you. I couldn't help it."

THE moonlight struck her face as she turned toward him, just as though she had moved nearer to him from the dark.

"You'll wait," she asked him, "will you?"

And he told her he would wait, and she looked surprised at first, and then she smiled.

"It's queer," she said, "I never thought of that—I mean about some time when there might not be war—when the lights might be lit again. I live in the present—all of us have to. Perhaps it's better not to look too far ahead."

"I'll be looking for you," Bob Bolles said again.

"Will you?" she asked him again. "Well, I'll be very glad and I'll be looking for you too. Kiss me, my dear. I'm on leave of absence now. And don't mind Mr. Moto. If he were awake he wouldn't mind."

He wanted to get away, to leave there, and he was deathly afraid that Tom would not come back, but Bob Bolles saw the Thistlewood just a few minutes after he saw the first streaks of light on the horizon. He must have made the island in the dark and have been standing outside waiting for the morning, for almost as soon as Bob saw the silhouette, just beyond the reef, she started under power and began heading for the

narrow channel. He was afraid at first that Tom might get into trouble, but Tom remembered the bearings. Tom was a good sailor. By the time the anchor splashed, the beach and the water beyond it were faintly pink in the sunrise and all three of them walked down to the water's edge. Although Mr. Moto was most polite, it was clear that he was very anxious to see the last of them. His face was several shades paler and Bob could tell that Mr. Moto's shoulder pained him.

"Come aboard and have something to eat," Bob said.

"No, thank you very much, please," Mr. Moto answered. "It is so very important for you, I think, that you should go before my friends arrive. We want no more difficulties, do we?" And Mr. Moto laughed. "Please call your boatman now. Tell him to come ashore at once, please." And Bob Bolles called to Tom across the water.

"Come on, Tom," he called. And they stood watching the dinghy come toward them. They did not speak until the bottom of the little rowboat scraped against the sand and until Tom stepped into the water and pulled the bow up on the beach.

"WELL," Bob said, "I guess this is goodby. It's nice to have seen you, Mr. Moto." Then he was aware of a change in Mr. Moto's manner. Mr. Moto's smile had grown more mechanical. His eyes had grown more watchful and Bob knew there was something else. He knew it was not finished yet.

"So nice to have met you," Mr. Moto said. "Some other time again, when it is pleasanter, I hope. You must step aboard at once, please. The farther you are away so much the better for you, I think."

"All right," Bob said, and he turned to help Mrs. Kingman. "You'd better sit in the stern," he said. "Tom and I can push her off." And then Mrs. Kingman gave a sharp surprised little cry. Mr. Moto had backed away from them. He had jerked his automatic pistol from his pocket.

"Here," Bob said. "What's that for?" Mr. Moto stood with his feet carefully braced in the sand and the clean fresh light glittered on the gold of his front teeth. "No," he said quickly, "it is all right. Just a precaution, please, in case you should be angry at what I have to say."

"Why," said Mrs. Kingman, "why—what's that? Haven't we said everything?"

Mr. Moto shook his head at her and his voice sounded less polite. "Mrs. Kingman, please," he said, "I kept it for the last. I hope so very much you know what I mean."

"Why, no," said Mrs. Kingman. "What do you mean?"

Mr. Moto looked down at his pistol and back at her. "Excuse me, please," he said. "I think you have been so very nice and clever, Mrs. Kingman, through it all. I should be so sorry if you should leave thinking I was so stupid, please."

"But, Mr. Moto, I don't think you're stupid," Mrs. Kingman said.

"Oh," said Mr. Moto and he laughed, "so sorry I must be so impolite as to disagree when everyone has been so nice. You and Mr. Kingman both thought I didn't know."

"Why, Mr. Moto," Mrs. Kingman said, "know what?"

The gold in Mr. Moto's teeth glistened and he laughed, but not politely.

"It was so clever about the turbo supercharger, Mrs. Kingman," he said. "I know so very well it was not the turbo. Please do not bother to come back to get the rest of what is in the plane. I only want to say my friends and I shall get it, please. The Nipponese Intelligence is not as bad as that. It is Beam 21 Night Combat please, Mrs. Kingman."

"Oh—" Mrs. Kingman began, but Mr. Moto stopped her.

"So sorry to distress you," Mr. Moto said, and he took a short step toward them. "That is all, I think, please. Into the boat at once. You too, Mr. Bolles. Boy san, push it off. Goodby."

The bottom of the dinghy grated on the sand as Tom pushed off, wading beside it. Then he stepped in and picked up the oars and began to row. From the center thwart where he was sitting Bob Bolles could see Mr. Moto still standing close to the water. Mrs. Kingman sat in the stern with her back turned toward the beach. She did not speak, but her face was lighted by a faint, malicious smile and Bob could see that she was very happy.

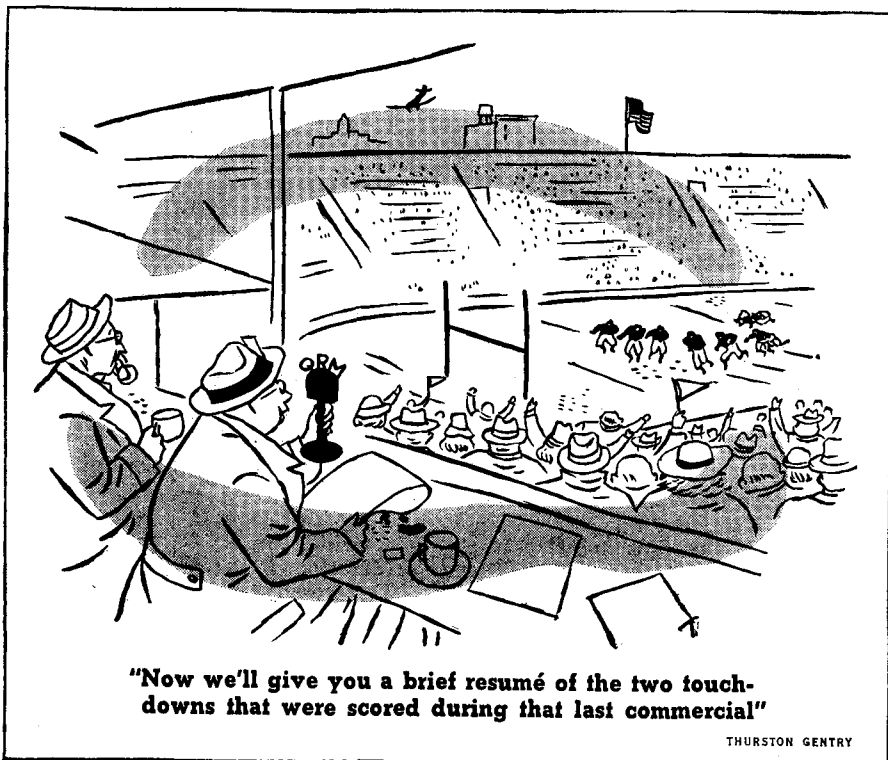
"Goodby," Mr. Moto called. "So sorry for you, but good luck."

"Tom," Bob whispered, "put your back in it! Row like hell!"

"No," Mrs. Kingman said softly, "don't hurry. It's better he shouldn't know." Then she smiled at Bob and she seemed to have forgotten all about the island.

"Look at the color of the sea," she said.

THE END



THURSTON GENTRY

"I'm the skeleton in the Greene family closet"



"Uh! Huh! That's what Dad called me, up until a few months ago."

"Hm! Pretty good-looking skeleton, Anne. But what's the horror story?"

"Ah! You should have known me, Bobby. I was scrawny and bony, and my nerves were . . . Ugh!"



"Were *what*, for goodness sake?"

"Bristly as thorns — like this! And then I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"Jiminy crickets, what's that?"

"A shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I took two cakes of FLEISCHMANN's a day in nice cool tomato juice, and before very long . . ."



"Before very long—the girl I see before me now! But what's this about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN's in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Delicious!"



Read the label. FLEISCHMANN's is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and raw liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the vitamins in FLEISCHMANN's, B₁, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go right into the bread.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast For Natural Vitamin B Complex

Up from the Rank

By Kyle Crichton

Abbott and Costello started in burlesque and they're still in burlesque—in the movies. The corn is the same but the coin—ah, the coin!

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WALL-KERLEE



IT WAS ten o'clock at night and the boys were still whooping it up on stage eight at Universal. They had been there since six in the morning and still had four scenes to shoot but the gags were flying fast. Another Abbott and Costello comedy, this one *Ride 'Em, Cowboy*, and it would be like all the others—funny and full of old memories. "All right, boys, let's go!" yells Arthur Lubin, the director. "What's this one about?" asks Abbott. "Haven't you read the script?" demands Lubin. "To hell with the script," squeaks Costello. "What's it about?" "You're in a jallopy and the Indians are chasing you. You lose your hat." They get set in the car and stagehands begin jiggling the old crate to give the illusion of a wild ride. Costello nods at one of the stagehands and speaks out of the corner of his mouth to Abbott. "Fame. Think of going home and telling the kids . . . I jiggle the car for Costello and Abbott." "Abbott and Costello," Abbott corrects him sternly. "An error in printin'," says Costello. "Never mind. You lose your hat. Don't forget that." "I lose my hat," admits Costello, get-

ting adjusted in the seat. "Why?" "Just because you're dumb." "Smart guys don't lose hats?" "No." "You're a smart guy?" says Costello. "Yes." "So you're expectin' me to knock your hat off?" "Yes. Why don't you?"—threateningly. "I'm not so dumb." "Come on, boys; let's go," says Lubin easily. "He wants me to knock his hat off," says Costello, nodding at Abbott. "I do not." "You said you was expectin' it." "I said you were dumb." "That's different," says Costello, relieved. "All right, boys; we're turning," says Lubin. "Just that one line . . . Where's my hat?" They bounced up and down on the seat of the jallopy, the wind machine blows furiously, the Indians appear on another projection screen behind them and gallop madly in pursuit. Lou grasps the wheel with desperation and tries to hold his hat. He loses it. The dialogue starts. Instead of one line, the loss of the hat now becomes an epic event.

"Where's my hat? Who stole my hat? Who's got that hat? Gimme the hat!" squeaks Costello endlessly, grabbing at the wheel, grabbing for his hat. Abbott is just as steadily howling: "What hat? Where'd you lose it? I ain't got no hat! What hat?" Lubin looks on complacently. In the early days of association with the wacks he never learned to yell "cut!" never to worry about the script, never to worry about the dialogue, never to worry about the picture. In the excitement Costello loses control of the wheel and Abbott grabs it. Costello grabs it right back, yelling: "Who the hell's drivin' this crib!" That breaks it up. "The movies," moans Abbott, breathlessly. "Just like a blood transfusion in reverse. They draw it out of you in quarts." Nothing in the film industry is as hot as these ex-burlesque comics. They started in burlesque and they've never left burlesque; they aren't doing a thing now that they didn't do at Minsky's for \$75 a week. Pavlov, the Russian scientist, spent years experimenting with dogs to prove that a certain sensation will produce a definite reaction. He could have done it much easier with

Skinny Bud Abbott and fat Lou Costello are the hottest comedy team in the movies this year both in point of box-office gross and personal take

Abbott and Costello. Mention any word in the English language and they will immediately turn on eighteen comic routines covering the subject. "Corn, gentlemen, corn," says Abbott, the straight man. "Every gag guaranteed to be seven hundred years old." "Myself," interrupts Costello, the little fat one, proudly. "I'm an artist." "An artist?" demands Abbott, looking at him menacingly. "I'm in pitchas," explains Lou. "I'm a pitcha artist." "Like Barrymore?" presses Bud, threateningly. "More like Boyer," amends Lou. "You wouldn't like a nice push in the teeth, would you?" asks Bud. "Who's astin'?" "Me." "I will take your offer under consideration," says Lou. Their first starring film was *Buck* (Continued on page 61)



HAVE YOU EVER FLOATED ON AIR? The closest you'll come on earth to that sensation of complete and utter rest and relaxation—luxury comfort—is when you sink gently down into a Beautyrest.

So you're going to buy a mattress...



1. Let a glass of milk guide you

You can't tell a thing about the comfort of a mattress by just looking at it. For comfort comes from the "heart" of a mattress: The coils inside. And there are two main types of mattress "insides"—the usual type and the Beautyrest.

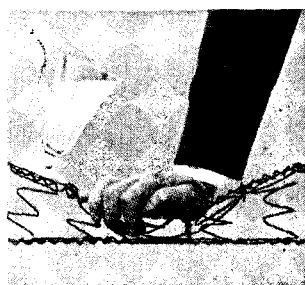
So let's open up both kinds of mattresses. And see what this glass of milk can tell us about the difference between *common* comfort and *luxury* comfort.



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If any structural defect occurs within ten full years, your Beautyrest will be rebuilt free of charge. However, it will probably outlast that staunch guarantee.

For, consider this fact: the United States Testing Company tested 17 leading makes on their Mattress Endurance Machines (Cert. Test No. 11760). The Beautyrest lasted three times longer than even the next best make tested!



2. Springs in an ordinary mattress are joined together

Whoops—over she goes! That's what happens to a glass of milk on any *ordinary* innerspring construction when a near-by spring is pushed down. The coils in such a mattress are all joined together. When you push one down, others around it must go down, too.

Like sinking your fist into a hammock, your body causes this kind of mattress to *sag* toward the spot where your greatest weight lies.



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The Beautyrest has *working* ventilators that keep the insides fresh and clean and sanitary. Hold your hand over one as you sit on a Beautyrest. You'll feel air come breathing out—fresh air being drawn back in, as you rise.

And, thanks to a patented "sag-proof" border, the edges stay firm and even, always. Lumps and hollows won't form, either. So, you need turn your Beautyrest only 4 or 5 times a year!



3. But Beautyrest's 837 coils act independently

Rest a glass of milk on one of Beautyrest's 837 muslin-pocketed coils—push down any or all individual coils around it—and what happens? The glass stands as erect and steady as before, because Beautyrest coils are *independent* coils.

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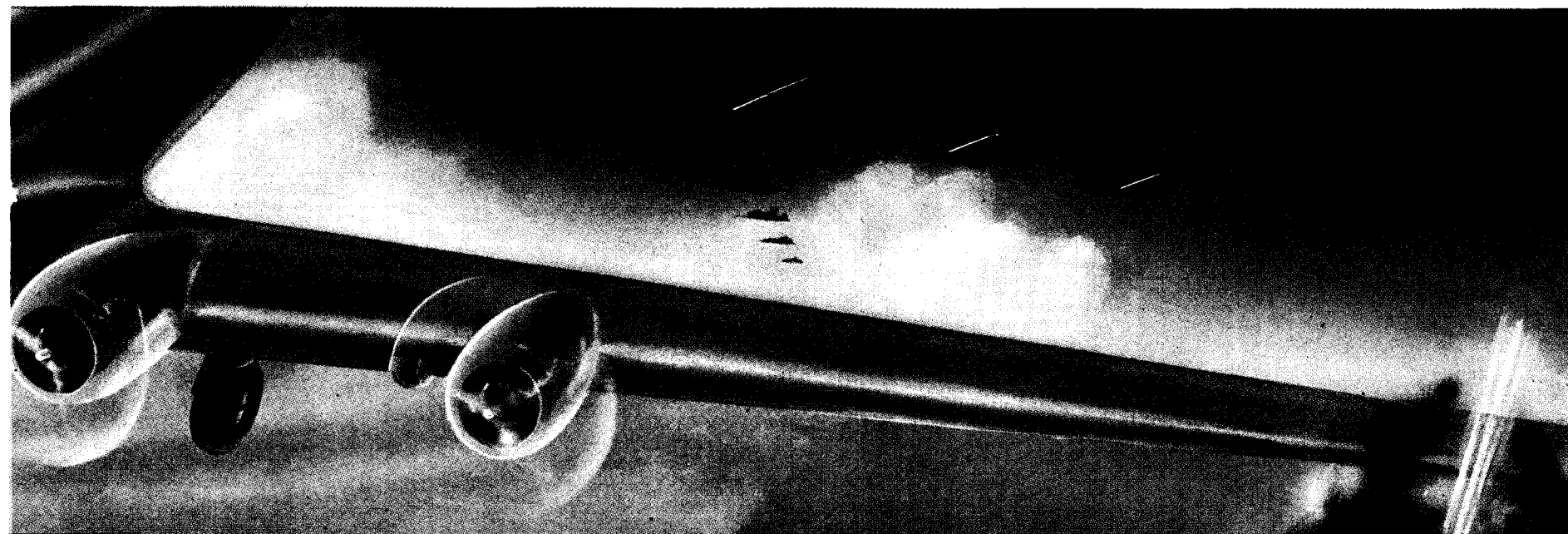
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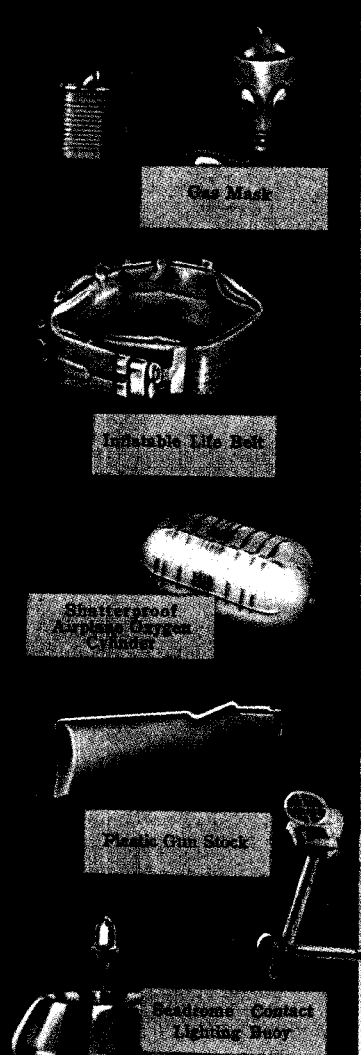
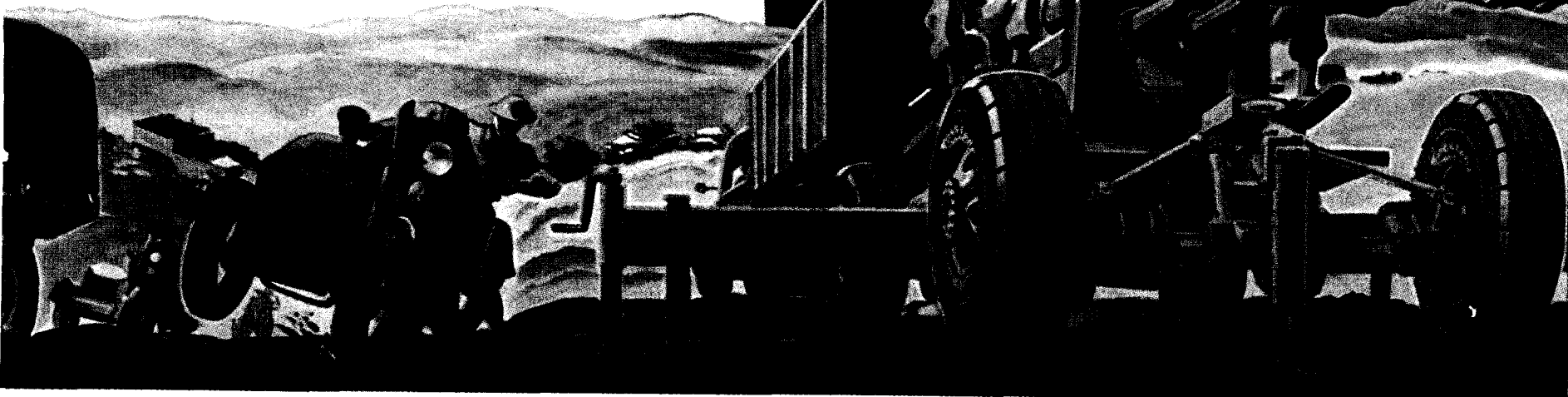
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as it does in a private car

Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 22

there were times when Mr. Crale used suddenly to resent Mrs. Crale's preoccupation with Angela. Like all men, he was a spoiled child—he expected everybody to make a fuss over him. Then he and Angela used to have a real set-to—and very often Mrs. Crale would take Angela's side. Then he would be furious. On the other hand, if she supported him, Angela would be furious. It was on these occasions that Angela used to revert to childish ways and play some spiteful trick on him.

"He had a habit of tossing off his drinks, and she once put a lot of salt into his drink. The whole thing, of course, acted as an emetic, and he was inarticulate with fury. But what really brought things to a head was when she put a lot of slugs into his bed. He had a queer aversion for slugs. He lost his temper completely and said that the girl had to be sent away to school. He wasn't going to put up with all this petty nonsense any more.

"Angela was terribly upset—though actually she had once or twice expressed a wish herself to go to a large school, but she chose to make a huge grievance of it. Mrs. Crale didn't want her to go, but allowed herself to be persuaded—largely owing, I think, to what I said to her on the subject. I pointed out to her that it would be greatly to Angela's advantage, and that I thought it would really be a great benefit to the girl. So it was settled that she should go to Helston—a very fine school on the south coast—in the autumn term.

"But Mrs. Crale was still unhappy about it all those holidays. And Angela kept up a grudge against Mr. Crale whenever she remembered. It wasn't really serious, you understand, M. Poirot, but it made a kind of undercurrent that summer to—well—to everything else that was going on."

"Meaning—Elsa Greer?" Poirot said. Miss Williams said sharply, "Exactly."

"What was your opinion of Elsa Greer?"

"I had no opinion of her at all. A thoroughly unprincipled young woman."

"She was very young."

"Old enough to know better. I can see no excuse for her—none at all."

"She fell in love with him, I suppose—"

Miss Williams interrupted with a

snort: "Fell in love with him, indeed. I should hope, M. Poirot, that whatever our feelings, we can keep them in decent control. And we can certainly control our actions. That girl had absolutely no morals of any kind. It meant nothing to her that Mr. Crale was a married man. She was absolutely shameless about it all—cool and determined. Possibly she may have been badly brought up, but that's the only excuse I can find for her."

"MR. CRALE'S death must have been a terrible shock to her," said Poirot.

"Oh, it was. And she herself was entirely to blame for it. I don't go as far as condoning murder, but all the same, M. Poirot, if ever a woman was driven to the breaking point that woman was Caroline Crale. I tell you frankly, there were moments when I would have liked to murder them both myself. Flaunting the girl in his wife's face, listening to her having to put up with the girl's insolence—and she was insolent, M. Poirot. Oh, no, Amyas Crale deserved what he got. No man should treat his wife as he did and not be punished for it. His death was a just retribution."

Hercule Poirot said, "You feel strongly . . ."

The small woman looked at him with those indomitable gray eyes. She said: "I feel very strongly about the marriage tie. Unless it is respected and upheld, a country degenerates. Mrs. Crale was a devoted and faithful wife. Her husband deliberately flouted her and introduced Elsa Greer into her home. As I say, he deserved what he got. He goaded her past endurance and I, for one, do not blame her for what she did."

Poirot said slowly: "He acted very badly—that I admit. But he was a great artist, remember."

Miss Williams gave a terrific snort.

"Oh, yes, I know. That's always the excuse nowadays. An artist! An excuse for every kind of loose living, for drunkenness, for brawling, for infidelity. And what kind of an artist was Mr. Crale, when all is said and done? It may be the fashion to admire his pictures for a few years. But they won't last. Why, he couldn't even draw! His perspective was terrible! Even his anatomy was quite incorrect. I know something

of what I am talking about, M. Poirot. I studied painting for a time, as a girl, in Florence, and to anyone who knows and appreciates the great masters these daubs of Mr. Crale's are really ludicrous. Just splashing a few colors about on the canvas—no construction, no careful drawing. No," she shook her head, "don't ask me to admire Mr. Crale's painting."

"Two of them are in the Tate Gallery," Poirot reminded her.

Miss Williams sniffed. "Possibly. So is one of Mr. Epstein's statues, I believe."

Poirot perceived that, according to Miss Williams, the last word had been said. He abandoned the subject of art. He said, "You were with Mrs. Crale when she found the body?"

"Yes. She and I went down from the house together after lunch. Angela had left her pull-over on the beach after bathing, or else in the boat. She was always very careless about her things. I parted from Mrs. Crale at the door of the Battery Garden, but she called me back almost at once. I believe Mr. Crale had been dead over an hour. He was sprawled on the bench near his easel."

"Was she terribly upset at the discovery?"

"What exactly do you mean by that, M. Poirot?"

"I am asking you what your impressions were at the time."

"Oh, I see. Yes, she seemed to me quite dazed. She sent me off to telephone for the doctor. After all, we couldn't be absolutely sure he was dead—it might have been a cataleptic seizure."

"Did she suggest such a possibility?"

"I don't remember."

"And you went and telephoned?"

MISS WILLIAMS' tone was dry and brusque: "I had gone half up the path when I met Mr. Meredith Blake. I entrusted my errand to him and returned to Mrs. Crale. I thought, you see, she might have collapsed—and men are no good in a matter of that kind."

"And had she collapsed?"

Miss Williams said dryly: "Mrs. Crale was quite in command of herself. She was quite different from Miss Greer, who made a hysterical and very unpleasant scene."

"What kind of a scene?"

"She tried to attack Mrs. Crale."

"You mean she realized that Mrs. Crale was responsible for Mr. Crale's death?"

Miss Williams considered for a moment or two.

"No, she could hardly be sure of that. That—er—terrible suspicion had not yet arisen. Miss Greer just screamed out: 'It's all your doing, Caroline. You killed him. It's all your fault.' She did not actually say, 'You've poisoned him,' but I think there is no doubt that she thought so."

"And Mrs. Crale?"

Miss Williams moved restlessly. "Must we be hypocritical, M. Poirot? I cannot tell you what Mrs. Crale really felt or thought at that moment. Whether it was horror at what she had done—"

"Did it seem like that?"

"N-no, n-no, I can't say it did. Stunned, yes—and, I think, frightened. Yes, I am sure, frightened. But that is natural enough."

Hercule Poirot said in a dissatisfied tone: "Yes, perhaps that is natural enough. . . . What view did she adopt officially as to her husband's death?"

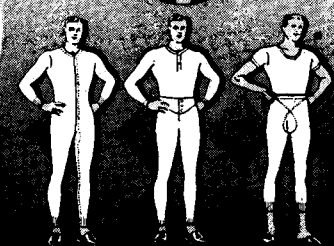
"Suicide. She said, very definitely



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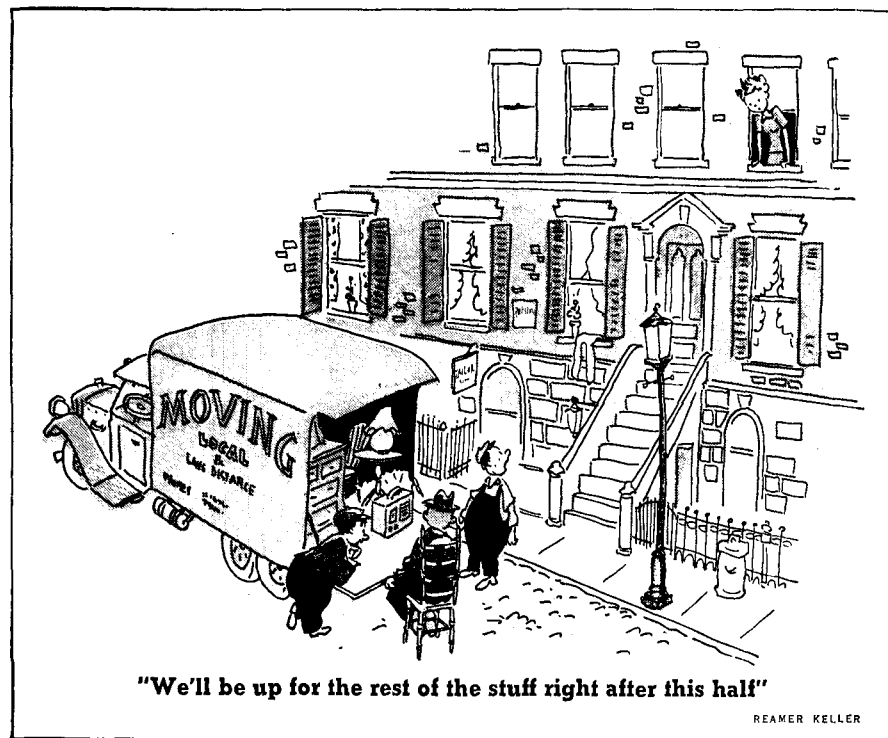


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from the first, that it must be suicide."

"Did she say the same when she was talking to you privately, or did she put forward any other theory?"

"No. She—she—took pains to impress upon me that it must be suicide."

Miss Williams sounded embarrassed.

"And what did you say to that?"

"Really, M. Poirot, does it matter what I said?"

"Yes, I think it does."

"I don't see why—"

But as though his expectant silence hypnotized her, she said reluctantly:

"I think I said: 'Certainly, Mrs. Crale. It must have been suicide.'"

"Did you believe your own words?"

Miss Williams raised her head. "No, I did not," she said firmly. "But please understand, M. Poirot, that I was entirely on Mrs. Crale's side, if you like to put it that way. My sympathies were with her, not with the police."

"You would have liked to have seen her acquitted?"

Miss Williams said defiantly, "Yes, I would."

"Then you are in sympathy with her daughter's feelings?"

"I have every sympathy with Carla."

"Would you have any objection to writing out for me a detailed account of the tragedy?"

"You mean for her to read?"

"Yes."

Miss Williams said slowly: "No, I have no objection. She is quite determined to go into the matter, is she?"

"Yes. I dare say it would have been preferable if the truth had been kept from her—"

Miss Williams interrupted him:

"No. It is always better to face the truth. It is no use evading unhappiness by tampering with facts. Carla has had a shock, learning the truth—now she wants to know exactly how the tragedy came about. That seems to me the right attitude for a brave young woman to take. Once she knows all about it she will be able to forget it again and go on with the business of living her own life."

"Perhaps you are right," said Poirot.

"I'm quite sure I'm right."

"But, you see, there is more to it than that. She not only wants to know—she wants to prove her mother innocent."

Miss Williams said, "Poor child."

"That is what you say, is it?"

MISS WILLIAMS said: "I see now why you said that it might be better if she had never known. All the same, I think it is best as it is. To wish to find her mother innocent is a natural hope—and, hard though the actual revelation may be, I think, from what you say of her, that Carla is brave enough to learn the truth and not flinch from it."

"You are sure it is the truth?" Poirot asked.

"I don't understand you."

"You see no loophole for believing that Mrs. Crale was innocent?"

"I don't think that possibility has ever been seriously considered."

"And yet she herself clung to the theory of suicide?"

Miss Williams said dryly, "The poor woman had to say something."

"Do you know that when Mrs. Crale was dying she left a letter for her daughter in which she solemnly swears that she is innocent?"

Miss Williams stared. "That was very wrong of her," she said sharply.

"You think so?"

"Yes, I do. Oh, I dare say you are a sentimentalist like most men—"

Poirot interrupted indignantly, "I am not a sentimentalist."

"But there is such a thing as false sentiment. Why write that—a lie—at such a solemn moment? To spare your child pain? Yes, many women would

do that. But I should not have thought it of Mrs. Crale. She was a brave woman and a truthful woman. I should have thought it far more like her to have told her daughter not to judge."

Poirot said with slight exasperation, "You will not even consider, then, the possibility that what Caroline Crale wrote was the truth?"

"Certainly not!"

Miss Williams looked at Poirot in a very odd way. "It doesn't matter my saying this now—so long afterward. You see, I happen to know that Caroline Crale was guilty!"

"What?"

"It's true. Whether I did right in withholding what I knew at the time I cannot be sure, but I *did* withhold it. But you must take it from me, quite definitely, that I know Caroline Crale was guilty. . . ."

ANGELA WARREN'S flat overlooked Regent's Park. Here, on this spring day, a soft air wafted in through the open window and one might have had the illusion that one was in the country if it had not been for the steady menacing roar of the traffic passing below.

Poirot turned from the window as the door opened and Angela Warren came into the room.

It was not the first time he had seen her. He had availed himself of the opportunity to attend a lecture she had given at the Royal Geographical. It had been, he considered, an excellent lecture. Dry, perhaps, from the view of popular appeal. Miss Warren had an excellent delivery: she neither paused nor hesitated for a word. She did not repeat herself. The tones of her voice were clear and not unmelodious. She made no concessions to romantic appeal or love of adventure. There was very little human interest in the lecture. It was an admirable recital of concise facts, adequately illustrated by excellent slides, and with intelligent deductions from the facts recited. Dry, precise, clear, lucid, highly technical.

The soul of Hercule Poirot approved. Here, he considered, was an orderly mind.

Now that he saw her at close quarters he realized that Angela Warren might easily have been a very handsome woman. Her features were regular, though severe. She had finely marked dark brows; clear, intelligent brown eyes; a fine, pale skin. She had very square shoulders and a slightly manish walk.

There was certainly about her no suggestion of the little pig who cried "Wee, wee." But on the right cheek, disfiguring and puckering the skin, was that healed scar. The right eye was slightly distorted, the corner pulled downward by it, but no one would have realized that the sight of that eye was destroyed. It seemed to Hercule Poirot almost certain that she had lived with that disability so long that she was now completely unconscious of it. And it occurred to him that of the five people in whom he had become interested as a result of his investigations, those who might have been said to start with the fullest advantages were not those who had actually wrested the most success and happiness from life.

Elsa, who might have been said to have started with all advantages—youth, beauty, riches—had done worst. She was like a flower overtaken by untimely frost—still in bud but without life. Cecilia Williams, to outward appearances, had no assets of which to boast. Nevertheless, to Poirot's eye, there was no despondency there and no sense of failure. Miss Williams' life had been interesting to her—she was still interested in people and events. She had that enormous mental and moral advantage

of a strict Victorian upbringing, denied to us in these days—she had done her duty in that station of life to which it had pleased God to call her, and that assurance encased her in an armor impregnable to the slings and darts of envy, discontent and regret. She had her memories, her small pleasures, made possible by stringent economies, and sufficient health and vigor to enable her still to be interested in life.

Now, in Angela Warren—that young creature handicapped by disfigurement and its consequent humiliations—Poirot believed he saw a spirit strengthened by its necessary fight for confidence and assurance. The undisciplined school-girl had given place to a vital and forceful woman, a woman of considerable mental power and gifted with abundant energy to accomplish ambitious purposes. She was a woman, Poirot felt sure, both happy and successful. Her life was full and vivid and eminently enjoyable.

She was not, incidentally, the type of woman that Poirot really liked. Though admiring the clear-cut precision of her mind, she had just a sufficient nuance of the *femme formidable* about her to alarm him as a mere man. His taste had always been for the flamboyant and extravagant.

WITH Angela Warren it was easy to come to the point of his visit. There was no subterfuge. He merely recounted Carla Lemarchant's interview with him.

Angela Warren's severe face lighted up appreciatively.

"Little Carla? She is over here? I would like to see her so much."

"You have not kept in touch with her?"

"Hardly as much as I should have done. I was a schoolgirl at the time she went to Canada, and I realized, of course, that in a year or two she would have forgotten me. Of late years an occasional present at Christmas has been the only link between us. I imagined that she would, by now, be

completely immersed in the Canadian atmosphere and that her future would lie over there. Better so, under the circumstances."

Poirot said: "One might think so, certainly. A change of name—a change of scene. A new life. But it was not to be so easy as that." And he then told of Carla's engagement, the discovery she had made upon coming of age and her motives in coming to England.

Angela Warren listened quietly, her disfigured cheek resting on one hand. She betrayed no emotion during the recital, but as Poirot finished, she said quietly, "Good for Carla."

Hercule Poirot was startled. It was the first time that he had met with this reaction. He said, "You approve, Miss Warren?"

"Certainly. I wish her every success. Anything I can do to help, I will. I feel guilty, you know, that I haven't attempted anything myself."

"Then you think that there is a possibility that she is right in her views?"

Angela Warren said sharply: "Of course she's right. Caroline didn't do it. I've always known that."

"You surprise me very much indeed, mademoiselle," Poirot murmured. "Everybody else I have spoken to—"

She cut in sharply:

"You mustn't go by that. I've no doubt that the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming. My own conviction is based on knowledge—knowledge of my sister. I just know quite simply and definitely that Caro *couldn't* have killed anyone."

"Can one say that with certainty of any human creature?"

"Probably not in most cases. I agree that the human animal is full of curious surprises. But in Caroline's case there were special reasons—reasons which I have a better chance of appreciating than anyone else could."

She touched her damaged cheek.

"You see this? You've probably heard about it?" Poirot nodded. "Caroline did that. That's why I'm sure—I

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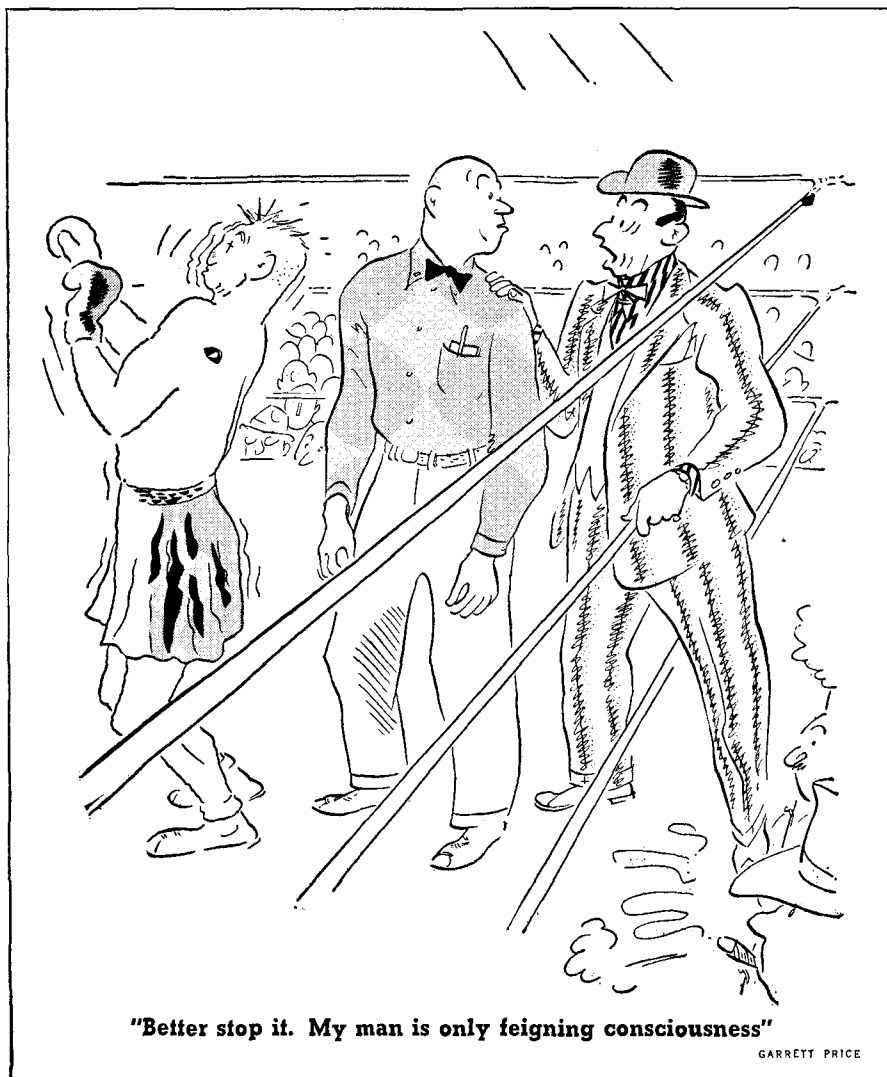
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know—that she did not do murder."
"It would not be a convincing argu-
ment to most people."

"No, it would be the opposite. It was actually used in that way, I believe. As evidence that Caroline had a violent and ungovernable temper! Because she had injured me as a baby, learned men argued that she would be equally capable of poisoning an unfaithful husband."

Poirot said: "I, at least, appreciated the difference. A sudden fit of ungovernable rage does not lead you to abstract a poison first and then use it deliberately on the following day."

Angela Warren waved an impatient hand.

"That's not what I mean at all. I must try and make it plain to you. Supposing that you are a person of normally affectionate and kindly disposition, but that you are also liable to intense jealousy. And supposing that during the years of your life, when control is most difficult, you do, in a fit of rage, come near to committing what is, in effect, murder. Think of the awful shock, the horror, the remorse that seizes upon you."

"If you are a sensitive person like Caroline that horror and remorse will never quite leave you. It never left her. I don't suppose I was consciously aware of it at the time, but looking back I recognize it perfectly. Caro was haunted, continually haunted, by the fact that she had injured me. That knowledge never left her in peace. It colored all her actions. It explained her attitude to me. Nothing was too good for me. In her eyes, I must always come first. Half the quarrels she had with Amyas were on my account."

Miss Warren paused, then went on: "It was very bad for me, of course. I got horribly spoiled. But that's neither here nor there. We're discussing the effect on Caroline. The result of that impulse to violence was a life-long abhorrence of any further act of the same kind. Caro was always watching herself, always in fear that something of that kind might happen again. And she took her own ways of guarding against it. One of those ways was a great extravagance of language. She felt (and I think, psychologically quite truly) that if she were violent enough in speech she would have no temptation to violence in action. She found by experience that the method worked."

"That's why I've heard Caro say things like, 'I'd like to cut so and so in pieces and boil him slowly in oil.' And she'd say to me, or to Amyas, 'If you go on annoying me I shall murder you.' In the same way she quarreled easily and violently. She recognized, I think, the impulse to violence that there was in her nature, and she deliberately gave it an outlet that way. She and Amyas used to have the most fantastic and lurid quarrels."

HERCULE POIROT nodded. "Yes, there was evidence of that. They quarreled like cat and dog, it was said."

Angela Warren said:

"Exactly. That's what is so stupid and misleading about evidence. Of course, Caro and Amyas quarreled! Of course, they said bitter and outrageous and cruel things to each other! What nobody appreciates is that they enjoyed quarreling. But they did! Amyas enjoyed it too. They were that kind of couple. They both of them liked drama and emotional scenes. Most men don't. They like peace. But Amyas was an artist. He liked shouting and threatening and generally being outrageous. It was like letting off steam to him. He was the kind of man who when he loses his collar stud bellows the house down. It sounds very odd, I know, but living that way with continual rows and mak-

ings up was Amyas' and Caroline's idea of fun!"

She made an impatient gesture.

"If they'd only not hustled me away and let me give evidence, I'd have told them that." Then she shrugged her shoulders. "But I don't suppose they would have believed me. And, anyway, then it wouldn't have been as clear in my mind as it is now. It was the kind of thing I knew but hadn't thought about and certainly had never dreamed of putting into words."

She looked across at Poirot.

"You do see what I mean?"

He nodded vigorously. "I see perfectly, and I realize the absolute rightness of what you have said. There are people to whom agreement is monotonous. They require the stimulant of dissension to create drama in their lives."

"Exactly."

"MAY I ask you, Miss Warren, what were your own feelings at the time?"

Angela Warren sighed.

"Mostly bewilderment and helplessness, I think. It seemed a fantastic nightmare. Caroline was arrested very soon—about three days afterward, I think. I can still remember my indignation, my dumb fury—and, of course, my childish faith that it was just a silly mistake, that it would be all right. Caro was chiefly perturbed about me—she wanted me kept right away from it all as far as possible. She got Miss Williams to take me away to some relations almost at once. The police had no objection. And then, when it was decided that my evidence would not be needed, arrangements were made for me to go to school abroad."

"I hated going, of course. But it was explained to me that Caro had me terribly on her mind and that the only way I could help her was by going."

She paused. Then she said: "So I went to Munich. I was there when—when the verdict was given. They never let me go to see Caro. Caro wouldn't have it. That's the only time, I think, when she failed in understanding."

"You cannot be sure of that, Miss Warren. To visit someone dearly loved in a prison might make a terrible impression on a young, sensitive girl."

"Possibly."

Angela Warren got up. She said: "After the verdict, when she had been condemned, my sister wrote me a letter. I have never shown it to anyone."

I think I ought to show it to you now. It may help you to understand the kind of person Caroline was. If you like, you may take it to show to Carla also."

She went to the door, then turning back she said: "Come with me. There is a portrait of Caroline in my room."

For the second time, Poirot stood gazing up at a portrait.

As a painting, Caroline Crale's portrait was mediocre. But Poirot looked at it with interest—it was not its artistic value that interested him.

He saw a long, oval face, a gracious line of jaw and a sweet, slightly timid expression. It was a face uncertain of itself, emotional, with a withdrawn hidden beauty. It lacked the forcefulness and vitality of her daughter's face—that energy and joy of life Carla Lemarchant had doubtless inherited from her father. This was a less positive creature. Yet, looking at the painted face, Hercule Poirot understood why an imaginative man, like Quentin Fogg had not been able to forget her.

Angela Warren stood at his side again—a letter in her hand. She said quietly, "Now that you have seen what she was like, read her letter."

He unfolded it carefully and read what Caroline Crale had written sixteen years ago:

"My darling little Angela:

"You will hear bad news and you will grieve, but what I want to impress upon you is that it is all, all right. I have never told you lies and I don't now when I say that I am actually happy—that I feel an essential rightness and a peace that I have never known before. It's all right, darling; it's all right. Don't look back and regret and grieve for me—go on with your life and succeed. You can, I know. It's all, all right, darling, and I'm going to Amyas. I haven't the least doubt that we shall be together. I couldn't have lived without him. . . . Do this one thing for me—be happy. I've told you—I'm happy. One has to pay one's debts. It's lovely to feel peaceful."

"Your loving sister,
"CARO."

Hercule Poirot read it through twice. Then he handed it back. He said: "That is a very beautiful letter, made-moiselle—and a very remarkable one. A very remarkable one."

"Caroline," said Angela Warren, "was a very remarkable person."

"Yes, an unusual mind. . . . You take



"Aren't you even going to try to guess what I'm mad at you about?"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

Life among the Leathernecks

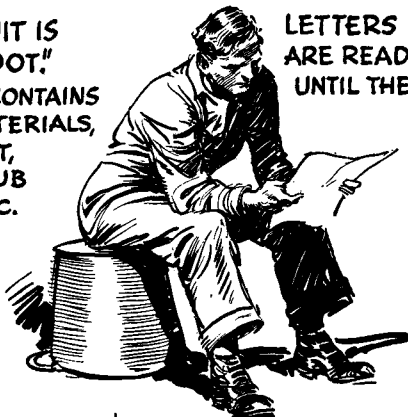
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HE'S A
"BOOT"

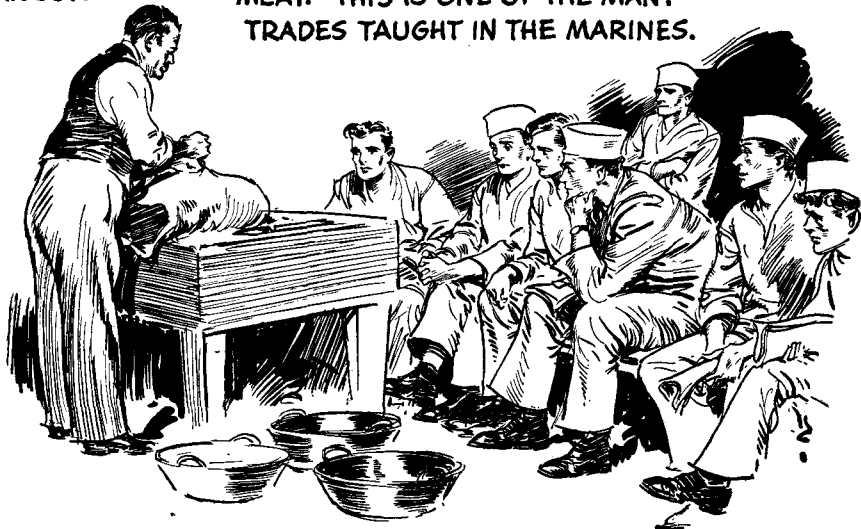
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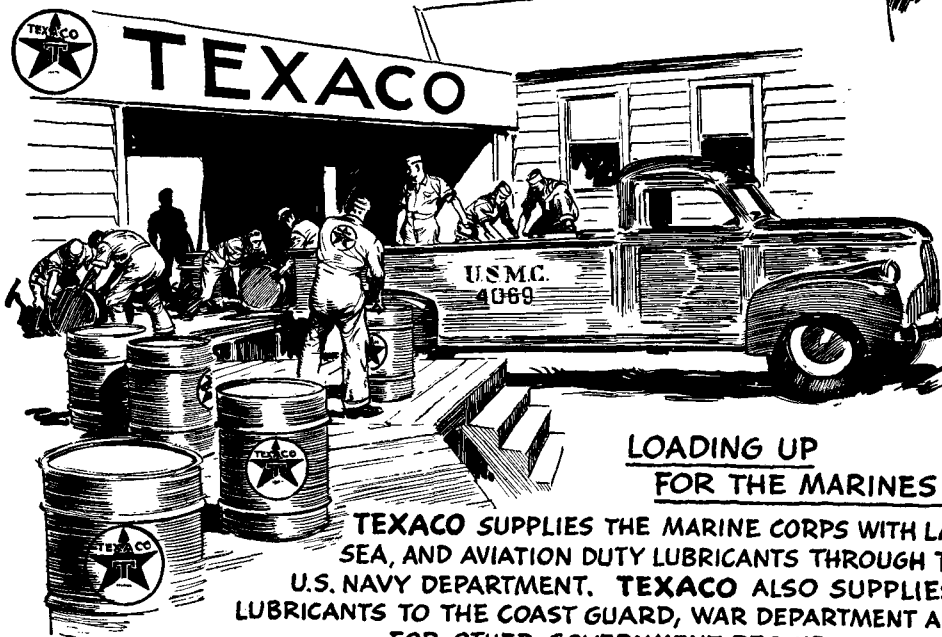


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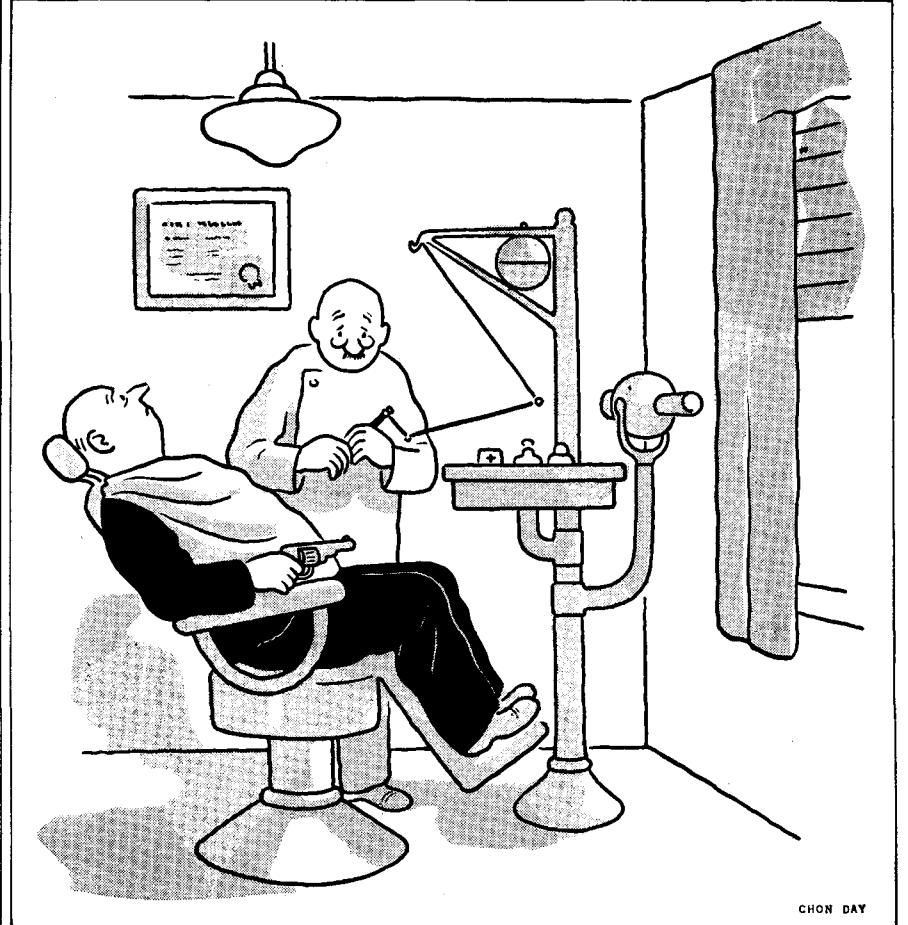
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it that this letter indicates innocence?"
"Of course it does!"
"It does not say so explicitly."
"Because Caro would know that I'd never dream of her being guilty!"

"Perhaps—perhaps. . . . But it might be taken another way. In the sense that she was guilty and that in expiating her crime she will find peace."

It fitted in, he thought, with the description of her in court. And he experienced in this moment the strongest doubts he had yet felt of the course to which he had committed himself. Everything so far had pointed unswervingly to Caroline Crale's guilt. Now even her own words testified against her.

On the other side was only the unshaken conviction of Angela Warren. Angela had known her well, undoubtedly, but might not her certainty be the fanatical loyalty of an adolescent girl, up in arms for a dearly loved sister?

AS THOUGH she had read his thoughts Angela said, "No, M. Poirot—I know Caroline wasn't guilty."

Poirot said briskly: "The *bon Dieu* knows I do not want to shake you on that point. But let us be practical. You say your sister was not guilty. Very well, then, *what really happened?*"

Angela nodded thoughtfully. "That is difficult, I agree," she said. "I suppose that, as Caroline said, Amyas committed suicide."

"Is that likely from what you know of his character?"

"Very unlikely."

"But you do not say, as in the first case, that you *know* it is impossible?"

"No, because, as I said just now, most people *do* do impossible things—that is, to say things that seem out of character. But I presume, if you know them intimately, it wouldn't be out of character."

"You knew your brother-in-law well?"

"Yes, but not like I knew Caro. It seems to me quite fantastic that Amyas should have killed himself, but I suppose he *could* have done so. In fact, he *must* have done so."

"You cannot see any other explanation?"

Angela accepted the suggestion calmly, but not without a certain stirring of interest.

"Oh, I see what you mean. . . . I've

never really considered that possibility. You mean one of the other people killed him? That it was a deliberate cold-blooded murder? . . ."

"It might have been, might it not?"

"Yes, it might have been. . . . But it certainly seems very unlikely."

"More unlikely than suicide?"

"That's difficult to say. . . . On the face of it, there was no reason for suspecting anybody else. There isn't now when I look back. . . ."

"All the same, let us consider the possibility. Who of those intimately concerned would you say was—shall we say the most likely person?"

"Let me think. Well, I didn't kill him. And the Elsa creature certainly didn't. She was mad with rage when he died. Who else was there? Meredith Blake? He was always very devoted to Caroline, quite a tame cat about the house. I suppose that *might* give him a motive in a way. In a book he might have wanted to get Amyas out of the way so that he himself could marry Caroline. But he could have achieved that just as well by letting Amyas go off with Elsa and then in due time consoling Caroline. Besides, I really can't see Meredith as a murderer. Too mild and too cautious. Who else was there?"

"Miss Williams? Philip Blake?" Poirot suggested.

Angela's grave face relaxed into a smile. "Miss Williams? One can't really make oneself believe that one's governess could commit a murder! Miss Williams was always so unyielding and so full of rectitude."

She paused a minute and then went on: "She was devoted to Caroline, of course. Would have done anything for her. And she hated Amyas. She was a great feminist and disliked men. Is that enough for murder? Surely not."

"It would hardly seem so," agreed Poirot.

Angela went on: "Philip Blake?" She was silent for some few moments. Then she said quietly, "I think, you know, if we're just talking of *likelihoods* he's the most likely person."

Poirot said, "You interest me very much, Miss Warren. May I ask why you say that?"

"Nothing at all definite. But from

what I remember of him, I should say he was a person of rather limited imagination."

"And a limited imagination predisposes you to murder?"

"It might lead you to take a crude way of settling your difficulties. Men of that type get a certain satisfaction from action of some kind or other. Murder is a very crude business, don't you think so?"

"Yes—I think you are right. . . . It is definitely a point of view, that. But, all the same, Miss Warren, there must be more to it than that. What motive could Philip Blake possibly have had?"

Angela Warren did not answer at once. She stood frowning down at the floor.

Hercule Poirot said, "He was Amyas Crale's best friend, was he not?"

She nodded.

"But there is something in your mind, Miss Warren. Something that you have not yet told me. Were the two men rivals, perhaps, over the girl—over Elsa?"

Angela Warren shook her head. "Oh, no, not Philip."

"What is there then?"

Angela Warren said slowly:

"Do you know the way that things suddenly come back to you—after years, perhaps. I'll explain what I mean: Somebody told me a story once, when I was eleven. I saw no point in that story whatsoever. It didn't worry me—it just passed straight over my head. I don't believe I ever, as they say, thought of it again. But about two years ago, sitting in the stalls at a revue, that story came back to me, and I was so surprised that I actually said aloud, 'Oh, now I see the point of that silly story about the rice pudding.' And yet there had been no direct allusion on the same lines—only some fun sailing rather near the wind."

Poirot said, "I understand what you mean, Mademoiselle."

"Then you will understand what I am going to tell you. I was once staying at a hotel. As I walked along a passage one of the bedroom doors opened and a woman I knew came out. It was not her bedroom—and she registered the fact plainly on her face when she saw me."

"And I knew then the meaning of the expression I had once seen on Caroline's face when at Alderbury she came out of Philip Blake's room one night."

She leaned forward, stopping Poirot's words:

"I had no idea at the time, you understand. I knew things—girls of the age I was usually do—but I didn't connect them with reality. Caroline coming out of Philip Blake's bedroom was just Caroline coming out of Philip Blake's bedroom to me. It might have been Miss Williams' room or my room. But what I did notice was the expression on her face—a queer expression that I didn't know and couldn't understand. I didn't understand it until, as I have told you, the night in Paris when I saw that same expression on another woman's face."

Poirot said slowly: "But what you tell me, Miss Warren, is sufficiently astonishing. From Philip Blake himself I got the impression that he disliked your sister and always had."

"I know," Angela said. "I can't explain it, but there it is."

POIROT nodded slowly. Already, in his interview with Philip Blake, he had felt vaguely that something did not ring true. That overdone animosity against Caroline; it had not, somehow, been natural.

And words and phrases from his conversation with Meredith Blake came back to him: "Very upset when Amyas married—did not go near them for over a year. . . ."

Had Philip, then, always been in love with Caroline? And had his love, when she chose Amyas, turned to bitterness and hate?

Yes, Philip had been too vehement, too biased. Poirot visualized him thoughtfully—the cheerful, prosperous man with his golf and his comfortable house. What had Philip Blake really felt sixteen years ago?

Angela Warren was speaking:

"I don't understand it. You see, I've no experience in love affairs—they haven't come my way. I've told you this for what it's worth in case—in case it might have a bearing on what happened."

(To be continued next week)



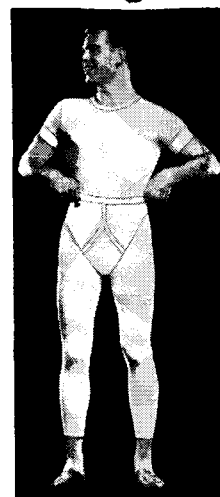
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The Witness Wouldn't Look

By William MacHarg

The Homicide Bureau took a good look at this mystery and came up with an easy solution. Elementary. Hand the case to O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

A GIRL got killed at a dinner party," O'Malley said. "Miss Daker her name was. It happened in an apartment building, in her sister's apartment. Six people was there for dinner, and a guy and his wife come in afterward. They was all starting to go home and this one kid got shot. She was twenty years old."

"What more?" I inquired.

"No more. The sister and her husband are named Mr. and Mrs. Suder. A bachelor guy named Mr. Davin was there and a Mr. and Mrs. Alvers. That was the dinner party. The people that come in later are named Mr. and Mrs. Victory."

"At least," I said, "there were plenty of witnesses."

"That's it," he declared. "The whole place was full of people and we can't find nobody that seen the girl knocked off. It had to be done by one of them people, but we can't find out who."

"What's being done in the case?"

"Cops are going to get all them people out to the apartment and make 'em do over again what they claim to have been doing and see if we learn something. I got told to go out there."

We went to the apartment. The police hadn't got there. Mr. and Mrs. Suder were there. They were nice-looking people and they had a small daughter. The child was named Doris. She wasn't yet two. The place had five rooms and was a "railroad" apartment, all the rooms opening off a long hall. The front room was a living room and in the rear was the kitchen and, next it, the dining room. Between were two bedrooms and, between the bedrooms, a bath. The girl had been shot in the front bedroom, which was Doris' nursery. O'Malley played with the little girl.

"How was this?" he asked Suder.

"I wish we knew. We'd had dinner, then Victory and Mrs. Victory came in. We all went into the living room and danced to the radio and had a few drinks. Then they decided it was time to go home. Alvers and I were in the kitchen mixing a drink; I'd suggested that we have one more drink before we parted. Anne—"

"That's the dead kid," O'Malley remarked to me.

"Anne had left her things in the nursery and she'd gone in there to get them and had turned on the light. Then we heard the shot. Alvers and I ran out into the hall and everybody else was there ahead of us. We looked into the nursery and Anne was dead on the floor and Doris was sitting up in her crib and the gun was on the floor."

"Your gun," O'Malley stated.

"Yes. I have a permit for it, because I carry a lot of money for my company sometimes. When I'm not carrying it, I keep it in the bureau drawer in our bedroom. It was there that night."

"Yeah? What ones of them people knew you had the gun there?"

"Everybody at the dinner table must have known it. My wife doesn't like me to carry a gun. She took it out of my overcoat and put it in the bureau and she spoke about it during dinner."

"NO FINGERPRINTS on that gun," O'Malley remarked to me.

He kept on playing with the little girl. She seemed to enjoy it.

"You don't know no reason why someone would want to kill your sister?" he asked Mrs. Suder.

"I don't."

"No trouble during the evening?"

"No."

"Where was you when it happened?"

"Mrs. Alvers and I were in the bedroom. She was putting on her things and we heard the explosion and ran out into the hall. Mr. and Mrs. Victory were coming out of the living room and Mr. Davin came out of the bathroom. The colored maid, who'd come in to serve dinner, was straightening up the dining room. She came out into the hall too. I didn't see any more than that, because I ran in and grabbed up Doris and carried her into the bedroom. She was badly frightened."

When we started to look through the apartment, the little girl hung onto O'Malley's trouser leg. He picked her up and carried her.

"They scare you, honey, doing murder around here?" he remarked to her.

There was a picture of the dead girl in the living room. She had been very pretty.

"Not much doubt about this case, O'Malley," I stated. "We don't know the motive but it is plain how it was done. One of these people, a man or a woman who had reason for killing the girl, learned at the dinner table where the gun was. He, or she, went secretly and got it and concealed it in his, or her, clothing and waited to get the girl alone."

"You're good."

"The point of the case is to pick out that person. To begin with, we can eliminate the Victerys. They weren't at the dinner but came in afterward and so cannot have known the gun was in the bureau. I think we can assume that Mrs. Suder didn't kill her sister or Suder his sister-in-law; that eliminates Mr. and Mrs. Alvers, because when the shooting occurred Alvers was with Suder and Mrs. Alvers with Mrs. Suder. That leaves us Davin, who wasn't with anybody. Mrs. Suder says, when she came out of the bedroom Davin was coming out of the bathroom door. The bathroom door (Continued on page 67)

Alvers and I ran out into the hall and everybody else was there ahead of us. We looked into the nursery and Anne was dead on the floor



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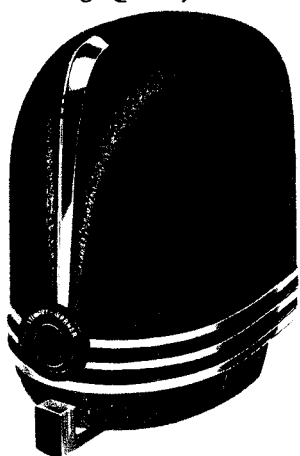
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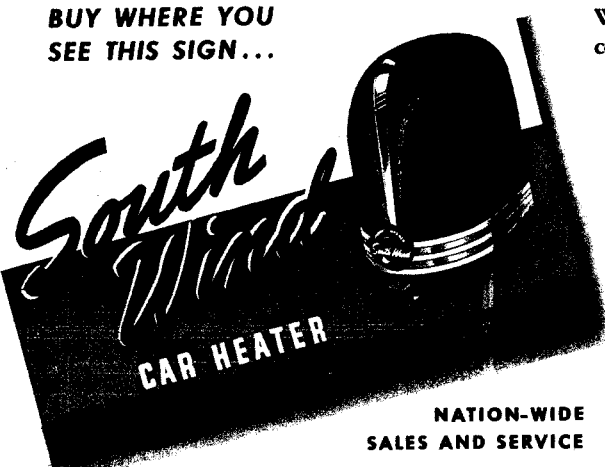
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Satan's Blacksmith Shop

Continued from page 19

"Dat's what all de mens thinks," Uncle Henry laughed, "but hit's a heap er ladies on de place'll tell you diff'unt."

He walked on, well pleased with his smart repartee, while B'r Charlie watched the prospect of rabbit stew fade from view.

"Dat ole devil," he grumbled. "He could 'a' gi'ed his pastor dat rabbit. But naw. He got to make a fuss about a lady. And him a ole broke-down deacon in my church! Ain't got nothin' to do but hunt rabbits and gi' 'em to his womens. Idle tongues sho is de devil's blacksmith shop."

As the afternoon wore on, twice B'r Charlie was forced to get up and shift his chair from sun to shade. He thought some about preaching a sermon on idleness, in which he would have a chance to cite Uncle Henry as an example.

FURTHER consideration of the subject revealed two flaws. He would have to denounce idleness, and that would be so unpopular his collection would fall off to practically nothing. And undoubtedly the word would get back to Giles. The foreman was just contrary enough to agree with B'r Charlie for once, and then launch that long-cherished plan to make folks chop their winter's wood while waiting for the cotton to open. The mere thought of chopping firewood when it was almost too hot to breathe filled B'r Charlie's soul with acute pain.

"Maybe efn I jest sets," he concluded, "somebody might come along and invite dey pastor out to supper. I bet might' nigh all de sisters is down at de bayou, fishing, right dis minute." Toward sunset, when the evening

breeze fanned his face and no invitation had been forthcoming, B'r Charlie got up and stretched. The heat devils had stopped dancing on the path; and young men and women strolled by separately and in couples. They went leisurely but definitely toward the bayou banks. The plantation truck came in from Shreveport and the men at the commissary unloaded it.

The sun suddenly went down and it was dark—black dark.

"I could," B'r Charlie told himself judiciously, "heat me up a bait er dem black-eye peas and whup me up a pone er cawn-bread."

Instead, he went to the porch and sat until moonup.

By the time the moon was treetop high, B'r Charlie's empty stomach began to plague him.

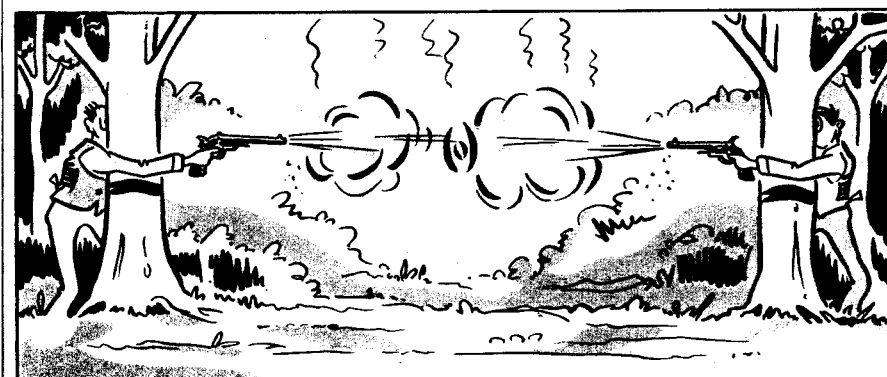
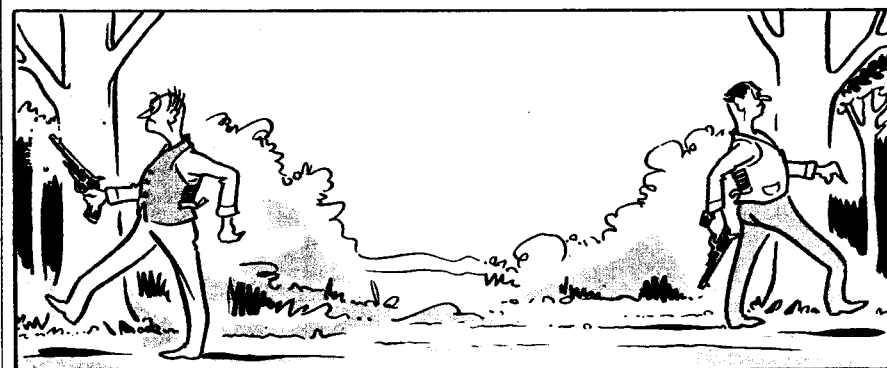
"Dat ole devil Henry!" he growled. "He could 'a' give me dat rabbit." And in a minute he was convinced that all of his discomfort was due to the lotman.

"I'll fix dat ole scound'el," B'r Charlie vowed. "Hyppercrittin' up and down de bayou wid womens, givin' em rabbits and all, when his pastor is hongry!"

Although the desire to "fix" the lotman had long smoldered in B'r Charlie's bosom, he had never found a way to accomplish his purpose. Now, without even thinking about it, a plan presented itself.

"I'll hoodoo him!" B'r Charlie declared. "I'll break him out in biles, jest like ole Job in de Bible. And den I'll chunk ashes in his face!"

Hoodooing was not one of B'r Charlie's personal accomplishments but he knew somebody who could do it, siner though she was. Without a qualm



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN
56

of conscience, B'r Charlie went inside his house, raised a brick from the hearth and took a fifty-cent piece from the tin can.

"Dat ole witch costin' fo' bits for a hoodoo," he grumbled, "but efn she do's a good job, hit'll be worth hit."

He crutched down the path and across the field to Modom Aw-bear's cabin. B'r Charlie hated her, and she hated him, but hoodooing was her business and for four bits sentiment could not be allowed to interfere with business.

As he stepped upon her porch, B'r Charlie heard a voice—a familiar voice.

"Aw, go 'haid, Mis' Modom," B'r Charlie heard. "You knows you put somethin' 'sides de regular seasonin' in hit. Dat rabbit stew tastes so good I bet you put love powders in hit."

"Naw, On-ree," Modom Aw-bear was saying, "jest de seasonin', yas. De salt and de pepper."

"I bet you said certain words," Uncle Henry insisted. "Hit tastes so good, I bet if I and you was young, gal, I'd take you wawkin' on de bayou bank."

B'r Charlie heard them laugh. He was outraged.

"You Henry!" he roared, stepping into the house. "A deacon in my church, settin' hyar jest a-hypercritten' and goin' on wid a hoodoo woman!"

"Come in, B'r Charlie," Uncle Henry said cordially. "I and Mis' Modom Aw-bear hyar was jest finishin' off a little rabbit stew. She stewed up dat rabbit for me—pare-biled hit down and put a lot er certain things in hit. And what I'm tawkin' 'bout, she cooked de fool outn dat rabbit. Good? Lawd, Lawd! Efn I wa'n't so full, I c'd eat some mo', efn hit was some mo' left."

B'r Charlie's jaw dropped in disappointment. "You mean hit's all et up?"

THE witch woman withdrew into a corner and sucked through her teeth at him.

Seeing no chance for food, B'r Charlie grew righteous once more. "You down hyar hoodooin' wid a witch woman." He pointed an accusing finger at Uncle Henry. "I bet I'm gonter git you th'owed outn de church."

"No skin offn my back," said Uncle Henry, still full of after-supper good will. "Efn I don't come to church, well, de church stand to lose a mighty holy member."

"Church-tawk-againster!" B'r Charlie yelled. "Dat's a low-down sin in anybody's church!"

"Maybe," Uncle Henry suggested, "you's de one which names out what is a sin and what ain't?"

"I knows my Bible," B'r Charlie said.

"My Bible," said Uncle Henry, "claim a man got to he'p feed de widder womens, 'specially when dey kin season down rabbit stew like Mis' Modom kin."

"My Bible," B'r Charlie said, "claim hit's a sin to traffick wid a hoodoo lady, too. Ole Kaing Saul tried hit, one time, and bad luck sho overtuck him."

"Yeah," Uncle Henry pointed out, "bad luck overtuck him on account er he was runnin' wid a open swo'd in his hand. He jest stumbled and fell. You ain't got to read in de Bible to find out hit's bad luck to run wid somethin' sharp like a swo'd in yo' hand."

"You kin read in de Bible whar hit say dat hoodooin' is ogly and de Lawd don't love ogly," B'r Charlie argued.

Uncle Henry looked at the witch woman. "De Modom don't look too bad," he defended gallantly. "Kind er old and bunt over, but I bet she was a right good-lookin' brownskin befo' she lost mos' her teeth and ev'ything."

"I bet she never was," B'r Charlie said. "I bet she was bawn ogly and I bet she gonter die ogly. And hit's a sin to come to her house."

"I ogly, hunh?" Modom Aw-bear snarled. "And hit's a sin to come at my

house, hunh? Den why you come to my house, you one-laig fool?"

Uncle Henry slapped his leg and roared with laughter. "I bet de answer to dat one ain't in yo' Bible, Charlie," he said. "But maybe de Widow Duck got de answer."

B'r Charlie was more than embarrassed. He was confused. "What Mis' Duck got to do wid hit?" he demanded.

"Nothin'," Uncle Henry said blandly. "Only I'm fixin' to ax her. I'm fixin' to say, 'Mis' Duck, what you reckon our pastor was doin' down at de hoodoo lady's house last night?'"

"You ain't got de cheeks," B'r Charlie said. He knew the lotman not only "had de cheeks" but that he would delight in spreading the scandal.

"I kin dry up yo' yuther laig," Modom Aw-bear was mumbling. "I kin make de hands dry up and drap off. I kin make de tongue swivel up and go 'way—"

B'r Charlie suddenly realized the hoodoo woman's curses were directed toward himself. He leaped back and held his crutch threateningly.

"I'll bat off yo' haid," he told her. "Don't make no ju-ju tawk on me!"

The old crone glared at him and continued to mumble: "De strenk, she quit yo' body, and you dry up like de leaf."

B'r Charlie grew faint. Spots came before his eyes and an uneasy feeling in his stomach made him want to sit down. He sat and looked helplessly around.

Uncle Henry was amused. "Mis' Modom sho put dat thaing on you dat time, Charlie," he said happily. "Dat was a fo'-bit ju-ju efn I ever seed one. And you's gittin' hit for nothin'!"

Now really frightened, B'r Charlie swallowed hard and made clacking noises. Old Satan himself had B'r Charlie by the soul and B'r Charlie knew it.

Uncle Henry cackled, "You reckon, Mis' Modom, us had ought to charge B'r Charlie for dat ju-ju?"

The hoodoo woman, still holding the evil eye on the preacher, managed a twinkle for the lotman. "Sho," she said. "Make heem pay de fo' bits."

Uncle Henry extended a hand to B'r Charlie. "Mis' Modom is chargin' fo' bits fo' de ju-ju and I's handlin' de collection plate. Gimme."

B'R CHARLIE trembled. He tried to look toward the open door. In his mind, he knew there was not a thing the matter with him. He was a perfectly healthy man. All he would have to do to escape the taunts of Uncle Henry and the wicked eye of the hoodoo woman would be to rise, place his crutch under his arm and walk out. In his mind he knew it was a fact.

When he tried it, all he could do was sit and tremble. His leg seemed made of rubber and his hands too weak to grasp the crutch shank. He sat and made funny sounds in his dry throat.

"In de pocket, take fo' bits wid de hand," Modom Aw-bear ordered.

Like a sleepwalker, B'r Charlie's hand reached into his pocket and drew out the coin.

Uncle Henry, beaming approvingly, took the money. "I swear, B'r Charlie," he laughed, "for a dark-skin man, you look mo' like ashes den any ash-hopper I seed lately. Mis' Modom sho got you hoodooed outn de books!" He turned to the witch woman. "You reckon us hadn't ought to charge him 'bout six bits for dat job? Fo' bits don't seem hardly enough to me."

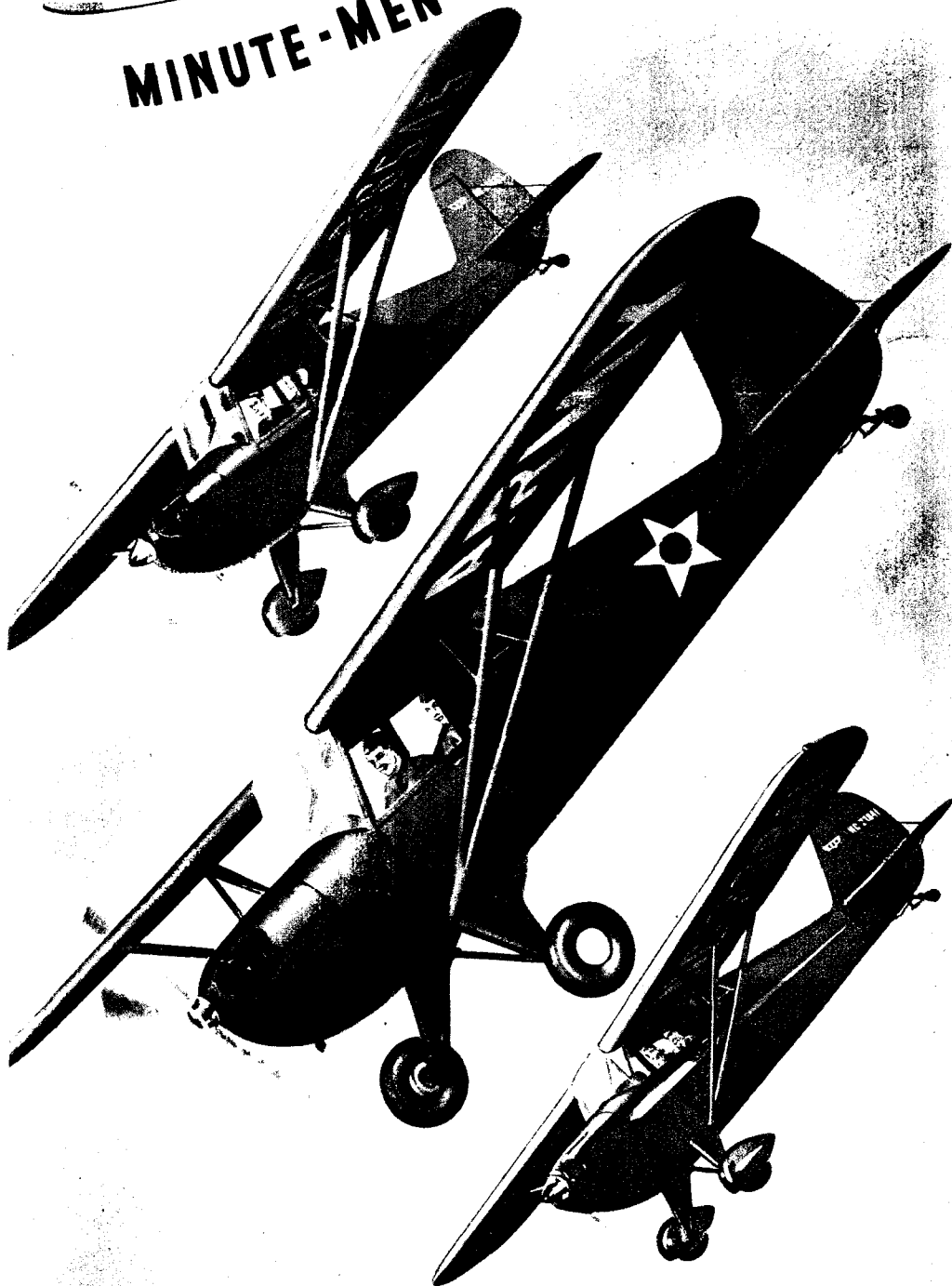
"Naw—naw—naw!" the preacher found tongue to protest. "I didn't bring but fo' bits. Please, Modom Aw-bear—"

"Fo' bits," the hoodoo woman said. "For fo' bits I put heem on. For fo' bits I take heem off."

"I ain't got no mo' fo' bitses," B'r

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Charlie howled. "I done tole you so—" He was amazed to discover he was waving his hands and moving about and words were coming out of his mouth. His confidence returned.

"Gimme back my fo' bits, befo' I drags dis crutch acrost yo' haid, fool!" he shouted to Uncle Henry. "What I'm got to give anybody my fo' bitises for?" He moved menacingly toward the lotman.

"Mind out, now," Uncle Henry warned him. "De Modom'll hit you wid dat thaing agin. She jest laid hit on you, dat time. Next time, she'll chunk hit at you."

B'r Charlie was no longer afraid, but still he decided to play safe. He stopped threatening Uncle Henry and changed his tactics.

"Ain't no use in us fightin' and quar'-lin' and goin' on," he offered. "Us ain't chilluns. De Lawd love us all." He glanced doubtfully at Modom Aw-bear and then nodded. "De Lawd love you, too, Sister," he told her. "Dat is, I reckon de Lawd'd love you efn you repent, believe and be baptized, and stop all 'er dat ju-ju."

Modom Aw-bear stepped close to B'r Charlie, glared into his eyes and once more sucked her teeth at him. "I dry up de tongue, I dry up de hand and de laig—"

B'r Charlie shuddered, and appealed to Uncle Henry. "Make her stop wid dat tawk," he begged. "Hit bothers me. Hyar I'm tryin' to pour de sperrit on a sinner and she come up wid dat kind er tawk."

"Modom is gittin' 'long mo' better wid her sperrit-pourin' den you is, Charlie," Uncle Henry pointed out.

"But hit's evil sperrits," the preacher argued. "I can't git in a lick nowhars."

"She jest got mo' stuff on hit den you got," the lotman said reasonably. "Maybe dat's on account er she so good at bein' evil, and you is kind er bad at bein' good."

B'R CHARLIE could not follow Uncle Henry's logic and his patience was short with anything that he could not understand.

"Aw, she ain't evil," he snorted. "She jest crazy."

Uncle Henry shrugged. "Well, all right," he agreed. "She crazy, you's skeered half to death, and I'm got yo' fo' bits."

At that moment, the cabin shook and shivered.

"Who got fo' bits?"

The Widow Duck pushed her huge bulk into the room. She was barefooted and bareheaded and carried an arm basket.

Modom Aw-bear retired to the shad-

ows and sucked through her teeth at the one person on Little Bee Bend who had penetrated her mystery.

B'r Charlie's heart missed two beats and he aged ten years. He was caught redhanded by his senior usher in the frightful sin of which his conscience accused him but which his mind, as yet, hadn't had time to formulate.

Uncle Henry bowed and dragged his foot politely. "Good evenin', Mis' Duckie," he said. "Come in and set."

"Well, I swear, Uncle Henry," said the Widow Duck. "I didn't know you was gittin' about, down disaway! And you, B'r Charlie?—Cissie Ringgold, stop suckin' yo' teeth at me, and light another lamp, dis minute! You keeps dis house too dark to suit me."

Modom Aw-bear crept out of the shadows and lighted a kerosene lamp. The Widow Duck sat down heavily.

B'R CHARLIE, recapturing some of his lost dignity, opened his defense with an attack.

"What you doin' down hyar in dis den er 'niquity?" he demanded. "How kin I run a church holy, and all, wid my senior usher traffickin' wid de hoodoos?"

"Ain't hit de trufe!" agreed the Widow Duck. "Dat's 'bout de way I figgered hit, too." She adjusted her bulk more comfortably and set the basket in her lap. "Ev'y since I got done wid my crop," she went on, "I didn't had nothin' to do but jest meditate and pray, and do a little fishin' on de bayou. Well, de fish was bitin' so good and I et so many dat I started to feel like ole Jonah. And I prayed and meditated so much, I got so holy I couldn't stand myse'f. So I jest made up in my mind I was gonter backslide a little bit, jest to change de subject."

"You? Fixin' to be a backslider?" Uncle Henry was shocked. "Aw, Mis' Duck!"

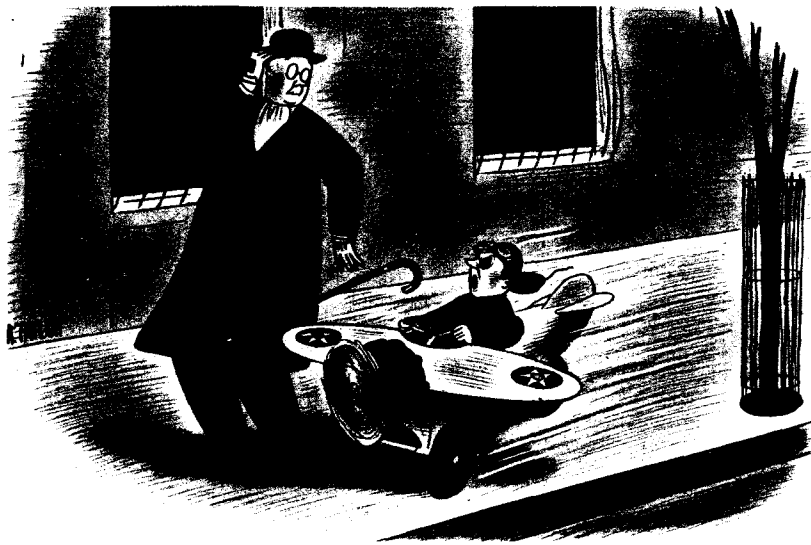
"Mind out," she cautioned. "I'm too old and fat to do any rale sho nuff backslidin'. Dat stuff is for de chilluns, Henry. You knows dat. I had my day and you had yo' day—"

"And de season kinder hot, too," Uncle Henry supplemented.

"Yas," the Widow Duck agreed, "and hit's too hot and I'm too big and fat to git a pint er wine and wawk up and down de big road like a man—"

"You wouldn't had de cheeks!" exclaimed B'r Charlie, shocked at the idea.

The Widow Duck scowled at the preacher. "So I figgered out about de easiest on-holy thaing I c'd do," she resumed. "And hit figgered down to makin' a friendly visit over hyar at Cissie's. Er cou'se, hit ain't on-holy to visit Cissie, on account er she ain't no rale hoodoo woman. But ev'ybody 'ceptin' me



"One side, bum! I'm coming in on the beam!"

RICHARD TAYLOR



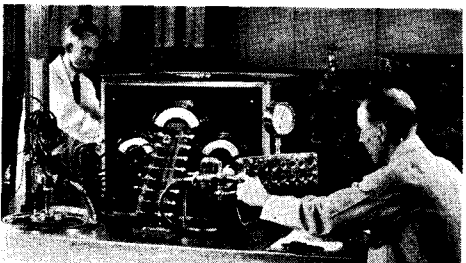
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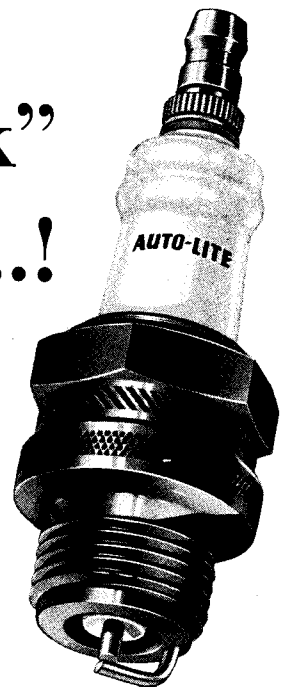
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and de Lawd think she is, so hit comes out about de same. 'What be's in yo' mind, be hit tharfo' likewise in my kingdom.' So say de sperrit. God will change conditions."

"Amen," said Uncle Henry.

"And ye shall abide tharin ontwell seven times seven—" B'r Charlie added.

"Shet up, Charlie," the Widow Duck said, breaking in on what the preacher hoped would prove overwhelming Scripture. "And so, jest to make hit double, I got all er de fried fish I couldn't eat for my supper and brang hit along for Cis-sie."

B'r Charlie's stomach leaped hopefully. "Is hit fried fish in dat basket?" he pleaded. "I knowed I smelled fish." He reached.

The Widow Duck drew back and cuffed the preacher away. "Mind out," she told him. "I ain't feedin' me no preachers dis day. I'm out to do sin and feedin' preachers ain't no sin. I'm fixin' to feed a hoodoo woman. And you, too, Uncle Henry, efn you ain't too holy."

Uncle Henry grinned. "I'm sort er full er rabbit stew," he apologized, "but I ain't never been so full er nothin' dat I couldn't whup off a little fried fish. And you, Mis' Modom?"

"Feesh, he good after rabbit stew," the witch woman said. "You like some rabbit stew, Duckie?"

"Sho, I like some rabbit stew," the Widow Duck accepted. "I ain't had me a bait er rabbit stew in a month er Sundays."

"Hit's been rabbit stew hyar all dis time?" B'r Charlie demanded. "And me so hongry I'm droolin' at de mouf?"

The Widow Duck glared. "Did anybody ax you to come down hyar?"

"No'm," B'r Charlie admitted.

"Well, you git out and start figgerin' up some ole rusty lie to tell me how come you's down hyar. Givin' fo' bits er de church money to de hoodoo lady! Now, you git."

B'r Charlie walked back to his house, feeling very hungry, tired and dejected. The Widow Duck had caught him at the hoodoo woman's house and more, she had learned in some way that he had spent four bits of the church's money. Uncle Henry, the least respectful head deacon a preacher could have, had taunted him cruelly before a sinner woman. And Modom Aw-bear had caught him off guard and scared him nearly to death.

It was a completely bad world and everybody in it was against him.

He found Giles on the porch, impatiently waiting.

"Efn you'd stay home at nights 'stid er rampin' 'bout wid de womens," the foreman said crossly, "I wouldn't have to set up all night long to tell you de news."

"But Mist' Giles," B'r Charlie protested weakly, "I ain't been rampin' 'bout—"

"I don't keer whar you ain't been or whar you is been," Giles snapped. "I'm fixin' to tell you whar you fixin' to be in de mawnin' at sunup."

"Yassuh."

"De Bossman," the foreman informed B'r Charlie, "is fixin' to pull all de cotton to de gin next fall, wid de tractors, 'stid er wid de mules. And dat means hit's got to be rubber-tire wheels on all de wagons. And dat'll take new axles and a heap er yuther fixin'. Understand?"

B'r Charlie grunted.

"De fust load come out tonight 'bout sundown," Giles went on, "and you gonter be at de shop at sunup in de mawnin'. Efn I and you hustles f'm now ontwell pickin' starts, us kin jest about git all er dem wagons fixed."

"Yassuh."

"Den lemme see you at sunup. And be in high gears!"

WHEN Giles had left, B'r Charlie went inside, lighted a lamp and built up a fire in his cookstove. He set the black-eyed peas on to heat, while he mixed cornmeal, water and salt to make a pone.

As he ate his lonely, meager supper, B'r Charlie pondered the evils of idleness. His pleasant afternoon of "jest setting" had turned to gall and worm-wood.

"Yassuh," he nodded to himself, "a idle tongue is de devil's blacksmith shop."

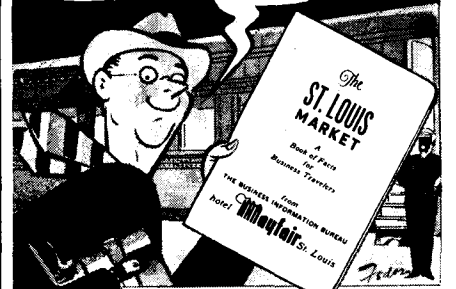
Then he remembered the bad news Giles had brought.

"And efn I wa'n't so busy fixin' dem wagons up," he said virtuously, "I'd git down in de woods and cut my next winter firewood, whilst I wa'n't doin' nothin' else. I'm gonter preach about dat, next Sunday, and den I'm gonter speak to Giles about hit."

He reviewed the decision in his mind and nodded his head sagely.

"Yassuh," he repeated. "I'm gonter speak to Giles about hit. Hit's a sin and a shame de way people lay around hyar doin' nothin'. Even ole man Henry, ole enough to die, gits about de ladies wid a rabbit in his hand. I'm gonter name dat ole devil out in my sermon, come Sunday, sho!"

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Up from the Rank

Continued from page 42

Privates, made for peanuts and grossing millions. They have since made *In the Navy*, *Hold That Ghost* and the cowboy epic. After this they will be appearing in something concerning the air forces. Abbott will be caustic and sardonic; Costello will do his best to get killed. Traditionally old-fashioned, knockabout farce, Abbott and Costello's humor is brought up to date by their lingo and a sort of toughness that is currently fashionable.

"But don't let anybody kid you," says Abbott. "It's the same old corn."

Abbott is the lean and hawk-eyed wise guy, the sharpshooter who usually gets in the last word. Costello is round and dumb, with the resigned expression of the perpetually abused buffoon. Abbott is tough and deceitful and constantly leads his partner on; Costello is a good-natured dope whose high, squeaky voice is occasionally raised in shrill complaint.

"The verce," explains Costello. "I cultivate the verce. Used to be a boy baritone."

"Soprano, you mean," prompts Abbott.

"Baritone," persists Costello. "Hadda shave me to get me in the first grade."

Louis Francis Cristillo eventually graduated from P. S. 11, Paterson, New Jersey. The Costello came later when he fell in love with the screen version of Dolores Costello. What burned him up about Paterson was that he could never get in the amateur shows. His brother Pat had a dance orchestra and put up the dough when Lou and his pal, Joe La Cava started hitchhiking to the West Coast. It took them weeks and they thought for a time they'd have to

settle permanently in Oskaloosa, Iowa.

"Pat swears he sent the dough but it never came," says Lou. "Probably a Republican administration."

If you have time and Lou can get away from the studio, he'll take you around Los Angeles now and show you where he lived in those sad days. He'll point at a dump on a side street and say:

"That's where the coroner came to hold the inquest. I was dead. Starvation."

Nobody wanted him as an actor and he finally became a stunt man. That was strictly from desperation. He heard that King Vidor needed a derring-do to jump off a thirty-foot roof, and rushed over for the job. Mr. Vidor was apologetic: it was a big hop, they'd have to put sand instead of gravel on the roadway for landing and there was doubt that Lou could manage the descent with the proper grace.

"How do you mean?" cried Lou, racing up to the roof and leaping off, landing on the back of his neck. "Like this?"

Mr. Vidor thought that was about it and Lou was a stunt man for several years, being halted finally by a football picture in which he was to be crushed by the entire U.C.L.A. eleven. He was. He started back east, got stranded in St. Joe, Missouri, and was only saved by the news that a burlesque company currently playing there needed a German-dialect comedian. He became a German-dialect comedian.

It was when Lou was traveling with this outfit that he met Bud, who was cashier of a burleycave house in Brooklyn. All visiting showmen were crazy about Bud because he is a maniac at



"My—what we would do to your skin if you could leave it overnight!"

BUFORD TUME



BOB HOPE says:

"I cannot tell a lie! I must tell nothing but the truth!"

You know what I am?

A dementia cortical with an over-active thalamic predicosis!

In other words—a **jerk!** Anyway, that's what the doctor says.

Before the man in the white coat comes along, I wanna tell you how I got that way.

It all happens in my new picture called *"Nothing But The Truth."* I play the role of a fella who has to tell nothing but the truth for 24 hours in a row. Gee... am I a sucker... all I get for it is ten thousand dollars and *Paulette Goddard!*

No kidding, folks, *"Nothing But The Truth"* is a lot of fun, and I think you'll like it very much. Did I remember to tell you it's called **"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"?**

Now lend an ear while we tell you about the picture all Hollywood predicts will be the Academy Award Winner for 1941. It's called **"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"** and stars three



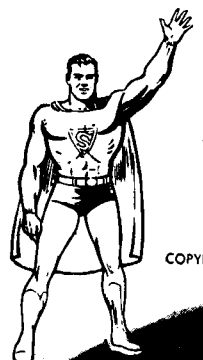
of your favorites, *Charles Boyer*, *Olivia de Havilland* and *Paulette Goddard*. A great drama, a heart-searching love story, an emotional experience... mark our words, *"Hold Back The Dawn"* will be at the head of the list of the year's great pictures.

More Paramount Hits Coming Your Way Soon:

Fred MacMurray, **Mary Martin**, **Robert Preston** in *"NEW YORK TOWN"*—a romantic new comedy about the world's most exciting place!

Introducing a sensational new Henry Aldrich—**Jimmy Lydon** in *"HENRY ALDRICH FOR PRESIDENT,"* with cute-as-a-button **June Preisser!**

Lloyd Nolan, **Constance Moore**, **Albert Dekker** in *"BUY ME THAT TOWN"*—the year's most unusual film idea with thrills, laughs and action galore!



The Short of the Month **"SUPERMAN"**

—the world's most famous comic strip character in his first super-thrilling short. Don't miss it!

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When your Stomach is



Don't make the mistake of further upsetting an upset stomach with over-doses of antacids or drastic, irritating physics and purges. Take PEPTO-BISMOL and help soothe the irritated stomach and intestines.

Pepto-Bismol is not an antacid. It has no laxative action. It is recommended for stomachs distressed by over-indulgence, nervous indigestion, change of diet, or improperly prepared or selected food. Its action is gentle and its flavor is decidedly pleasant.

In two sizes—at all druggists. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Pepto-Bismol

By the Makers of Unguentine*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Norwich

BEG PARDON—IT'S TIME FOR WINTER GOLDEN SHELL MOTOR OIL

DOES 4 JOBS AT ONCE

"Where training pays"
LEARN ACCOUNTING
at home
—at a fraction of the usual cost

MEN trained in accounting have big advantages these days—expanding business and industry must have them; attractive pay; direct road to preferred executive positions or own practice. Get ready now in spare time to make most of important new opportunities. Learn by proved method, through famous university-grade course you can follow by yourself. You receive the identical material—lecture notes and practice assignments with solutions—developed at Northwestern University and now widely used for HOME STUDY. By easy, graded steps, you go from elementary through advanced accounting, including costs, audits—even mathematics. Splendid safeguard to your business future.

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City State

games of chance and has never won a nickel in his life. Lou had him in a rummy game, trying to add to his thirty-five a week stipend when it occurred to both of them that they might make a good team. Lou needed a straight man and broached the idea. Bud considered it.

"You're dumb and funny-looking and I'm smart," he said finally, "maybe it wouldn't be so bad."

"That's right," agreed Lou magnanimously. "Give me the \$3.28 you owe me."

That rummy game has never stopped. They put down the cards carefully when they have work to do but they come right back to them. In the course of ten years it is estimated that Bud has lost approximately \$3,000 to Lou. When they came out to Hollywood as stars and got into the large folding money, Abbott looked for new worlds to astonish. He got into a big poker game and lost \$2,500 the first night. Friends suggested to Costello that his pal might be playing with crooks.

"You could give that guy the deck and play him with his own discards and still you'd beat him," said Lou.

Abbott comes of theatrical stock. His father was advance man for Ringling's for years and his mother, Rae Abbott, was a famous bareback rider for the circus. They wintered at Coney Island, where Bud would manage to get in a few months of school, but his life belonged among the grifters and barkers. He was an auto racer around 1900; he sold orangeade for a concession owned by Marie Dressler at a period when the star was down on her luck; he wanted to be a lion tamer but was cured by the sight of his teacher being chewed industriously by a tiger; he was shanghaied when he was seventeen and spent eight months in Norway before he could work his way back. He ran "tab" until the movies came along and smacked him; he operated a circuit of burlesque shows with his brother Harry until the 1929 tidal wave swept them away. He was glad enough to have a job when Lou came along. Lou barely had a job.

"I'm a Ba-a-d Boy"

By the time they got into big-time burlesque it had reached the depths. Smut had replaced comedy; the strip tease had replaced everything. Jean Bedini saved them from a terrible fate; he told them they were funny enough without off-color stuff. Managers didn't like that very much and complained. Bud always let Lou handle those raps. They would demand more sex in the skits, more blue stuff. Lou would protest that he didn't know any, couldn't think of any. Finally, being pressed, he would declare flatly that he *wouldn't* do it. Why won't you? the managers would bellow in wrath.

"Because I'm a ba-a-d boy," Lou would cry, holding his thumb in his mouth. That became the tag line of their act and eventually of their radio and theater work.

They kept trying to escape from burlesque, but the best they could get were one-shot vaudeville dates for as little as ten bucks a throw. Their biggest luck was a summer season each year at Steel Pier, Atlantic City.

"Never got in the water because we were doing eight hundred and twelve shows a day," says Bud, "but we could see it occasionally."

When they went back to Steel Pier this summer the boys were being booked at a mere \$7,500 a week, keeping the price low for sentimental reasons. It seems that in the old days the management used to stake them to a new suit at the end of summer to get them started back in burlesque again. Since the regular A. & C. fee now is \$10,000

a week that slight gesture returned dividends.

But their real break came when they got into Streets of Paris on Broadway, where they were sensations.

They will take in around \$250,000 this year. Buck Privates, which cost around \$200,000, has already grossed over \$1,500,000. In the Navy will pass \$2,000,000. As a token of their affection Universal, straining slightly at the seams, came across with a bonus of \$25,000 each for the gentlemen early this summer. Comedy moves in cycles and often in mysterious ways, for Laurel and Hardy, also slapstick comedians, had just been dropped in Hollywood when Abbott and Costello came along with the same sort of material and became sensational. So sensational, in fact, that Laurel and Hardy are now back.

Both gentlemen married chorus girls and are still wed after ten years. The boys are friendly but the families agreed long ago to keep their lives separate. When Costello bought a house, Abbott bought a house. When Costello put in a swimming pool, Abbott put in a swimming pool; they cost the same almost to the penny.

Both are intensely loyal to their old pals. Joe La Cava, who hitchhiked with Lou, now plays in all Abbott and Costello pictures. Frank Penny, who helped Abbott with loans and solace when his burlesque circuit blew up, not only works in all Abbott and Costello pictures but shares Abbott's house in the Valley. Costello has bought a ranch for his parents, who are coming out to Hollywood in January. Pat Costello is also working for the boys.

Another steady member with the outfit is John Grant, the writer, who has been with them for years and now writes their screen plays. Some observers consider this the softest job in the world since the boys never follow the script anyhow. When they came to that portion of In the Navy where Grant, in a sheerly inspired bit of writing, set down the words: "Lou climbs in the hammock," Lou fixed that by yelling:

"Don't tell me; don't say a word; get that camera going."

That became a scene of mammoth proportions. Lubin, the director, stood well back to keep from getting killed and Costello did the rest. He took a dive at the ship hammock and fell off on the other side with a thud. When he tackled it again, the hammock turned on him and he landed on his head. He clung to it by his toes, he rode it like a bucking bronco, he had it swinging back and forth like a jumping rope, he crooned to it, he patted it. He finally conquered it, after about five minutes of the funniest screen fare of the year.

A Gag is Born

When it came to the horse op'ry the studio wanted them to do a bit of practicing with the nags before the picture started but they would have none of it. When they mounted the murderers for the first time, the cameras were grinding and the shots were great. The only trouble was that Costello virtually got trampled to death. He didn't want to go back on again. That started another gag routine, with Abbott acting as the seducer. He recited the virtues of our four-footed friends. With tears in his eyes he related episodes of faithful nags that had galloped the last ten miles with a broken leg to rescue their masters. He brought the steed over and suggested that all would be well if Lou showed signs of friendship. Just a pat on the nose; just a stroke of the mane.

Lou squeaked in terror and shrunk away.

"What's the matter?" demands Bud.

"Did you see his eye?" cries Lou.

"What's the matter with his eye?"

"He recognized me."

"He recognized you?"

"He knows me."

"He knows you?"

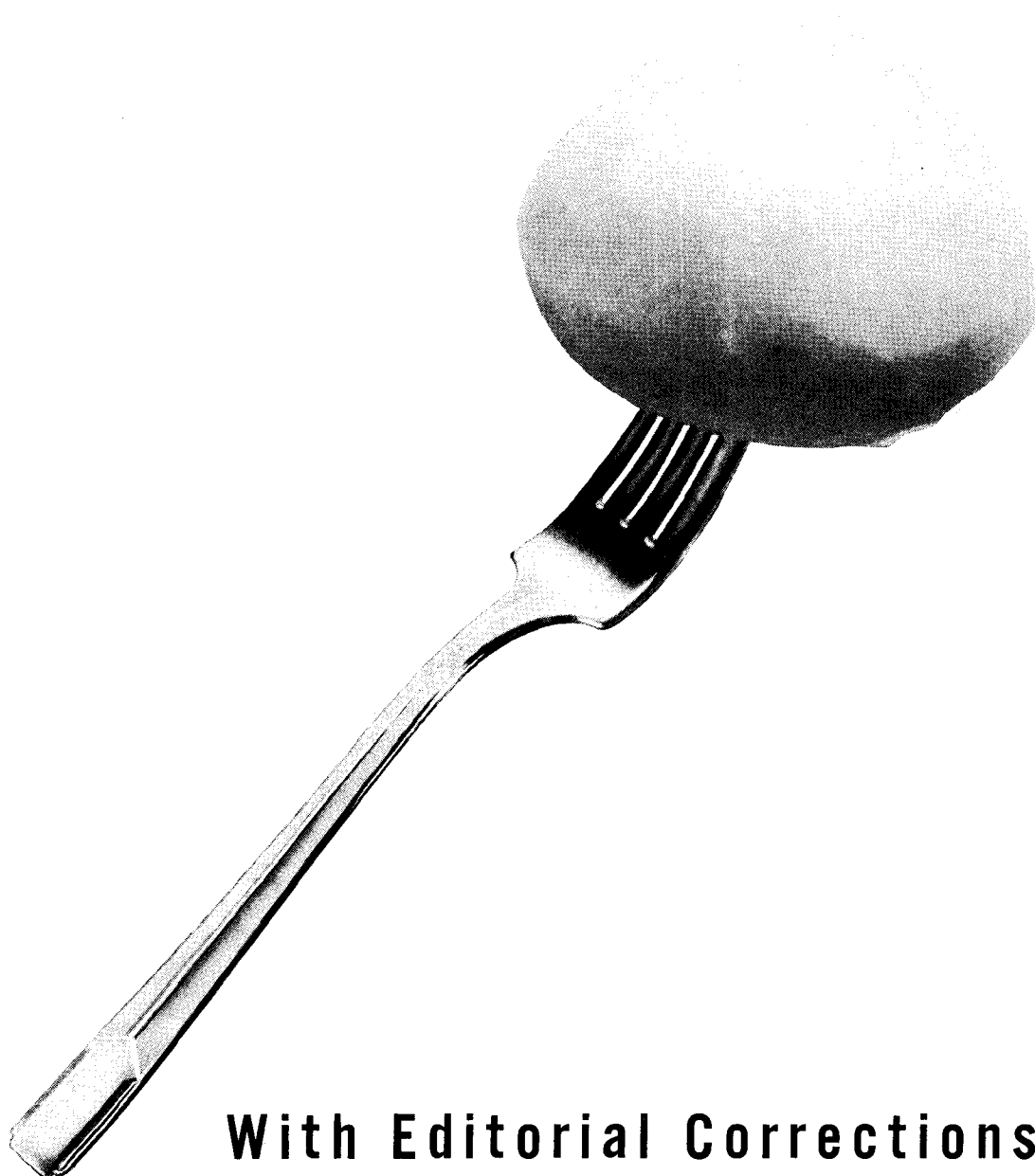
"It's the Northwest Mounted Police ... revenge."

"Revenge?"

"My old man shot the last horse in Paterson, New Jersey. . . . They're after me."



ED GRAHAM



With Editorial Corrections

Glance at the menu below. It looks like just another dinner, doesn't it? You don't see any fancy foods there—*yet this menu is different.*

No one food contains all the important vitamins—so our menu has been carefully selected, each dish with its measured quota of needed nutrients.

Behind this simple menu—typical instance of the Companion's menu planning—science has worked for decades in its laboratories. You will find in the November issue of Woman's Home Companion menus for 28 days. Broad base of all these is the featured double spread chart showing the *indispensable foods*, in their natural colors. Here is all you need to know—the 7 "musts"—for sound nutrition.

This is the opening engagement in what we believe will be the ranking nutrition program of the nation. The Companion has spent thousands of hours and thousands of dollars in experiment, travel and consultation, keeping on top of developments on the nutrition front—tying in with the national defense need to tell women about food *values*, not merely food. *Potatoes—with editorial corrections!*

Knowledge of nutrition is still in infancy; only a small part of what will be known is known today. But women can rest assured that *that* part, that present part, is in every Companion menu, every recipe, every suggestion on buying, preparing, cooking and serving food.

Dinner

Tomato bouillon Whole wheat croutons
Roast stuffed veal
Parsley potatoes Yellow turnips
Orange and onion salad
Floating island Coffee

W O M A N ' S H O M E C O M P A N I O N



You Got to Use Diplomacy

By Hurd Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The patriotism of a singular young man, which came close to wrecking several million dollars' worth of defense orders

HANNIBAL SCIPIO SMITH, also known as the Efficiency Kid, "Skip," and—by some individuals at the Western Aircraft Company who did not appreciate his many talents—various names which the U. S. Postal authorities will not permit us to mention here—leaned forward in the seat of the light plane he was flying, and emitted a sigh of complete ecstasy.

He throttled the sixty-horsepower engine, drew the control wheel gently toward his lean midriff, kicked the rudder and "peeled" the little ship off into a cautious dive.

Through the plane's windshield, he could see the eighteen buildings of Western Aircraft's defense-enlarged plant. At about fifteen hundred feet, he reached forward and tripped an entirely imaginary bomb-release lever.

"Boom!" he said. "Boom! Boom! Boom! . . ."
"Huh?" said a feminine voice, from beside him. "What did you say?"

Skip eased the ship out of the dive, and rubbed his red head vigorously with his hand. He had forgotten Miss Henrietta Marlin was with him; and it would hardly do to tell her he had been pretending to be an Army dive bomber over enemy territory. Women didn't understand that a man had to let his imagination go every once in a while. He cleared his throat in the nearest approximation of the "Boom!" sound, grinned foolishly, and said, "Nothing. I have a frog in my throat."

"You haven't either," said Miss Marlin. "You were playing war. Tony told me all about it." Tony Marlin was Henrietta's father and Skip's boss at the Western Aircraft Company.

"He did?" said Skip, eagerly. "What did he say?"
"He said you'd made application for a second lieutenant's commission in the Air Corps. And he said it was a fool idea. I'm quoting him. He said he needed you to get the new assembly line started; and that he was going to tell the Army he couldn't spare you."

The light plane gave a sudden, violent lurch. Skip righted it and scowled.

"Look!" he said grimly. "I own a commercial pilot's license, a college degree and special aircraft training. I'm twenty-three years old, and healthy; and the Army needs pilots. Why shouldn't I join up if I want to?"

"The Army needs men to build planes for pilots to fly, too," said Henrietta sagely.

Skip scowled. "I know," he said modestly. "And men with my ability are scarce. Pilots are even scarcer, though. I—"

"Um-hm!" said Henrietta dreamily. She had abandoned the argument. It was warm, and the sun was shining. . . . And Tony, her father, had laid down one of his unalterable dictums. Why waste time arguing about something that was settled?

She looked off across the Hollywood hills to where, in the distance, the spring-green mountains that guard the pass to Bakersfield and the San Joaquin Valley preened themselves in the sunshine.

"Couldn't we fly up (Continued on page 80)

"Um-hm!" said Henrietta dreamily. She had abandoned the argument. It was warm, and the sun was shining. And Tony, her father, had laid down one of his unalterable dictums

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING!"



1.

Here's Oliver Ostrich
Dark, handsome and tall—
A dashing young dandy,
Spats, top hat and all.

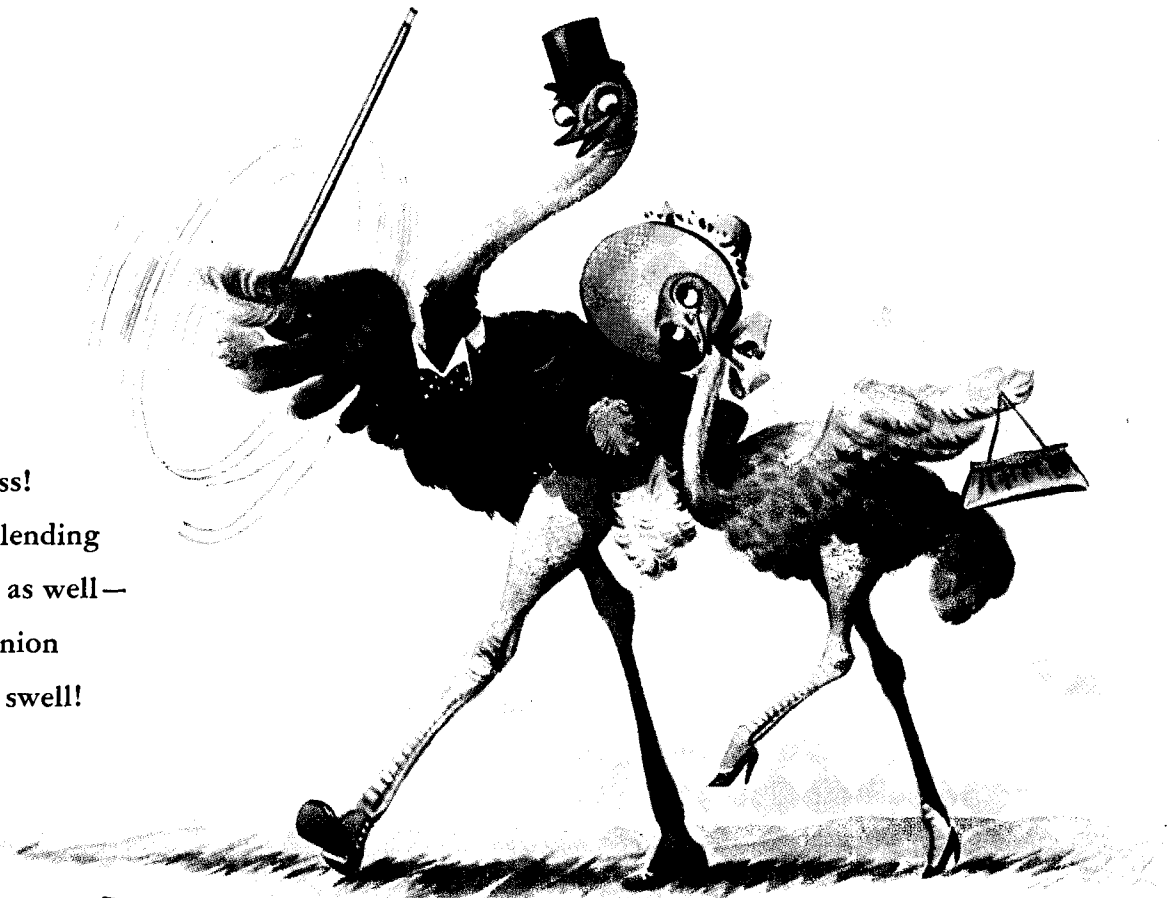


2.

While Olga, the charmer
Is fair, shy, petite—
Well, you know what happens
When complements meet!

3.

You're right! It's a love match
A Happy Blend! Yes,
And *that* is the secret
Of CALVERT'S success!
For this whiskey's a blending
Of "soul mates" as well—
A pluperfect union
Of qualities swell!



4. Just try this harmonious rhapsody, brothers,
And you'll know why CALVERT stands out from all others.
It's mellower, smoother, a true Happy Blending—
Gives your quest for the best a superb Happy Ending!



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Choose **Calvert**

THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1941, Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

NATIONAL DEFENSE

AND THE

"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE SHORTAGE

THE RAW MATERIALS used in making "Prestone" anti-freeze are first-line defense necessities. Thousands of tons of these raw materials which, under normal conditions, would go into "Prestone" anti-freeze for the public's use, are now being diverted to manufacture vital defense equipment of many different kinds. In fact, some of the uses to which these materials are being put were born in the laboratory but a short time ago.



IN ADDITION, great demands are being made on the finished product, "Prestone" anti-freeze. Liquid-cooled tanks and reconnaissance cars . . . fighter planes and gun tractors . . . trucks and staff cars . . . must be protected. The cooling systems of our speedy patrol torpedo boats must be safe from freeze-up and *lay-up*.



THE ARMY and the Navy . . . for years large users of "Prestone" anti-freeze . . . now need unprecedented quantities of this dependable winter protection. *Their orders must be filled.*



ALTHOUGH MILLIONS of gallons of "Prestone" anti-freeze will be available to American motorists . . . although production facilities have been increased to the utmost . . . your dealer may not be able to supply you in this emergency.



TO THE MILLIONS of motorists who every year rely on "Prestone" anti-freeze, we say:—*See your dealer early.* Late comers who wait for cold snaps may be disappointed.

The Witness Wouldn't Look

Continued from page 54

is the one closest to the door of the nursery, and Mrs. Suder can hardly have been able to tell whether Davin was coming out of the bathroom or was backing into it after backing out of the nursery."

"Yeah? The maid was alone too—in the dining room."

I was irritated. "You don't think the maid killed her?"

Then the cops got there, bringing the people. Mrs. Alvers was a good-looking blonde, Mrs. Victory a small brunette. Alvers was a very handsome man; Victory I thought rather ordinary. Davin was a dark-haired youth in his twenties. They had the maid too. She was big and black and was named Emerald; I thought she seemed nervous. They took them all into the dining room. A homicide captain did the questioning. O'Malley had gone in with them, still carrying Doris, and he put her down in a high chair and went around with the captain, making notes in his notebook. When the captain had questioned them, he made them all take the places they said they'd been in when the murder occurred and go through all their actions. Then they all came back to the dining room.

"Make 'em take different seats," O'Malley suggested.

The captain was surprised. He made them take different seats, then went on with the questioning. Once more, before he had finished, O'Malley asked them all to change places.

"What's the idea of them changing places?" one of the cops asked him.

"Not much idea."

"Well, O'Malley," I said, when he had rejoined me, "have you any doubt now? According to all we've just seen and heard only Davin or the maid can have done the shooting, and I won't consider the maid. As yet we don't know the motive and the evidence is wholly circumstantial. There wasn't a witness."

"Doris seen it," he said.

I laughed. "Yes; Doris saw it," I agreed, "and Doris makes four or five sounds which her parents think may be words, but she can't speak a sentence, and if she accused anybody no one would believe her."

DAVIN'S arrest was in next morning's papers. I found O'Malley at headquarters. I was feeling triumphant.

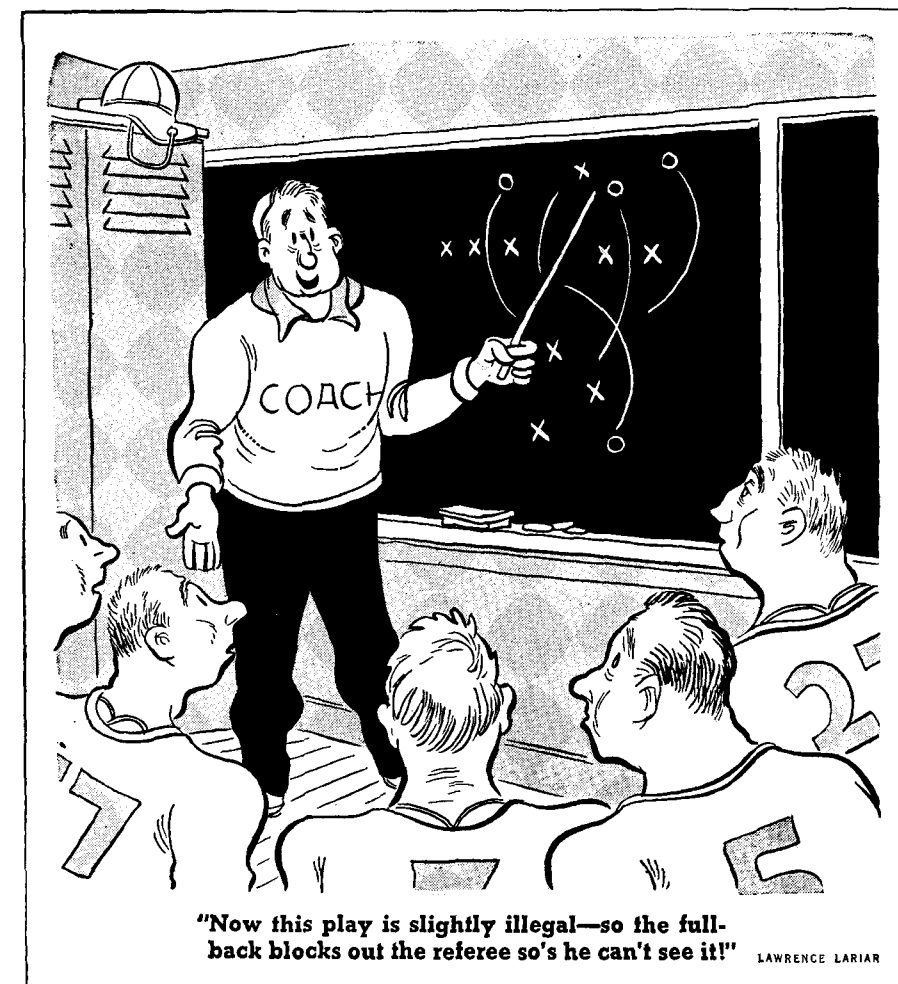
"That's the case, then, O'Malley," I declared. "What you lacked was the motive, and that's all been discovered. Davin had been in love with the girl for years and many times asked her to marry him. He was crazy about her. Recently she promised to marry him and he's been very happy. The night of the dinner she informed him that she'd changed her mind and they'd never be married."

"Yeah? I don't read the papers. The first thing the cops done when they got called to that apartment after the murder was to get laboratory cops there to see if one of them people had fired a revolver. You know how they do that? A revolver kicks powder into the hand of whoever shoots it. They put paraffin on the hand, making a mold of it, then they put acid into the mold and if blue spots from powder show in the paraffin, that guy fired a gun. They done that to Davin along with the rest of 'em and it didn't show anything."

"It didn't show that any of the others had fired a gun, either," I told O'Malley. He phoned me next evening.

"We're making a move," he informed me. "Do you want to be in on it?"

I was just starting out to dinner but I met him instead. He had a police car and we drove to the West Side. There was a big apartment building. We drove across the front of it and then down the side till we found the service entrance, then we went a little way up the street and parked. We waited a



"Now this play is slightly illegal—so the full-back blocks out the referee so's he can't see it!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR



There's nothing like a battered hat
To spoil appearance "quick-as-that";
Except, the careful dresser feels,
The sloppiness of RUN-DOWN HEELS!

Look at
YOUR heels!



TIRE of rubber heels that soon run over lopsided? Then try a pair of Goodyear's new G-50 heels! See how *evenly* they wear — and how *long*! That's because they're made of tough, live, *springy* rubber. And you'll like their looks. Trim, neat, smart, with "invisible" nail holes. Look like part of the shoe! Get a pair of these comfortable, handsome heels today. Only 50¢ at any good shoe-repair shop.

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get to enjoyin' my Mennen BRUSHLESS SHAVE!"

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CLEAN!

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Full range of models
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Smoke passes through
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Moisture is absorbed
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THE PIPE-CLEANER PIPE

**"WHO SAID
GOOD BLADES
HAVE TO BE
HIGH PRICED?"**

Get acquainted with fast-
shaving, money-saving
Marlin Blades today!

**DOUBLE EDGE
20
FOR
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Marlin — HIGH SPEED BLADES

Single Edge
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Guaranteed by Marlin Firearms Co. — Fine Guns Since 1870

**HEY! IT'S TIME
FOR WINTER
GOLDEN SHELL
MOTOR OIL**

DOES 4 JOBS AT ONCE

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE — WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the
Morning Rin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

long while. I was hungry and it was dark, and a woman came out of the service entrance, and we followed behind her and pulled up beside her.

"Get in," O'Malley commanded her. When she got into the car, I saw it was the colored maid.

"Let's have it," O'Malley said to her. She gave him something but I couldn't see what, and we took her to the station house, and O'Malley took out the money she'd given him and put it in an envelope and sealed it and wrote his name across the flap of the envelope and gave it to the desk lieutenant.

"O'Malley," I said, "it can't have been the maid!"

"We'll eat," he replied.

WE WENT to a restaurant; then we went to headquarters. They had the maid there and Mr. and Mrs. Suder and Mr. and Mrs. Victery, and it was plain they'd been questioning them. They didn't have Davin. They had the envelope and two pairs of women's gloves which were exactly alike even to the cleaner's marks in them.

"How about it?" O'Malley asked a cop.

"Say, it all worked out just the way you had said," the cop said.

O'Malley talked with the cops and then he rejoined me. I was amazed when they arrested Mrs. Victery.

"So Mrs. Victery killed her," I observed. "What was the motive?"

"Well, Victery and that girl Anne had been meeting each other for quite a long time. It started when Anne was eighteen. Suder and his wife didn't never suspect it, and Mrs. Victery didn't know about it either. According to what Victery says, him and Anne fought against this infatuation for each other, and quite a few times they resolved never to see each other again. But all them people was friends and they didn't have no excuse for not meeting each other; so it turned out they always come together again."

"An unhappy situation," I said.

"Sure. Victery is the kind of guy that could be in love with the girl and still not want to get rid of his wife and break up his home; but this Anne wasn't the kind of girl he could do that with. So lately it come to a showdown. Davin was in love with that Anne and wanted to marry her; so Anne broke off with Victery and got herself engaged to Davin to be sure she wouldn't go out with Victery no more. . . . Well, Victery couldn't stand that. He told Anne, if she'd break off with Davin he'd tell his wife how all this business was, then his wife would get a divorce and him and Anne would get married afterward."

"A solution," I said.

"It didn't solve nothing. Anne broke with Davin the night of that dinner party, and the same night Victery started telling his wife. He didn't get very far with it, because she'd had suspicions and she guessed all the rest. Mrs. Suder was Mrs. Victery's friend and Anne was Mrs. Suder's sister, and Mrs. Victery didn't have no idea of giving up her husband; so her first idea was to go and see Mrs. Suder. She demanded Victery go with her. They went there, and here was a dinner party going on. They hadn't known nothing about the dinner party. Anne was there and Davin, and here was the Alvers too, so they couldn't say nothing."

"A queer happening," I commented.

"Sure. Except for that there mightn't have been no murder. They danced and had drinks, and Victery danced with Anne, and Mrs. Victery went into the bedroom to fix her hair, and she opened the bureau drawer, looking for face powder, and there was Suder's gun; so she put it inside her dress."

"Mere chance," I declared.

"Right. I figure there wasn't no mur-

der in Mrs. Victery's heart till she got hold of the gun. Then she went out and watched Victery and Anne. She was waiting to see Anne alone and that chance come when Anne went into the nursery to get her things. I don't know what them two women said to each other there in the nursery; how it ended was Mrs. Victery shot the girl, and dropped the gun, and backed out into the hall just as Victery come out of the living room; then all them people run out in the hall and none of 'em could tell which one come from the nursery."

"Of course Victery knew," I said.

"He claims not right away, because he was sure his wife didn't have no gun, and he seen Davin there and knew Davin might have reason to kill the girl. The first chance she got, Victery's wife says to him, 'Say I was with you.' Well, the guy was this way: To get his wife electrocuted wouldn't bring Anne back to life, and he'd had trouble deciding whether to go to Anne or stick to his wife. So the guy said it."

"All right," I said. "You seem to have figured this out in a very remarkable fashion. How did you do it?"

"Well, I had luck. When this killing occurred Suder called the cops. The first cops that got there called the laboratory cops, who come there and used the paraffin test to see which of them people had fired a gun and they couldn't find nobody. No readable fingerprints on the gun; you don't often find 'em on a gun anyway; they're usually smudged. They figured the same way you did: Everybody had somebody to say where they was except Davin and the maid—but they crossed off the maid, and Victery couldn't go back on his story without accusing his wife. Cops thought it was Davin, and when I and you went out there, I was thinking that too, till Doris told me different!"

"Doris!" I exclaimed.

"Sure. You seen how it was. We had everybody in the dining room. It was just luck I was carrying Doris and took her in there with us, and put her in the

high chair. The captain was questioning everybody and I'd forgot all about her. All at once I seen the kid looking frightened. Then I noticed there was one part of the room where Doris wouldn't look."

"I don't get it," I said.

"No; nor I didn't neither. Then all at once I did. That little Doris was awake when the gun was fired in the nursery and her aunt got knocked off. The kid had been scared. Well, now she wouldn't look where she seen the person that had scared her like that."

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah. Well, which person was that? A couple of times I changed them people around till I found out Doris wouldn't look at no part of the room where she'd see Mrs. Victery. Sure. Cops had tried out that test on Mrs. Victery's hand like all of them people to see if she'd fired a gun and it come out negative. Of course, all tests fail sometimes. Still, cops had fired the gun too, and like most all revolvers it spit enough powder into the cops' hands so the laboratory could find it. So I begun thinking. It didn't look to me like Mrs. Victery would know enough about them things to put on a glove before firing the gun. But remember the circumstances: Them people was starting to go home. Mrs. Victery hadn't had no chance to speak to Anne alone until Anne went into the nursery, and she hadn't known Anne was going to do that. So maybe Mrs. Victery had put on her gloves expecting to speak to Anne outside."

"SMART reasoning!" I declared.

"Why, it turned out that way. After Suder called the police, Mrs. Victery took off her gloves and rolled 'em up and put 'em in her handbag. She wasn't so smart as to think about fingerprints on the gun, or she didn't know nothing about powder tests; she just done it naturally like a woman would, and them cops that went there was too dumb to find the gloves. So I figured Mrs. Victery maybe still had them gloves



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DAVID HUFFINE

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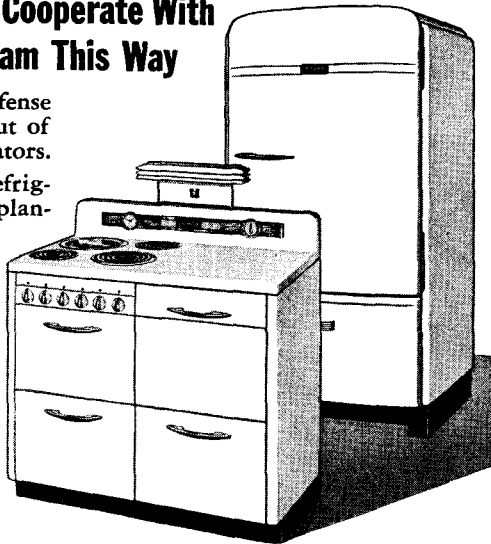
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FALSE TEETH *And True Love*

(OR) HOW GERTRUDE GOT HER MAN

Although Miss Gertrude Gaines
had planned
To wed within the year,
Her gay romance was
nearly wrecked.
The reason? Lend an ear:



1. Her false teeth, scrub them as she might, Got dingy, dull and dirty. Twixt "Denture Breath" and ruined smile, They made her "old" at thirty.



2. "Get POLIDENT!" her dentist said, "Its no-brush, no scrub action

Make plates and bridges 'look like new,' Gives instant satisfaction."

3. So straightway Gert got POLIDENT. Her wedding? Very nice!

THE MORAL:

All who wear false teeth
Should take the same advice!



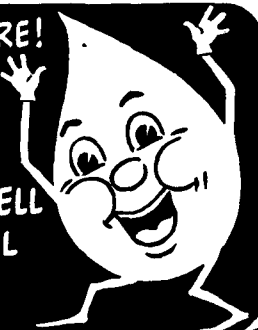
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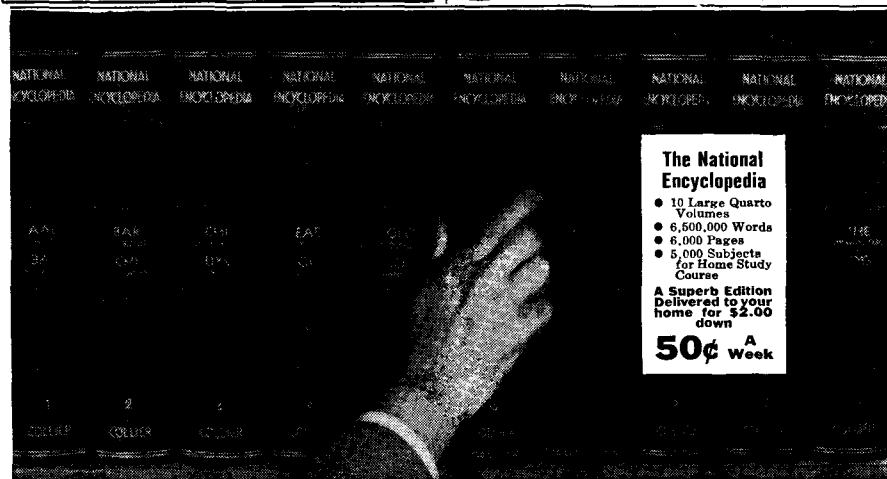
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and didn't realize they could be dangerous."

"I see."

"Sure. So now another thing come into it: That colored maid Emerald come in and done work for all them people. She went mornings and fixed up Victerys' place. I talked with her and found out she had been fond of Anne and was ready to help us; so I told her, when she went to the Victerys' would she find out what gloves Mrs. Victery wore that night and get 'em for us without Mrs. Victery knowing. She done that, and brought us three pairs of gloves and said it had to be one of 'em. Meanwhile, cops going around with pictures of Victery and Anne found places where they'd been seen together. Then the laboratory tested Mrs. Victery's gloves and found powder grains on one right-hand one."

"Clever work!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah? We had a witness, Doris, who we couldn't bring into court and a glove a maid claimed she had stole from Mrs. Victery, but we had to have more than

that. We had to break them people."

"So what?" I inquired.

"Why, I had that maid Emerald blackmail Mrs. Victery. I had her tell Mrs. Victery that, from the dining room, she'd seen her go into the nursery, and tell her she'd took the gloves. That was the first time Mrs. Victery got the idea the gloves could make trouble for her. Tonight she give Emerald two hundred dollars to get the gloves back so she could destroy 'em. Of course we didn't give her back the right gloves. We got other gloves exactly like 'em and fixed 'em up with the same markings, and cops waiting outside Victerys' apartment pinched her before she had a chance to destroy 'em. When cops got her and Victery to headquarters and showed 'em the two pairs of gloves and the money and the laboratory findings, the two of 'em broke and talked."

"A very remarkable case, O'Malley."

"It won't show in no records. If I told 'em in court I got a hunch who was guilty because a kid wouldn't look at her, they'd think I was nuts."

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

away because twenty years ago he was testing one in flight and it caught fire. Seems certain that this deficiency has been overcome in two decades.

PILOTS run out of gas too, because of head winds, leaks, increased fuel consumption, or just because they forgot to fill the tank at the last stop. The big ships seldom do, though, unless they get pinched off by weather and have to fly hundreds of miles in search of a landing place. The airliners and big military and naval craft have checks and cross checks on the rate of consumption per engine per hour, but at the most it is still an estimate as to how many gallons still remain in the tanks.

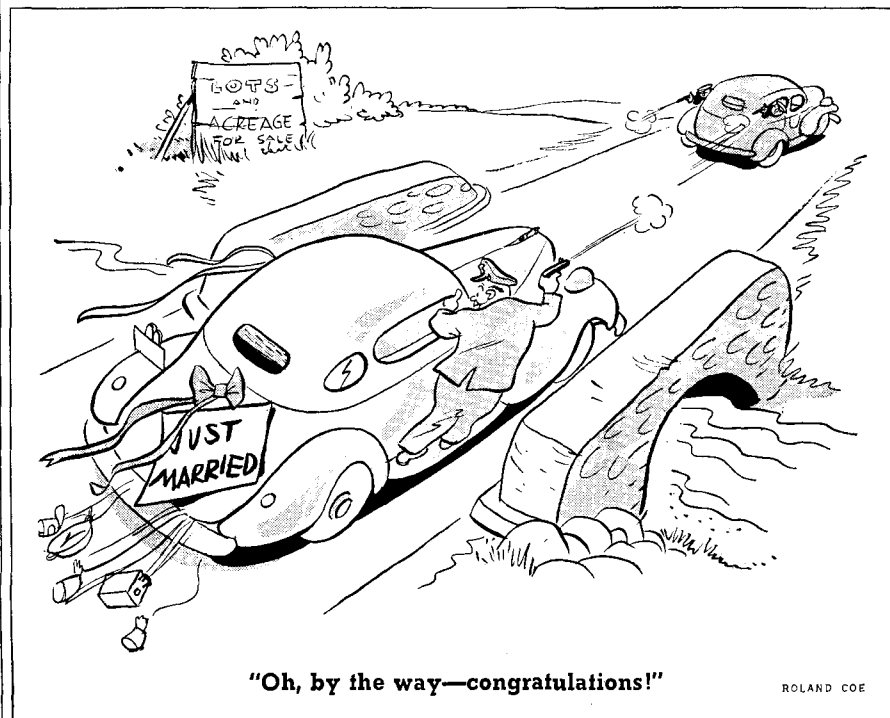
That is why Congress gave the C.A.A. \$5,000 to assist in bringing about the development of a simplified fuel-flow gauge. An ideal one would be a neat little dial on the instrument board (if there's any room left on those already overloaded panels) which would register the amount of gasoline taken aboard. As the fuel begins to flow into the engines, this figure would, of course, be reduced and the totalizer would then show how many gallons should be in the tanks. Comparison by the pilot with his

existing quantity gauge would bring the figures closely together or give definite proof of a leak.

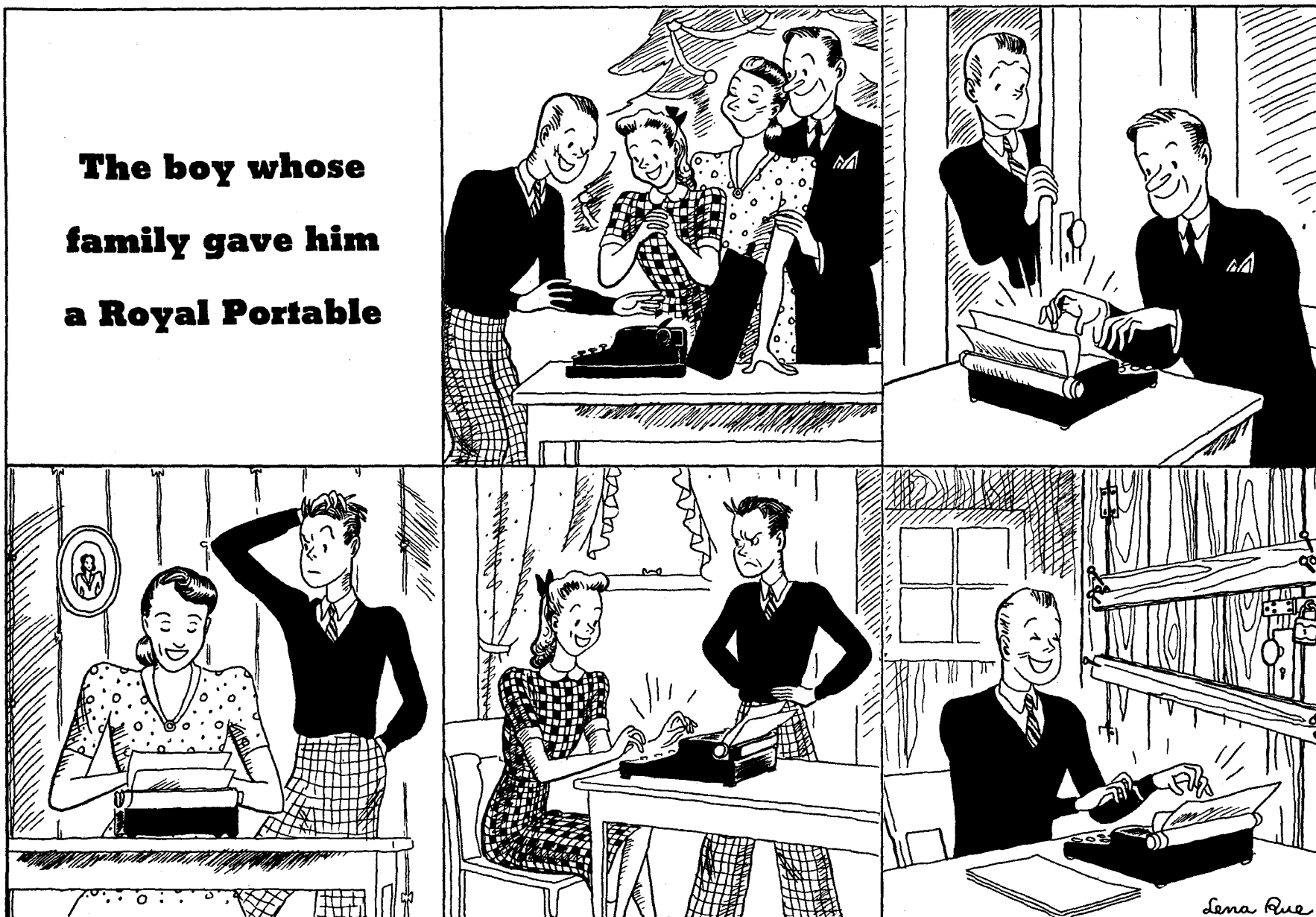
INFILTRATION note: The army and navy aviation training schools of Brazil are equipped with 146 training planes, 70 of which are of German make and are from one to five years old. The other 76 are of American design and construction, and have been in service for from six months to three years.

TIME to remind you that once again a thorough analysis of all private flying accidents still shows that more than two thirds, or 68.66 per cent, are traceable to one source alone—from the neck up. The C.A.A. safety experts and statisticians have just gone into every one of the 3,446 accidents that occurred in 1940 private flying, in which, by the way, 4,418 persons escaped unhurt and 208 were killed. Their final conclusions are the same as always, human errors, officially defined as "error of judgment, poor technique, disobedience of orders or regulations and carelessness or negligence." If people would only use their heads!

F.R.N.



The boy whose family gave him a Royal Portable



... but seriously

YOU'LL FIND that the Royal Portable you give your son as a steppingstone to higher grades* will prove invaluable to the whole family.

Dad will find it immensely helpful in his personal business—Mother, in her social correspondence and club work.

And it's easy to learn to type. (An ingenious "Self Teacher" comes with every Royal, through whose use even a 10-year old can learn in a matter of hours!) The knowledge of typing so gained will be not only a form of job-insurance for the youngsters—but a door-opener to the *kind* of job that leads to the *top*!

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*Tests made with thousands of school children show that those who do their work on typewriters average 10% to 30% higher grades in many subjects . . . concentrate better . . . do 17% more written homework . . . think faster and more clearly. Why? Because the greater speed and ease of typing free a youngster's mind for *thinking* . . . give wings to his imagination—instead of shackling his thoughts to the slow, tedious progress of a pencil!

Typing teachers recommend Royal as the Portable for home use, because it's the make with a keyboard just like that on a regular office machine. Nothing to *un-learn*! Consider all these "big-machine" features of the Royal:



Greatest typing timesaver in years!

MAGIC* Margin . . . no more fussing with mechanism to change and set the margin. Just flick the handy lever—*click* . . . and it's set! Only Royal has MAGIC Margin!

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"Big-machine" Keyboard—One reason typing teachers recommend the Royal for home use—it has a keyboard just like that on a standard office machine.

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What a fish! What a fight! What a yarn!

Let your host brag. It won't seem long, if he follows through with a round or two of Goebel. Worth waiting for, too. Successful hosts all over the country are serving Goebel. Fact is, sales are climbing at the astounding rate of over 155,000 bottles a day. Whether you are host or guest, you will surely like the superior *taste* of Goebel.

"Straws in the wind." Last year only one other brewery in America gained in sales as much as Goebel. Most people judge beer by its taste. That accounts for Goebel's amazing popularity. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit, Michigan.

GOEBEL

MICHIGAN'S *National* BEER

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Goebel in regular 12-ounce bottles, cans and the original Bantam bottle



One of Las Vegas' annual crop of 20,000 marriage-bent couples size up The Hitching Post, typical quick-service roadside chapel south of town on Highway 91. Las Vegas collects \$400,000 annually from impatient sweethearts.

To 'Vegas, Darling

By Jim Marshall

You furnish the gal, the ring and twelve bucks—The Hitching Post (or any of Las Vegas' marriage chapels) will do the rest

IT WAS a blustery evening in Hollywood and Mr. Stan Laurel, the comedian, was dining alone upon tripe and onions. It brought back recollections, not only of his English boyhood, but of his married life with a very nice girl named Ruth. It had been their favorite dish. Now, alas, he and Ruth were divorced. As he ate amid his memories, tears filled Mr. Laurel's eyes—and not from the onions either.

Leaving the t. and o. half demolished, Mr. Laurel went to the telephone and called Ruth. The cook put the dinner on the back of the range to keep warm. Mr. Laurel kept saying: "Tripe and onions, Ruth . . ." over and over again. Pretty soon, who should show up but Ruth herself? The cook brought back the dinner.

It was only a few minutes later that Mr. Laurel laid down his knife and fork and said, inspiredly: "Ruth, honey, let us go to Las Vegas!"

Now, that may mean nothing to you—but to any girl in the Mountain or Coast states it means just one thing: "Let's get married right away!"

That's what it meant to Ruth—and she and Stan were remarried in the frontier town a few hours later. So, in 1940, were 26,600 folks. In 1941 it'll be nearly 40,000. And this, remember, is a town of around 11,000, Chamber of Commerce count.

Building Boulder Dam, thirty miles away over the desert, used to be Las Vegas' main industry. Today, high-speed hitchin' with a lot of showmanship is bringing in the money. Most people associate Nevada with divorce. In 'Vegas there are eleven marriages to every separation.

All over California and in Utah and Arizona, airlines advertise "Honeymoon Fliers" with the slogan: "Only one and

three-quarter hours to Paradise"—an load the ships with couples who just can't wait another minute. You may be married in 'Vegas less than an hour after you arrive, day or night, if you have the gal and the ring and \$12. This includes the license, the parson's fee, music and a nice, homelike atmosphere in any one of the town's dozen "wedding chapels," some of which are adjunct to motor courts, and vice versa.

Since most people who want to marry want to do it right now, Nevada's Gretna Green is organized to cope with their impatience. Miss Millie Huntsman and Miss Bernice Schlapp of the Clark County clerk's office are on call any hour of the night. On week ends on or the other stays at the office continuously. M. W. Davis, the jeweler, sells wedding rings at 3 A. M. Florists, banquet arrangers, barkeeps in cocktail lounges, croupiers in the casinos, wedding-cake bakers, ministers, justices—and Cupid's parlor operators—hardly ever get a full night's sleep.

It's 300 miles across the Coast Range and the Mojave Desert from shore cities to 'Vegas, and coast lovers always seem to propose around 11 P. M., "Let's go to 'Vegas, darling!" being the accepted form. The way they drive down there gets them to 'Vegas around three or four in the morning, and has them married an hour later—which is five days sooner than they could be married in California.

This is because California and some other Western states have laws again mile-a-minute marriage. In these states you have to wait several days for license and you have to have health certificates. Some people in Nevada are trying to get similar laws enacted, but with little encouragement from Nevadans in general, who are making most of their state expenses from gambling and

After the ceremony the couple, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Anton of Fresno, California, drop coins in the Wishing Well, for luck. Coins are sometimes reclaimed from the well to finance couples short of funds.

quor and paying no state sales, income corporation taxes. A tourist can progress through the Silver State only fighting his way through ranks of slot machines, roulette wheels, faro layouts and barrooms—and, in 'Vegas, wedding chapels, which are so thick along Route 9 that it's been renamed Moneynoon highway.

The free state of Nevada will marry practically anybody—and glad to help, ordner. It will even marry married people. Its weddings are staged with such glamor and showmanship that a good repeat business is being done. Some people go up every year and do it all over again; others wait five or seven years. When they make out the license application these romantics come to a question: "Have you been married?" They answer this with, "Yes—and still a!"—underscoring the "am" so firmly and enthusiastically that Miss Sonya

Worthy of the clerk's office says her faith in human nature is constantly being renewed.

After viewing a Grade-A, superglam- orized 'Vegas wedding, in the interests of science, art and history, your correspondent was so touched that he and his missus bought themselves a 1941-style marriage, the whole affair taking forty-two minutes, nine seconds.

First stop was at The Hitching Post, a wedding emporium just south of town—neoned brightly so you couldn't miss it. You just worked up a blush, held hands, and rang the bell. Mr. and Mrs. Halley

(Continued on page 85)

The Rev. Albert C. Melton greets the couple at the end of the Bridal Path. The wedding, with all the trimmings, will cost about \$12



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For a pipe that's packed with bliss
For a cool smoke, just try this...

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!



It's a mixture strictly new

With a finer taste for you...

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!



Not a tongue bite in a ton

It's the best buy for your mon!...

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!



It's the best of all pipe blends

And its name is just plain FRIENDS...

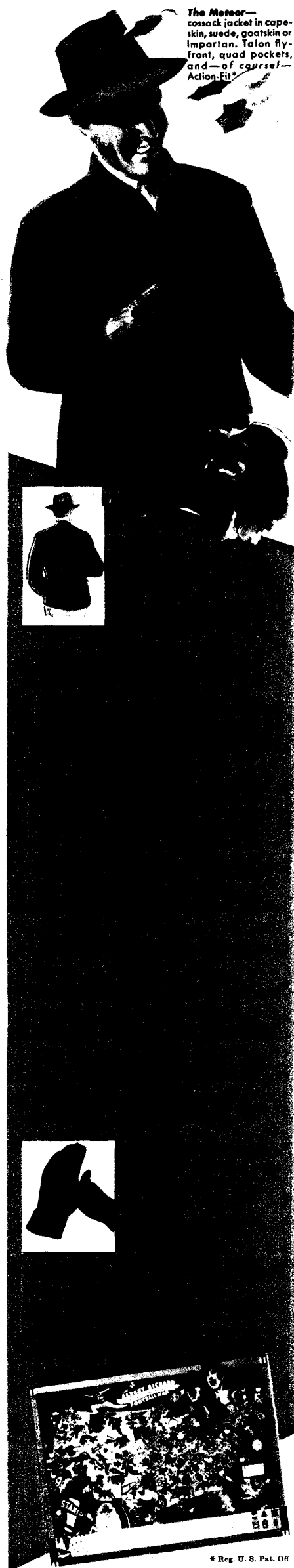
YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!



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The American Miracle

Continued from page 16



The Meteor—cossack jacket in cape-skin, suede, goatskin or important. Talon fly-front, quad pockets, and—of course!—Action-Fit.

know—and only a few men in England know. We have excellent authority for the estimate that Germany's factories are producing something between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 horsepower monthly. We drag in these figures that anyone desirous of so amusing himself may reckon how soon it will be before the United States catches up with Germany. Pratt & Whitney alone produces almost as many engines as England. When the Ford, Buick and Chevrolet companies get into mass production of these engines (and it won't be long now) the answer will be slightly obvious. Mr. Edsel Ford predicts that his company will be producing 300 a month by January first. Moreover, Studebaker is almost ready to begin turning out Wright engines.

14,000 Airplane Engines a Month

The Allison Division of General Motors is now grinding out aviation engines at the rate of something like 500,000 horsepower a month. All told, there are ten companies in America producing aircraft engines. Five others—automobile makers—will be producing them soon. These five, masters of the science of mass production, should be at capacity production in eighteen months—not that they'll be anything like unproductive in the meantime. When running full blast they'll be capable of producing upward of half of the country's output of aircraft engines. But when they reach their peak, it will be silly for any foreign government to compete.

The roaring result of all this, by the fall of 1943, is that we'll be able to hurl about 4,000 new planes into the air every thirty days. And we haven't taken into account the new aircraft engines now being designed by Chrysler and Ford. Nor the 9,000 Rolls-Royce Merlins being turned out by Packard. We've devoted all this space to the aircraft outlook because the accent of war is on planes and because the job that's being done by American industry in the air is pretty typical of the effort it is putting into tank, gun, shell and bomb production. Whether you're in favor of war and war economy is none of our immediate concern. What we're getting at is the amazing job American industry, finally aroused and at last confident, is doing.

The answer to all this is that if our current acceleration is an honest forecast we'll be pounding out about 14,000 airplane engines a month by the middle of 1943. Maybe by February of that year. At present we are producing about 2,200 planes (not merely engines) a month. To be sure, half of them are training planes and what the air service calls tacticals, but unless there is a decided change in the administration's policy, or unless the war collapses, OPM predicts that this means that by June, 1943, we'll be making more than 4,000 planes a month and heaven knows how many engines. There are go-getter minds in OPM and in industry, too, who'll tell you with all outward indication of calm that the United States will be producing at the rate of 50,000 planes a year before mid-1943. But you needn't be disappointed if it doesn't happen that soon.

This is a 12½-billion-dollar aircraft program. It will be up to the motorcar manufacturers to take care of about a third of it. In other words, when we're producing 14,000 airplane engines a month, the automobile companies will be making 5,000 of them or thereabout.

But it's a lopsided thing, this boom. The faster we build war materials, the less we're going to have for consumer goods. And inasmuch as there is nothing we can do about that, the government's latest concern is for so-called Little Business. We'll have to dive into a few statistics again, but not too deeply. According to OPM, fifty-six corporations have three fourths of the total dollar volume of War and Navy Department contracts. The other twenty-five per cent is divided among several thousand contractors. At least that was the situation the first of September. The fifty-six are big fellows—Bethlehem Steel, New York Shipbuilding Corporation, General Motors, Curtiss-Wright, Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company and E. I. duPont leading the list. These six alone hold contracts for more than thirty per cent of all the work being done by the fifty-six. After them came the Glenn L. Martin Co., Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, United Aircraft, Douglas Aircraft, Ford, General Electric, North American Aviation, Baldwin Locomotive Works and so on through an expensive list.

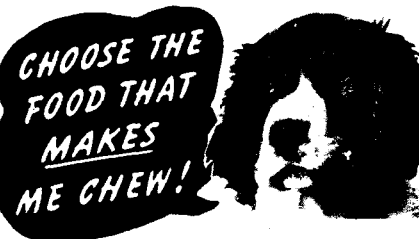
If the question were left to the Army and Navy, both of which have clung tenaciously to ancient precedent, these big corporations would continue to get the great bulk of all contracts and would be given a free hand to fill them as they saw fit, utilizing such subcontractors as they desired when and if they desired. Such contracts would relieve the conventional minds of the Army and the Navy of additional worry. Experience has taught the military that the work would be done on time and there'd be no need for wear and tear on the military nerves about the quality.

But it just happens, alas, that this country does not live by big corporations alone. As we've mentioned above, a considerable number of industrialists as well as the White House are concerned with the aftermath of war—where we're going to be and how long it's going to take us to regain a normal economic balance. One could write a dull but fat volume on this subject alone—not that he'd have the answer therein.

What is Small Business?

Very soon SPAB—headed by Mr. Roosevelt's truest echo, Vice-President Wallace, and guided in actual workings by Mr. Donald M. Nelson—will have completed a survey of small business. Defining Small Business is difficult. Until a better definition comes along—from SPAB perhaps—let's assume that it is that numerous group of manufacturers doing an annual volume of \$500,000 or less. On the average these outfits employ less than a hundred people each or fewer. As far as we're able to count, there are about 148,000 of these small manufacturers employing approximately 3,415,000 workers. We're dealing with manufacturers, of course, ignoring dealers and retailers whose problem is a headache all by itself.

However, these small manufacturers and their three million and a half dependents have to be taken care of. All of them won't be. Some of the shops are going to close and the employees will either take to the roads leading to the larger industrial centers seeking jobs in already congested localities, or create a boom in the relief rolls. If you talk long enough to the federal and local authorities they'll admit that the problem of keeping all small manufacturers alive and all their peacetime forces employed with defense subcontracts is not going



Exercise your dog's teeth and safeguard his digestion with foods he has to chew! Feed him the crisp-baked foods that give him wheat for stamina, meat for energy—Spratt's Meat-Fibrine Biscuit Foods, famous for over 75 years. One pound equals two pounds of lean meat in feeding value. Ask for Spratt's FIBO (granulated), SPIX (bone-size), OVALS or ASSORTED BISCUITS. Do as experts do—shift to Spratt's and watch results.



AND it is right here in the Pin Money Club! Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays are coming on wings and it does seem a pity for any girl or woman to be worried. Your chance to make money in your spare moments is here—Send for our free booklet today.

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department 157, Collier's Weekly
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

to be as simple as it reads on paper. Already the country is becoming aware of the Defense Okie—the industrial worker in small isolated communities who has taken to the road in his car, dragging his family and what possessions he can pile on.

The Defense Okie is not yet completely a product of materials shortages and small-plant shutdown. He is out to make better wages than his small home town can pay. He is englamored by exaggerated stories of the sudden wealth that will be his by moving to the big town. He is not only deserting the small community but the farm. He may not be a first-class mechanic, he may not be able even to operate an automatic machine. It is our own opinion that a few of the radio spellbinders that the Civilian Defense Office is about to turn loose upon the public should address themselves particularly and frankly to him.

The Small-town Enterprise Problem

Unless SPAB is able to spread defense contracts into the small communities which are not now in the subcontract areas of big business, unless Joseph L. Weiner's Civilian Allocation Division of OPA does something masterful about it, this problem may become a major one. At present it threatens to create the illogical situation of a small-town depression within the mightiest industrial boom in our history.

Therefore SPAB, OPM and OPA will seek to make all contracts contingent upon the bidder's ability to share the work—subletting anywhere from twenty-five to fifty per cent of the operation to small firms. Many large corporations have been doing just this for years—General Electric, General Motors, Westinghouse and the like. Such subcontractors are well established in such patronage. Some of them have fattened themselves out of the small-business class and are themselves subletting contracts. A considerable number of them have accepted contracts straight from OPM with no Big Boy intermediary, thus making it necessary for the large corporation to break in new subcontractors.

And yet a great many of the little fellows are going to be crowded away from the gravy boat. It's nice to hear OPM talk about the "unconquerable ingenuity of the small businessman, half of whose active capital is his native wit, cunning and courage." But there are hundreds of these small manufacturers who can neither machine nor tool themselves to take subcontracts because, whatever their native wit and ingenuity, there won't be the raw materials necessary to build the machines and tools and indeed the new buildings they'll need. Lots of these perplexed men have been grinding away in factories and shops which would have to be rebuilt to house and carry the heavy machinery necessary to the acceptance of subcontracts.

Even before SPAB launched its survey, Washington was worrying about what was going to happen to such towns as Meadville, Pennsylvania (slide fasteners), Mansfield, Ohio (electrical appliances and stoves), Quincy, Illinois (stoves and household equipment), and Newton, Iowa (washing machines). These towns are merely symptoms of the trouble. There are others in a much more precarious position—smaller communities wholly or nearly wholly dependent upon one industry, and that industry far removed from imminent participation in defense profits. In every state and in most of the larger cities there are subcontract clinics at work making surveys of small business—what can be done to drag them into the boom. There isn't much doubt that most of

them could be worked in—in time. But England, Russia, China and our own Army and Navy are crying for speed. Representatives of all of these are fearful that saving the threatened small-town enterprise by subcontracts is going to delay deliveries of war materials for weeks and perhaps months. Therefore they're urging that whole towns and hundreds of small industries be permitted to collapse, even go on relief, and that the problem of saving them be abandoned in favor of rehabilitating them—after the war.

Of course there's the Buffalo Plan—a scheme to train workers for defense jobs while the plants they worked in at peaceful pursuits are being rebuilt or reconditioned for armament manufacture. In many instances this means a layoff of six months. But the Buffalo Plan isn't very specific about who is going to pay the workers while they're being trained. The federal government doesn't want that responsibility—a responsibility entailing the expenditure of an unspecified number of millions of dollars. The dwindling number of advocates of the Buffalo Plan in Washington insist that the states pay these workers unemployment relief while in training. We need scarcely remark that this does not enthrone anybody concerned, particularly the worker and the state governments.

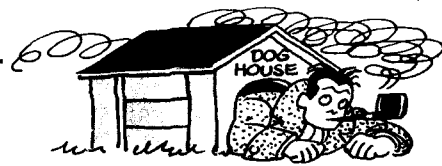
But we'll have to hurry on. Maybe SPAB will have the answer. Maybe Yankee ingenuity will find a way out. The President insists that small business be rescued now; and he does not admit that a second of the speed he demands of the armament makers need be sacrificed. Who knows? We may get away with this problem too. When you consider what doubt big industry wallowed in a year ago, you're prepared for all sorts of miracles. And while Congress itself comes near to being small business these days (in influence, anyway) it is looking toward next year's elections with deep apprehension. It is not, therefore, going to permit the rush-order lads in the Army, the Navy and the British mission to shut down the village smithy.

All right, let's wait and see. In the meantime we might as well pay our respects to the spots that float before the eyes of Secretary Morgenthau, Paul V. McNutt, Co-ordinator of the Federal Security Agency and others—chiefly government economists. The economists in particular are devoting much more than ninety-nine per cent of their time to viewing the future with alarm. We're not speaking of taxes nor of national indebtedness. Neither are we going to try to make something out of bond flotations or interest payments. Further, these gentlemen are not losing sleep about the possible plight of one-industry communities and Defense Okies. They're worrying about the employed—in particular about the millions who are and will be employed in defense projects at high wages.

Investing the Workers' Wages

And their immediate worry is about what the big-pay worker is going to do with his money, what he may have to be compelled to do to cushion the post-war drop from riches to rags. They aren't stating it as simply as this. They insist upon rolling it all up in one parcel with the steadily increasing cost of living, the decrease in the number of places the defense worker may spend his money in and, ultimately, the danger of inflation. We're not foolhardy enough to try to lead you through the whole maze but are content to show you briefly what they hope to do about the worker's wage.

As consumer goods decrease he won't be able to buy washing machines, silk shirts, big radios, grand pianos and oil

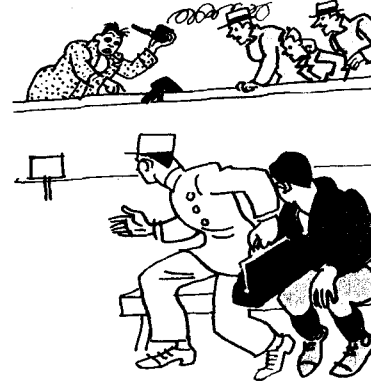


PIPE PENALIZED FOR "ROUGHING"

—but Harry's out of the dog house now!



ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN! Yep—Harry's team looks good today. But his pipe smells *bad*—very bad—especially to the pretty young stranger next to him. Hey, look! She's fainting!



HURRY UP, DOC! That stinko smoke knocked her over like a tackle from behind! You'd think a college grad would know better than to ruin a good pipe with such rank tobacco.



IF SHE'S OKAY, how about some first aid for that *pipe*, too? Good. The doctor recommends Sir Walter—the mildest, best-smelling blend of burleys ever sniffed in a stadium.



WHO WON THE GAME? Well, *she* looks happy. And *he* does, too. So the winner must be: Sir Walter! Try this fragrant tobacco. Your friends will compliment you on the choice.

**KEEP OUT OF THE
DOG HOUSE
WITH SIR WALTER**

**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**



New!

Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

*It's
You.*

*Inter-
tobacco*

UNION MADE

Tune in...UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ★ NBC ★ PRIZES FOR YOUR "DOG HOUSE" EXPERIENCE

DOUBLE the VALUE

of your
present
radio



GET THE 1942

Motorola Wireless Automatic RECORD CHANGER



"Everybody can enjoy the musical pleasure of an all-electric phonograph at very low cost! The Motorola Wireless automatic record changer that proved a sensation last year is now much improved in every way.

Plays Through Any Radio No Wires or Connections

Simply plug into a light socket in any part of the room. Rich recorded music comes from your radio. It plays and changes ten 10" or eight 12" records... over a half hour of uninterrupted entertainment. Patented roller release assures long record life. It's by far the best of the better changers. Hear it at a Motorola Dealer Today!

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION, CHICAGO

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST Radio
FOR YOUR CAR AND HOME

burners. If the present trend keeps on it's possible that Midas himself wouldn't be able to make such purchases. With such building materials as there are at the prices there are, there'll be less and less private dwelling construction. Therefore the big-pay industrial worker won't find it easy to buy a home. For a while he'll be able to buy motorcars—used cars particularly. Incidentally, the outlook in the motorcar industry is that we're headed toward a medium and low-price car era. Even so, you can find gentlemen in OPM and OPA and even almighty SPAB who'll assure you that it is not impossible that fewer than a million automobiles will be made in 1943. And Washington doesn't lack for forecasters who wouldn't be surprised if no new cars at all were made. This shouldn't shock nor even mildly surprise you. And it certainly wouldn't were you to poke around the capital, from office to office, for a week or two.

Of course the worker (and his boss, too, for that matter) will be able to go to all the movies, theaters, ball games and other amusements he can find. It has been decided that, Senator Clark notwithstanding, Hollywood is a very important part of the defense picture—the morale part. He who profits in wages and dividends from defense spending may buy all the clothing his closets will hold and go about his affairs wearing several pairs of pants if he insists upon showing off. Ultimately clothes, shoes, hats, shirts, ties and topcoats may become more or less standardized in cut, pattern and texture although we're not inclined to go that far with those making the gloomy prediction. There is no sign now that there will be a shortage of wearing apparel—particularly if it's made chiefly or wholly of cotton.

Scheme Would Be Unpopular

But you get the idea. The burning question is what to do about the excess moneys of the beneficiaries of the defense boom. Mr. Morgenthau has several ideas. One is a forced savings plan somewhat timidly imitating the English. It would separate the worker from a part of his weekly wage for "a certain period." This accumulation would be paid back to the worker if and when he lost his job. With Mr. McNutt, the Secretary looks with considerable tolerance upon another plan which would increase both the worker's and the employer's contribution to Mr. McNutt's social security funds "so as to increase the flow of funds to the Treasury from current income during the emergency and increase the outflow of funds when needed in the post-defense period."

This latter scheme would not be popular with the two contributors—the employer and the employee. Let's say that Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown work side by side in an airplane factory. Both would pay fifty per cent more or even twice as much into Social Security as they are paying now. Naturally their employer's contribution would match theirs. But suppose presently Jones should lose his job. Jones would then be paid so much a week during his idleness from the excess contributions that both he and Brown made. Moreover, Brown would still be paying the increase—to keep Jones in groceries. In brief, the increased contribution a worker would make under this plan would not make larger his old-age pension. It would merely make him and not the government the almoner of his unemployed brother.

There doesn't seem to be much prospect of this plan being adopted. We're not at all sure who sired it. The likelihood is that it is a synthesis of many ideas which are daily being showered by social-worker ladies and gentlemen upon Mr. McNutt's offices. Prominent

in the crowd that is making Washington a mob town these days are the regiments of social economists, who for a time were completely submerged in the passing of the old New Deal. Politically, all known plans to manage the worker's wage are anathema. Mention the Bond-Wage scheme on Capitol Hill and you're asking for trouble. This scheme would oblige employers to pay from ten to twenty-five per cent of the employee's wage with bonds. The plan is not perfected—probably never will be. Whether the bonds would be of the present character, payable in ten years and nontransferable, or whether they'd be cashable when the holder falls into evil economic days and negotiable is still being pondered by those advocating the idea. Maybe something will come of it, but not in the immediate future.

One of Mr. Roosevelt's major advisers asked us to urge upon all who may read these lines "a good, healthy pessimism." He spoiled it by explaining that the White House would like to do something lastingly drastic (for the duration anyway) about the "unthinking optimists who tell you that we're doing fine and that American industry is now forging Hitler's doom." The administration believes that by the first of January the United States must be producing munitions at the rate of \$30,000,000,000 dollars annually. We are now romping along at half that gait. SPAB and all her associated agencies look soberly toward the day when, shooting war or no, we'll be paying twice and three times as much in taxes as levied by the new bill. They add that consumer goods will continue to be curtailed right down to the eraser and metal band on your lead pencil. And to add to the troubles of those who insist upon worrying about the industrial worker's wage, it is possible—even likely—that railroad tourist traffic may be rigidly rationed. The demands that will soon be made upon railroads by industry and our troops, and the difficulty the railroads will have in getting new rolling stock will bring this to pass.

It seems to be generally conceded that of all Big Business, the automobile makers will have the least trouble getting back to a peace basis—not that anybody is giving peace much thought. Industry in general seems to have become convinced that, much as it wasn't overenthusiastic about Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal, it would prefer Mr. Roosevelt's to Mr. Hitler's. The motorcar industry is still prepared to turn out automobiles by the millions—if the materials were available. The market for passenger cars, although almost exclusively domestic, is vibrant and is pre-

pared to expand as billion after billion rolls out of the Treasury into the pockets of the worker. In the meantime, however, the motorcar industry is doing nicely on war materials—General Motors with a billion and a half in war contracts on hand, Chrysler with nearly half a billion, Hudson with nearly a hundred million, Packard with something akin to two hundred and fifty million, Studebaker holding something like a hundred and twenty-five million, Willys-Overland with approximately seventy-five million and Ford away up in the General Motors-Chrysler brackets. We're not guaranteeing those figures but they're not very far off. The motorcar industry may not be making many pleasure cars six or eight months hence but they'll be keeping their hands in on trucks. The Autocar Company has more than \$30,000,000 in government contracts. Diamond T Motor Car Company is making six-wheel drive trucks and a tough armored Army personnel car, among other bruisers, and has about \$45,000,000 in government orders. Divco-Twin Truck Company, Federal Motor Truck Company, Fruehauf, International, Reo, Twin Coach, Yellow Truck and White Motor Company are doing magnificently, thanks.

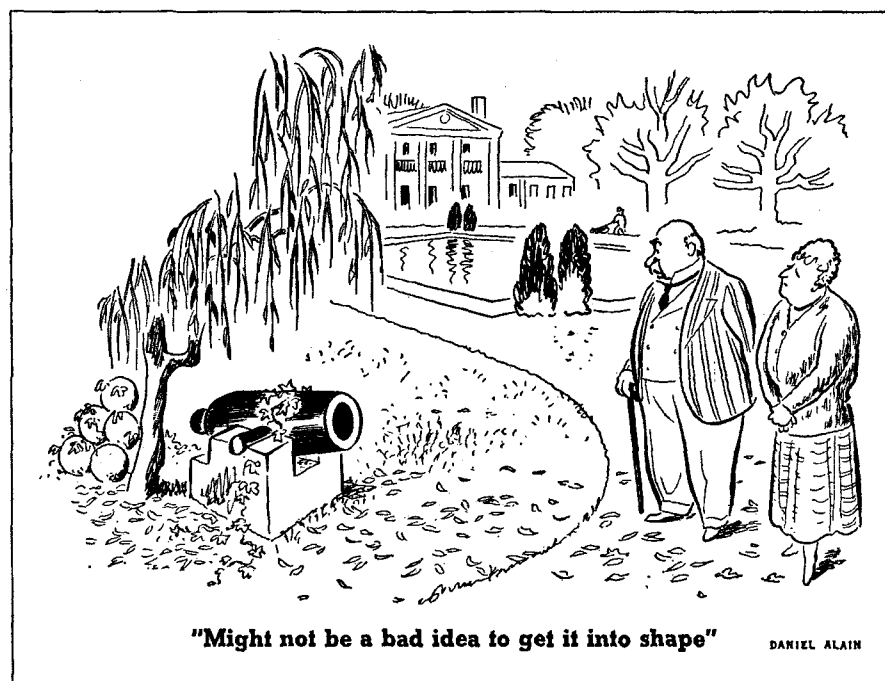
Lots of Buyers—Nothing to Sell

What's going to happen to the motorcar industry's distributors is Detroit's principal worry just now. What's going to happen to distributors and retailers in all consumer goods lines is everybody's concern. If the current program of SPAB, OPM and OPA is followed, if the war continues for a couple of years more, the prospect that the nation's greatest boom will include dealers in such merchandise as electrical equipment, washing machines, refrigerators, stoves, radios, hardware, musical instruments, household appliances, camera supplies, bicycles and so on down a growing list is not at all bright. They'll be in the horrible position of lots of buyers but nothing to sell.

A manufacturing chemist recently had an audience with Mr. Nelson, executive director of SPAB. He wanted a certain quantity of chemicals for home disinfectants. Mr. Nelson let him have half. He wanted more chemicals for domestic pest exterminators. Mr. Nelson consented to a quarter. Then he asked for materials with which to protect shrubs from dogs.

"No," said Mr. Nelson. "The time has come when shrubs will have to take care of themselves."

And that, we thought, about tips off the situation.



"Might not be a bad idea to get it into shape"

DANIEL ALAIN

HAT-TENTION!



LEE
is changing the
HAT-I-TUDE[†]
of the Nation with



The **BIGGIE**
a welt edge, snap brim
Water-Bloc* . . . \$5



The **BEARCROFT**
with crease and shape
Water-Bloc in for keeps . . . \$5



The **ANTELOPE**
a Water-Bloc with downey finish
and saddle-stitched brim . . . \$5

LEE ALSO MAKES:

AETNA, The Insured Hat.....\$3.50
Lee Hats for Boys.....\$1.95 and up

Obtainable at all Leading Dealers, or
write us giving size, style and color

LEE HATS

358 Fifth Avenue New York

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Buy Defense Bonds

Hellfire Pass

Continued from page 13

The sand grinds tires, enters the engines, scores cylinders, gnaws metal wherever it revolves on metal. It works between spring leaves and breaks occur so frequently it is commonplace for a repair unit to furnish as many as thirty complete sets of front and rear springs in a single day. The lifetime of an average one-ton truck is four months in the desert. Trucks, thousands of trucks, from gargantuan six-wheelers down to pudgy-nosed half-tonners, move to and from the advanced positions where the tanks are like parallel convoys of purposeful ants carrying petrol, water, food, ammunition, spare parts.

You would have thought all the trucks in the world moved growling and whumping over the bad spots on the road from Matruh toward Salum. But the general said he hadn't enough trucks. He said that if he had two thousand more trucks that very moment he knew where he could use every one of them. He said he could use more tanks, too, and more planes. And he wanted time. Given time, he might acquire the tanks, trucks and planes he needed with which to run the Germans and Italians off the map of North Africa, out of the oil-rich Arab world.

A Strike for Time

So the general said his first problem was to gain time. You can't manufacture that evanescent stuff called time, but in warfare, as in boxing, you can do things that produce the same effect. In boxing it's called stalling. The general knew the enemy was preparing a large-sized wallop in the western desert. The Germans had collected at least eighty large tanks and 120 armored vehicles of other categories in Libya. The general decided to break up this concentration, inflict losses upon the enemy and force him also to lose some of that valuable commodity called time which the enemy would need for reorganization. Meanwhile, the British could bring in tanks and other equipment for the vital battle of North Africa.

"This morning," the general said, "we hit them hard. Our forces were inferior

in numbers but we struck so hard and so often and in so many places that the Jerry didn't know either how strong or how weak we were. Actually, although we struck with inferior forces, we had reserves in sufficient quantity to enable us to hold any gains we might make.

"We want to drive the enemy back toward the west. This will oblige him to keep his air bases at a long distance from the Nile and Suez and make it more difficult for him to bomb these objectives. Also we shall probably do him great damage to material and take many prisoners. Most important of all, however, we will disorganize him and oblige him to stay close to his bases. We have a large and well-armed force in Tobruk which constantly harasses the enemy's rear and which has probably prevented the Jerry from trying to push on into Egypt along the coast."

The general seemed to be in the position of the boxer who knows he's outweighed and must keep jabbing with his left until either his opponent weakens or he himself is sufficiently strong in the late rounds to land a kayo punch. I said so to the general and he said, "I believe you've got it, old boy."

To stall as long as possible while tanks and planes continue to arrive from the United States and England, seemed to be the principal objective of the British when the entire Middle Eastern and Mediterranean situation looked black indeed. For the general air of gloom which prevailed in Cairo—a gloom by the way not shared by men and officers engaged in the actual business of fighting in the desert, on the sea and in the air—there was substantial reason. Greece was gone, Crete was now German. The German military machine had rolled down to the Balkan bridge to the oil of Mosul, and the propaganda music of Berlin lured the vipers of treachery in the Arab world. And yet, despite the gloom and the substantial reasons that rated it, there were some very definite factors in favor of the British.

Least of these but important in a special kind of way was the *khamsin*. That's a Coptic word for "hot wind"



"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you! I was driving downtown this afternoon, and you know how dangerous that corner is at Sixth and Main—"

DAVID C. GERARD



SOOTHE it with
GLYCO-THYMOLINE



Give your throat the soothing benefit of effective, Glyco-Thymoline. It helps

soothe and helps heal the delicate membranes of the nose and throat which are so often irritated when common colds and ordinary sore throats — one of the most common winter ailments — affect you. Glyco-Thymoline helps relieve discomfort.

Glyco-Thymoline has been the favorite of thousands for 50 years. Many physicians and druggists use and recommend it highly. Be prepared...keep a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline handy...use it frequently.

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

TRY
GLYCO-THYMOLINE
AS A DAILY
MOUTH WASH





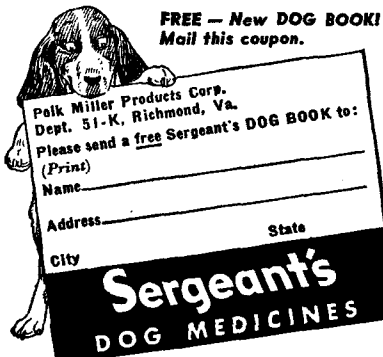
IT'S THE EARLY PILL THAT GETS THE WORMS! I learned from experience. Let 'em go too far—and it's just too bad! My Boss looked up my symptoms in the Sergeant's DOG BOOK, and gave me SURE SHOT CAPSULES—just in time.



SURE SHOT SURE LICKS WORMS! I'll give it credit for my health and good condition. That and the PUPPY CAPSULES that cleaned out my first worms, when I was a little pup!



DON'T TAKE A CHANCE on worms in your dog. They're always serious—sometimes fatal. Get SURE SHOT or PUPPY CAPSULES to clean them out! At any drug or pet store.



which is an understatement if there ever was one. The khamsin is a wind-whirled fog of burning sand. It produces temperatures of 127 degrees on the desert and makes the insides of the tanks the nearest thing to hell this side of the Styx. When it blows you can't see ahead of you for more than ten yards and it blows three and four days at a time. You sweat and it cakes on you like mud-bath clay.

It finds all the areas between clothing and body and it sifts powderlike under tent walls and through tent flaps into food, water and bedding. Up forward you live on a pint of water a day and so you never wash off the khamsin. But I've talked with hundreds of German and Italian prisoners and I've lived with Tommies and their officers up forward. I'll put my money on the British. They've trained for generations on London fogs and the khamsin is to them "annoying, don'tcha know, but hardly unbearable, old boy."

The British have another advantage. They know themselves to be, man for man, better than the Germans. You don't have to take the word of the British themselves for this although they're willing to talk about it, which means their morale is incomparable. You need only to look at the bronzed, sturdy-legged men at the front or who come to Cairo and Alexandria on leave. They're tough as Texans and plentiful as pine in Oregon. The overwhelming superiority complex of the Briton, which halts just this side of overconfidence, is a tremendous factor in his favor.

They Look to America

But the British generals know that none of these factors is even worth considering as an advantage unless they have the weapons with which to translate them into enemy defeats. And for these weapons they look to America. Everywhere in the western desert I heard the same old refrain, from generals down to Tommies. We want tanks, tanks and more tanks, they said. And we want planes, planes and more planes. And don't forget the trucks. They were polite about it and they were firm. The Tommies were polite, too, and very blunt. From passing trucks they yelled, "Hey, Yank, how about those tanks?"

Some planes and tanks have arrived from America. Martin bombers went into action against the Germans in the western desert. I saw them bomb Fort Capuzzo at sunset one evening. I saw ten tall columns of black smoke and dust rise against the flat orange sky and then I saw the planes return looking very cocky about it all. While Syria was still Vichy-controlled, Tomahawks ground-strafted and bombed German planes which "accidentally" landed on its airports. Syria is just next door to Palestine and Suez.

The obvious lack of material with which to outshoot the superiorly armed German tanks galled the British command. With adequate material the British could inflict upon the enemy its first major defeat since the war started. The results of such a blow would be of enormous importance. Combined with large-scale air bombing of Germany from England, a crushing defeat of the Germans in the desert might begin the breaking up of German morale and military organization. Moreover, the British Middle Eastern command was charged with the responsibility of maintaining military prestige in the Arab kingdom. This was essential to prevent German inroads into Arabia. But the British command here has been treated as a sort of military stepchild. I found it puzzling that so much attention should have been paid to pouring planes, tanks and guns into Britain while a few were so obviously needed here. I asked the general

about it. The general is boss of operations on the western desert front but GHQ didn't want the Germans to know who he is so we'll skip the general's name and save the censor a headache. I asked the general why planes and other weapons weren't being diverted in greater numbers to the Middle East and he replied, "We can't lose the war here. We can always give the Jerry hell with very little. But let's assume the worst. Let's assume that we are obliged to withdraw completely from the southern Mediterranean. That doesn't lose the war with the Germans. It prolongs it. We fight on from Aden, from India, from the interior of Africa. I'm not saying this will happen, mind you. I'm merely pointing out the possibility that might arise if we were suddenly overwhelmed by unpredictable superiority in materials, machines and men."

"But England must stand. We couldn't lose the war here in years but in England it could be technically lost in five minutes. We must make the island safe."

But it also occurred to the general that although England couldn't lose the war here in Egypt she could go a long way toward winning it.

Egyptians don't believe Hitler's propaganda that he doesn't want Egypt. They know very well he wants Egypt, for Egypt is the Nile and there is cotton and tobacco and grain in that river's valley that winds like a green vine northward through the Sudan and the Egyptian desert to flower in many tendrils at the Delta. Egypt is the breadbasket of northeast Africa and Hitler wants it. All but some 200,000 of Egypt's seventeen million people are born, live and die in that valley and they love their land and the measure of freedom they enjoy and they don't want to give up either land or freedom. That's why they've leased their Egypt to Britain for a battlefield.

We left the general and pushed on on the scabby road toward Salum. We found the colonel who commands a battery of 25-pounders just this side of the escarpment under Hellfire Pass, relaxing after a tough day. He sat on a folding chair in front of some planks set on sawhorses in his "drawing room." This was a flat space dug out of the ruins of what might have been an ancient Roman villa buried in the sand in the

dunes at the sea's edge. Over the cleared space between two crumbling walls was stretched a camouflage net from which fluttered strips of canvas and green rag.

The net was hung from two poles and the whole gave the effect of the loggia of a Mediterranean summer villa.

The colonel hadn't shaved for at least three days. Nobody shaves or washes up front. There isn't time during operations. Field glasses hung from a strap about his neck. His shirt front was unbuttoned most of the way down and he was strictly a utilitarian colonel. He rose and was as glad to see us as any man would be who hadn't talked with anybody but his junior officers for days and hadn't talked or thought about anything but killing Germans for months.

Teatime in the Desert

He was as cordial and correct as though he were playing host in a Mayfair club. He gave us tea and American cigarettes and he asked a thousand questions about America. He wanted to know how the American electoral college operated and I had one awful time explaining and I guess I didn't do a very good job because he said at the end he thought perhaps the British parliamentary system was simpler.

While we talked two planes came. The colonel squinted up at them and said, "Wrong ones." And a few seconds later I knew what he meant. They dropped six bombs in a line between us and Hellfire Pass. The first was less than two hundred yards from where we stood and the last one in the white gash on the escarpment a mile and a half away where the road passed.

I looked down over the desert where I knew there were men and guns but I couldn't see anything. The men were in the slit trenches near the camouflaged guns.

"I suppose he couldn't see us very well from up there," the colonel said. "He knows we're here in this region because we've been firing on positions up there over the edge of the escarpment all day but he can't find us. Well, are you ready for a drink?"

We had one and then we turned back. We'd come up to see whether the British were still holding Hellfire. Apparently they were.





"Lest We Forget"

(A W O R D T O T H E B U Y E R S O F A M E R I C A)



Ours is a brand-built economy.

Brands motivate industry; make possible our much vaunted mass production; sustain high living standards, and provide the wealth out of which both our peace-time and war-time needs are supplied.

Destroy our Brands, and you dislocate our whole economy.

Brands aren't just identifying names on sacks, bottles and boxes—they are priceless covenants of Faith between man and man, representing the concern of management and the toil of men, down through the years.

Battleships? Tanks? Airplanes? Battalions? These we must have! But we must also have our Brands—for they, too, are a part of National Defense!

★ ★ ★

We face many perils these days, but few greater than that the Brands we live by may be forgot.

This must not happen!

American Industry has heard the call and put on the uniform of its country. This is just as true of the man in the plant as it is of the man in the front office. Real Americans, on both sides of the pay-window, have enlisted in this crusade against time—they are giving their all.

Some of our factories have switched 100% from peace-time to war-time production. Others have done so only partially. A few, so far as their equipment is concerned, haven't as yet been touched—but even these are feeling the pinch on basic materials.

Meaning that for the duration of this emergency you are going to experience greater and still greater diffi-

culty in obtaining the Brands which you and your family have been accustomed to buy.

★ ★ ★

All right—what are you going to do about it? Are you going to remain loyal to these familiar Brands while they are, so to speak, in uniform—Brands which have faithfully served you for years as guide-posts to value? Or—are you going to forget them?

★ ★ ★

If your boy gave up his job to serve his country, it would be a mighty poor boss who wouldn't say to him: "Don't you worry, Son—your old job will be waiting for you when you get back!"

Well then—is the factory which gives up its job to serve its country entitled to any less consideration?

You are a mighty poor patriot if you don't say, "More power to you! Your old market will be right here waiting for you when you get back!"

Let it never be said that the consumers of America forgot their absent friends in 1941!

**This advertisement is published nation-wide by Collier's
in behalf of the factories now engaged in National Defense**

UP TO THE WEE HOURS LAST NIGHT



Fresh as a
daisy today!



HER SECRET



Last night she saw to it that her highballs were mixed with White Rock.



Before going to bed and again in the morning, she had a glass of plain White Rock.

Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve your highball.

ALWAYS MIX WITH



ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

FEELING FINE THANKS TO

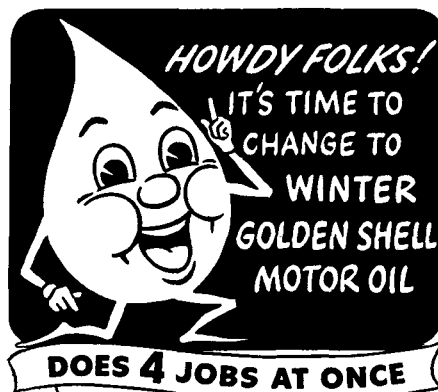
White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

Other White Rock products: Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Q-9 (for mixing gin-and-tonic)

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You Got to Use Diplomacy

Continued from page 64

Grapevine way and see the wild flowers?" she asked. "They say it's awful pretty. The valley's just blue with lupine. I'd like to—"

"Uh-hmm," said Skip absently. He swung the ship's nose northward. His mind was functioning at its terminal velocity. He was due up for a hearing on his application for commission just two days hence; and now Henrietta had told him Tony was going to block his appointment. Tony was a stubborn old mule; but without Tony's okay, the board would hold him exempt, and turn him down. Craftily, he looked at Henrietta. The girl, he reflected, was a one-man intelligence service. Perhaps, if Tony thought—

"Well, anyway," he said carefully, "I can always go to Canada and fly. They need pilots."

Henrietta appeared not to have heard him. She loosened her safety belt, drew her graceful limbs up beneath her, and laid her blond head on his shoulder. "I think it would be nice if you'd kiss me," she murmured. She snuggled closer, and looked up persuasively.

He kissed her. And felt a pang of regret that the Air Corps frowned on officers below the grade of first lieutenant being married.

"It's awfully cold in Canada, Skippy," said Henrietta drowsily.

"Huh?" said Skip. Then, "Yes, it is!" And so much for that! He thought triumphantly. She'll tell Tony; and Tony won't write the letter. He'd a lot rather have me in our Army than with the Limies! Needless to say, Skip had not the slightest intention at that time, of joining the R.C.A.F. He was running a bluff. The only factor he failed to take into consideration was that running a bluff on Tony Marlin is like trying to stop a Panzer division with a peashooter. As anyone who has played poker with Tony will tell you.

THE next day was Monday, and Western's vast plant was buzzing with grief.

Skip—who had recently been promoted to the post of assistant production manager—came in at seven-fifteen to find the usual accumulation of foremen's gripe notes stacked in the wire basket on his desk. He sorted them. Kelly, in the machine shop, was short seventeen hundred aluminum alloy "bathtub" castings for the WB-31. "Swell!" muttered Skip, with sarcasm. "Just ducky! . . ." He picked up the phone and called McGee, in Material Procurement.

"Where in hell are those W.A. Five-dash-thirty-three-forty-fives?" he asked. "Kelly's screaming his head off."

"They haven't been shipped," McGee told him. "Foley Casting's got a strike on. I think it's a fine situation when a country like this lets—"

"What've you got in excess stock?" "Not a thing."

Skip threw one long leg over his chair arm, and eased his lean hips into thinking position. "Got any five-eighths bar?"

"Hell, no. We've had it on order for three months, but I don't know when it'll be in."

"That's right. Alum Products have got a strike, too. All God's chillun got strikes." Skip pondered a moment. Then: "Look! That static-test model of the B-61 that's lying out in the north yard. There's a lot of big extrusions in it. Get Pulforth to write me a stock substitution authorizing S.S. 650-24 ST extrusions, and I'll get an order to pull the test job to pieces. We'll let the machine shop hog us out enough fittings to last until Alum gets its strike settled."

McGee sounded dubious: "Gee, Skip. I don't know. What would they say if they caught us using secondhand material?"

"What they don't know won't hurt 'em!" said Skip impatiently. "The stuff's all right. I'll have it all rock-welled, and then throw it back in stock."

"But—" protested McGee.

"Look," said Skip. "The party's on me. It isn't as if the material weren't okay. It's just a moth-eaten old regulation that doesn't mean anything. Besides, I don't care if they do can me. I'll be in the Army in another week." He paused. "As a matter of fact," he said speculatively, "I'd just as soon be canned. Then Tony Marlin couldn't hold up my Air Corps commission."

"How are you making out on that?" asked McGee.

"Not so good," said Skip. "Tony says he won't let me go."

"So you're going to get yourself canned to fool him?"

"It mightn't be a bad idea," said Skip reflectively.

"HAR-umph!" said a voice from the doorway behind Skip. He didn't bother to turn. He knew who it was. "See you later," he told McGee hastily, and hung up.

TONY MARLIN was standing in the doorway. He was about forty-five—small and stout, had his habitually wicked gleam in his eye, and was chewing a cigar. Tony had been with Western Aircraft since the boss set up in business, and had come up from the bench to the exalted position of production manager. He was tough and irascible; but he knew a good man when he saw one, and he'd promoted Skip from the pushing of a material truck to his first assistant—all in the short period of eighteen months.

The kid was a redheaded screwball, and could get into more messes per square minute than anybody else in the plant. But he was good; and he had the priceless quality—in an employee—of doing everything he did as conscientiously and thoroughly as if he, himself, were the boss and the business belonged to him. Tony was as proud of Skip as a father; and was ordinarily more genial to him than anyone else at Western.

This morning, though, he was worried stiff and could cheerfully have choked the kid. Skip was holding down fully one half of the production department's load of grief, and Tony couldn't possibly see how he'd come out if the kid left him holding the bag, and rushed off to join any man's army.

So, when Skip turned in his swivel chair, and said, "Good morning, sir," Tony didn't answer him. He stood silently in the doorway, glowering until an ash from his cigar—which was trembling with indignation between his clenched teeth—detached itself and liberally besprinkled his blue serge vest, just over his ample paunch. "Graumph!" he growled, and beat the dust with the back of his right hand. "Get the hell into my office. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir," said Skip, hastily. He became aware that Miss Wayne—Tony's secretary—was watching them apprehensively, and he went in to Tony's office, with a peculiar, cold feeling just under his belt. He resolved to brazen the interview through on a basis of non-chalance, and commenced to whistle softly.

"Cut that racket out!" roared Tony. Skip stopped whistling. Tony slammed the office door behind him, said, "Sit down!" and lowered his barrel-like body into the chair behind his big desk.

Skip was not at ease. "Nice day, isn't it, sir?" he said, with an attempt at a grin.

"Y-aaa!" snarled Tony. Then: "You still wacky on this Air Corps idea?"

"Yes, sir," said Skip. "Only, I don't think it's wacky."

A second glut of ashes landed on Tony's vest. "What I can't figure out," he said, "is how you can be so dumb. I've given you my reasons why you shouldn't go. Can't you get the picture?"

"Yes, sir," said Skip. "Your side of it. But I think it's a wrong interpretation of the facts. I think—"

The phone rang. Tony answered it, and passed the hand set to Skip. "It's for you," he growled. Skip took it.

"Yeah?" he said. It was Stubby Brown, down on the control desk in fuselage subassembly. Stubby was fat, young and anxious. Six months before, he'd been a junior clerk in the test department. Now, defense had promoted him out of all proportion to his experience, and he needed help. "Skip," he said plaintively. "We just gotta have those spot-weld assemblies for the machine-gun shell ejection chutes today. We've only got two left; and Remerge says we're going to be tied up by tonight. Ain't there *nothing* you can do?"

SKIP gave the matter about three seconds' thought. The solution came automatically. "Go see Crying Joe," he said. "Tell him what you've just told me." Crying Joe is the foreman of Spot Weld. He comes by his name honestly. He has a persecution complex, and thinks the world is against him. "Go see Crying Joe," he repeated.

"But, Skip," said Stubby poignantly, "I saw him this morning. He said he's got six times as much work down there as he can do; and we had a kind of argument. I—"

"Okay," said Skip. "I'll fix it. Go down there after lunch and get your chutes." He picked up the phone and dialed Spot Weld.

"What's the matter?" asked Tony Marlin.

"Oh, nothing," said Skip. "Stubby Brown can't get some parts out of Crying Joe."

"Umph!" said Tony. "I get sick of these temperamental foremen. If I had my way—"

"They're all temperamental," said Skip, hastily covering the mouthpiece with his palm. Into the transmitter, he said, "Joe? This is Skip Smith. I just called up to find out how your fishing trip came out last week end. Swell!

Halibut, eh? Where did you go? Coronado Island! Gee, that must have been a fine trip. No, I didn't go out this week end. Flew my girl up to the valley instead. Say, Joe, a man of mine named Brown in fuselage-sub needs some of those shell-ejection chutes right away. You know—the fat kid. Sure, he needs them. He's not like a lot of the guys. When he says he needs something, he needs it. . . .

"He called you a *bottleneck*? Well, he's just a kid, Joe. Probably a little excited. You've got one of the most efficient units in the plant, Joe. We know that. Look, I'd certainly appreciate it if you'd have a few of those chutes ready right after lunch. Consider it a personal favor. And, by the way, have you any halibut to spare? Swell! I'll drop by and get them after work. My girl will cook them for us. And thanks. I'd like to go out with you next time. You always get the fish. . . . Don't give me that! We take all the tackle in California and nothing happens. You use that old pole of yours and an ungear reel and catch eight halibut. Say, Joe, you won't forget Brown's chutes, will you? Swell! Be seeing you!" Skip hung up the phone.

"You bubonic rat!" said Tony admiringly. "You could talk an organ-grinder out of his monkey!"

Skip shrugged expansively. He was going great guns. "You have to use tact in these things, sir," he said. "My father always used to say that diplomacy was two thirds of business, and—"

"That still don't settle this Army thing!" said Tony abruptly. "Listen. I've always played ball with you, haven't I?"

Skip nodded. "Sure. Sure you've always played ball with me; but this Army thing isn't just some fool idea I cooked up in a beer joint. I know I'm valuable here; but I think they need me worse."

Tony waved an exasperated hand. "But, kid," he said, "who do you know around here could handle your job? The ones who are smart enough haven't the experience. Or they can't handle men. *Somebody's* got to get these ships built. It's important. It's the most important thing in the world. And—"

The phone rang again; and Skip picked it up. "Hello?" he said absently. "You're out of luck on those B-61 test wing-beam extrusions," said McGee's voice. "They hauled them away for scrap."

"Damn!" said Skip. "Now what?" McGee demanded. Skip sighed. "Okay," he said. "Send



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a man up here with a wooden box. I've got about forty pieces of 24 ST bar stock ditched out in my lower desk drawer. I've been saving it for an emergency; and I guess this is it."

"You know," said McGee, relievedly, "sometimes I'd like to cut your throat. I could have used that stock last week. But thanks. I'll send somebody up right away." He hung up.

"What's the matter?" asked Tony. Skip told him.

"You see?" said Tony plaintively. "Who else but you would have thought of using those B-61 extrusions? And who else would have ditched out that bar stock? I can't let you go, kid."

Skip said, "You've got to. There's nothing anyone can do to stop me."

Tony didn't answer for a moment. There was a sudden hostility in his eyes, and his dead cigar was almost bitten in two. "Kid," he said at last, "when you come up before that board tomorrow, there's going to be a letter there from me, saying that I don't think it's in the best interests of the national defense for you to leave this factory. Which I don't." He leaned forward and pressed the audiphone buzzer. He settled himself in his chair and stared at Skip with smoldering eyes. "So you see your Canada bluff didn't work, my boy. Oh, Henrietta told me about it, all right. You meant her to, didn't you?"

Skip didn't answer, immediately. A slow, stubborn anger was rising in him; and he'd forgotten, for the moment, that this man was probably the best friend he had in the world.

"I'm not bluffing," he said finally. "If you write that letter, and they turn me down, I'll go."

SKIP spent the rest of the day straightening out one mess after another.

Monday, of course, was worse than usual. The departments that had worked over Sunday were screaming for parts they hadn't been able to get. On top of that, the Army had rejected the bomber pilot-seat assembly, Engineering had thrown a stop-work order on Rib Stations 10, 30 and 126 of the new bomber, Estimating was yelling its collective head off about overtime in the Foundry, and Service wanted a replacement transport wing shipped out not later than the following Monday for a ship that had cracked up in Mexico.

Skip plowed steadily into the avalanche. It was all ticklish work—work that required a thorough knowledge of the business, and entailed jolly, bullying or flattering complex and suspicious personalities. To do it well, a man needed a well-developed sense of humor, the quality of leadership, personality, and the ability to make men like him, even while he was bedeviling them. Skip had all these—and in that short day, he did—easily and well—work it would have taken most other men a week to accomplish.

The day ended, at last; but the whistle had blown a good hour before Skip finally got up from his desk, sighed, filed a welter of the day's unfinished grief in the row of neat pigeonholes he carried in the back of his mind and went home.

When he got to his one-cylinder apartment, he showered, shaved, and called Henrietta Marlin.

"This is Skip," he said, somewhat unnecessarily.

Henrietta's voice was cool: "Yes, Skip. What is it?"

"A friend of mine's given me a couple of nice, fresh halibut. Suppose I fillet them and bring them over for you to fry?"

"I—I don't think you'd better, Skip. Not tonight."

"Why not? Got another date?"

"No. I haven't another date!" Henrietta was indignant. "Skip, what on earth did you say to Tony, this afternoon?"

Skip told her. "And," he added, "I meant it, too."

"I think you're acting like a couple of children, Skip. Both of you. But he's absolutely right. You've no business to leave the plant at a time like this."

"He's not right!" flared Skip.

"He is, too," said Henrietta. "I think this whole thing's as silly as it can be. What do you want to do? Go away where we can't ever see each other? . . ." Her voice took on an acid tinge: "That's it! You want to go somewhere and swagger around impressing women with your nasty old uniform, instead of staying home and tending to your business."

"Oh, for gosh sakes!" said Skip, in exasperation. "Can't you understand, either? I'm just trying to do what I think is right."

"Men are all the same," said Henrietta, icily.

Skip sighed. "Well, if I can't come over there, will you meet me for a show?"

"No, I won't!" said Henrietta, and hung up.

Skip scratched his head. "Now what in hell brought that on?" he said.

AT NINE-THIRTY next morning, Skip put in his appearance at the Air Corps office in Long Beach. At nine-forty he left the building with his face red and his fists clenched; and thirty minutes later—record time for the distance he had covered—he swirled his roadster into Western's parking lot, clamped on his brakes, got out and stalked through the main entrance of the plant to Tony's office.

Tony looked up from his desk. Then he smiled around his cigar. "So they turned you down?"

"You ought to know," said Skip, through his teeth.

Tony nodded. "And now," he said jovially, "I suppose you'll be leaving for Canada. Or was that just a bluff?"

Skip was churning inside like a cream separator. "It wasn't a bluff," he said quietly. "I'm leaving the end of the week."

Tony laughed. Unpleasantly. "You may be leaving, but you ain't going to do any flying for the Canadians. I've fixed that, too. The boss has a lot of English stuff in the shop. Do you think they'd hire you if he told them not to?"

Skip gave him a thin smile. "They don't ask pilots many questions up there. So long as I can fly, they won't care whether my name is Smith, or—Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Tony's face turned purple. "You can't do that!" he shouted.

"Why not?" asked Skip. "I'll stick around until the end of the week, of course. There're a few things I want to clean up, and you'll want me to break in a new man. After that, I'm leaving."

Skip waited for the explosion, but it didn't come. Tony sat back in his chair and examined him thoughtfully with his shrewd, shrewd eyes. And he continued thus to examine him, for the better part of a minute.

Skip was uneasy. He wondered suddenly if Tony had thought of some new way of keeping him from going.

Therefore, it was with some degree of relief that he heard Tony say—rather mildly, "Okay, kid. You win. I'll fix it for you to get your pay check. At noon today."

"Noon today?" said Skip. "Oh, no. I want to stay until the end of the week, to clear things up."

Tony shook his head. "No, kid. You're leaving now. Right now."

"But Tony," said Skip. "I don't want to—"

Tony's calm departed. His face flaming, he leaned across the desk and shook a stumpy index finger directly under Skip's nose. "I've been holding back," he roared. "But I won't much longer. Get out of here before I do murder! Get out! . . ."

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Mr. _____
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Skip had his belongings piled into his roadster, and was headed north on the Roosevelt Highway by seven that evening. He wasn't happy, for Henrietta's farewell to him had been tearful, and Tony's last angry words had hurt. Besides, Tony's not letting him stay around to turn over the reins to his successor was a bad thing. It was all right for Tony to be sore with him; but by losing his temper and canning him, like that, he'd fixed it so whoever took over would be weeks getting adjusted. . . .

The only bright spot he could think of was that he'd left a copy of his itinerary with Henrietta, so she could reach him by wire, if any question came up at the plant that he could answer at long distance. But he doubted that Tony would wire him, no matter what his extremity. Tony was stubborn. . . .

It was moonlight, and the thin ribbon of the highway wound its silver way along the beach before him. He turned on the car radio, but the music sounded flat and dull to him. At Oxnard, he bought a half pint of whisky, and drank that; but it only made him more miserable. So he drove on through the night in a state of unrelieved gloom.

He got into San Francisco at five-thirty next morning and checked in at the telegraph office. There wasn't any wire for him—and that didn't make things any easier. He had half expected a night letter that would say something like: "Sorry I blew up. Best luck always. Henrietta sends love. Tony."

But there was nothing. Impulsively, Skip seized a pencil and a blank, and printed: "Sorry about yesterday. Please don't keep on being sore. Here until noon. Let me hear from you. Love to Henrietta. Skip."

He hesitated for a minute before filing it; and then added the words: "Sump castings for bomber being machined at Pacific shop. Promised them latest change drawing today. Will you see they get it?"

Then he went to an inexpensive hotel, had breakfast and slept until one in the afternoon.

WHEN he woke up, he called the telegraph office. There had been no answer to his telegram. "Damned old die-hard!" he thought savagely. "He could have answered about the sump castings, anyway. . . ." He dressed, polished off a five-course cracked-crab luncheon at Fisherman's Wharf, and at two-thirty slid smoothly across the Golden Gate Bridge, headed north. Just short of

Petaluma, he snapped his fingers, said, "Damn!" and set about composing another telegram to Tony. Later, he sent it. It said: "Be sure chief draftsman's office keeps constant overtime on bomber wing rib changes. Advise. H. S. Smith."

He stopped for the night in Port Orford, Oregon. He was trying desperately to enjoy himself but the ruck of unfinished business at the Western Aircraft Corporation continued to haunt him. . . . After he had eaten his dinner, he went down to the telegraph office. He was entirely certain that there would be some kind of message waiting for him, but there wasn't. By this time, he had thought of half a hundred things that Tony should know; and, in addition, of one thing that he, Skip, had to know.

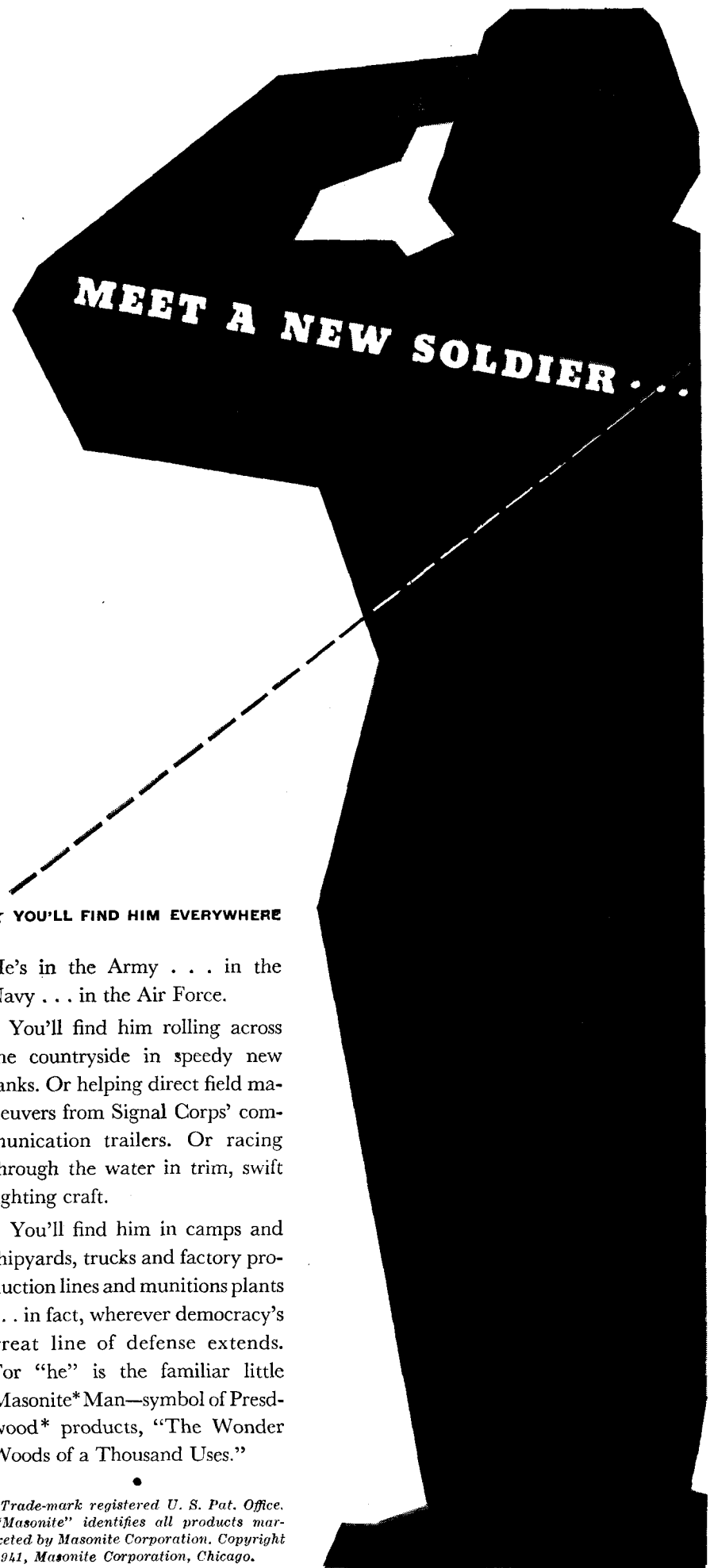
DOWN in Metal Fittings was a jig that had been used to bore landing-gear forks on the "A" series model of the bomber. Skip had arranged with Tooling to have the jig corrected for the "B" series fork as soon as that overworked department could get around to it; and in the meantime, he had marked all the fork work orders, "Drill to 'A' Series Jig as per Instructions H. S. Smith." The jig hadn't been used in over a month, and had passed temporarily out of his mind. Now, suddenly, he remembered that there was an order for 200 "B" series forks working in Metal Fittings; and the thought made his hair rise. For, if the jig had been corrected to the "B" series change and was used as an "A" jig "as per Instructions H. S. Smith" there were going to be 200 "B" series forks that wouldn't be worth throwing on the junk heap.

Skip sent Tony the following wire: "Please wire Port Angeles exact present vertical dimension between center line lower holes and center upper hole Bomber LG fork drill jig now metal fittings crib. Urgent. Important."

Whereafter, he drove on to Port Angeles, where he was to board the ferry that would take him across Juan de Fuca Strait to Victoria. . . .

He had been certain that there would be a message in Port Angeles, and when the operator told him there wasn't, he didn't at first believe her. When he was convinced, he did a little figurative hair tearing, and sent Tony another wire: "Did you get wire re LG fork jig? Must have answer. Vital."

And waited three hours for a reply that didn't come. He sent another one,



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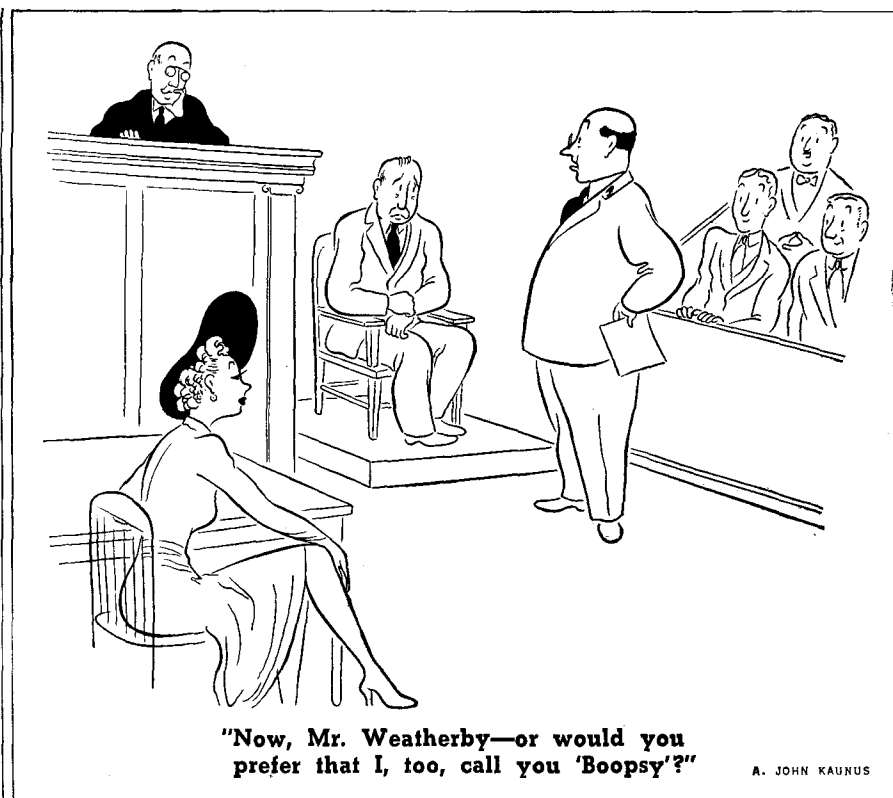
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"Now, Mr. Weatherby—or would you prefer that I, too, call you 'Boopsy'?"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

later, that said: "Must have answer fork jig. Answer immediately."

After which he repaired to a hotel and spent the night tossing and turning on a rather hard bed, with ruined landing-gear forks, in nightmare quantities, floating before his eyes. . . . There was still no message in the morning; and Skip stood in the middle of the telegraph office and frightened a rather pretty message clerk half out of her wits with highly vocal and imprecatory ravings anent a certain Tony Marlin.

HE HAD plenty of time to cool off on his twelve-hundred-mile drive back to Western City. He made it in a little over three days, after first wiring Jenkins, the boss of Metal Fittings, under no circumstances to drill any bomber landing-gear forks. When he left Port Angeles, he was firmly of the conviction that he would stay at Western—Tony or no Tony—only long enough to clean things up; but by the time he got home, he was thoroughly chastened by the realization that it was within Tony's power to forbid him the plant entirely. Moreover, he was beginning to realize that Tony'd been right; and that his place was not in the cockpit of a fighter plane, but behind his desk.

So, on the third morning at seven when he showed the watchman his identification badge—which he had not turned in—and walked up to his desk, he was mainly concerned with how to get Tony to give him his job back—thinking, meanwhile, that the chances of Tony's doing that were rather remote. He was managing a rather sad sort of whistle; but he felt like a man walking to the gallows.

Miss Wayne was already in; and she turned pale when she saw him. "Why, Mr. Smith—" She glanced apprehensively at the door.

"Hello," said Skip. "Is the boss still sore?"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Wayne, anxiously. "You'd better leave before he gets in. I don't know what—"

"Who's got my job?" asked Skip.

"Why, nobody. He's been doing the work himself. He tried out Mr. Kelton, and Mr. Kraus, but they couldn't—Oh, Mr. Smith, he's been terrible these last few days."

There was a crash behind him, as the door flew violently open, and Tony strode savagely into the office. His face was the color of the glowing tip of his cigar, and he was breathing smoke like a

volcano. When he saw Skip, he stopped.

"What are you doing here?" he roared.

"I came back," said Skip. "I thought you might need me."

Tony glared at him. "Beat it!" he said. He pushed Skip aside, and stalked into his private office, slamming it behind him so the glass shook.

"Stubborn old mule!" flared Skip. Then, to Miss Wayne: "I'm going down in the shop. I've got to find out about something."

"Mr. Smith," said Miss Wayne, vigorously. "You'd better leave. Right now!"

"No," said Skip. "I'm durned if I do. I've got some stuff to clean up, and I'm going to—"

The door to the private office crashed violently back on its hinges, and Tony charged out with a basketful of papers. He slammed them down on Skip's desk. "I wish you'd keep your trash out of my office," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Skip, quickly.

"Damn' stubborn young fool," growled Tony, a little less antagonistically.

"Yes, sir," said Skip.

"I'm having the tailor make up a little monkey suit for you," said Tony. "You can strut around in that, for a while. It won't be exactly a uniform, but it'll have a nice set of wings embroidered on the lapel." He paused for effect. "The wings'll be tied onto a flying jackass!" he roared.

Skip grinned. "Ought to be pretty, sir."

"Argh!" snarled Tony. He took a sheaf of telegrams out of his inside pocket and shoved them into Skip's hand. "Get down to Metal Fittings and get that jig fixed. I'm tired of hearing about it."

"I was just leaving," said Skip hastily, and departed.

AFTER he had left, a strange change came over Tony. His anger vanished instantly, and he threw back his head and laughed. "Damn' young fool had me worried," he said. "He was later getting back here than I figured."

"You mean you were expecting him?"

"Sure," said Tony. "I knew he'd be back before he ever left here. He'd rather die than leave things in a mess. That's why I drove him nuts not answering his telegrams." He laughed again. "It's just like he always says, 'You got to use diplomacy.'"

He opened the door of his private office. "Call my daughter, Miss Wayne," he said, "and tell her he's here. She was pretty worried."

To 'Vegas, Darling

Continued from page 73

Stewart came to the door, said they knew just what you wanted, and invited you in. Inside was a pleasant, flower-decked parlor, air-conditioned and candlelit.

There was free ice water, aspirin or bromides, depending on how you felt. After you'd toned down the palpitation a little, everybody went up to the courthouse and got a license for two dollars. Then over to the jeweler's for the ring and to the florist's for a gardenia corsage for the Little-Woman-to-Be. Back to The Hitching Post and up the Bridal Path—plainly marked by a sign—and into the parlor, and there was a Congregational minister, the Reverend Albert C. Melton, beaming to beat the band at you. Mr. Melton used no script. Mr. Melton with a script for a wedding service, you felt, would have been like Will Geer with one for Tobacco Road.

Then, with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart as witnesses, you were married—and pretty nicely, too. No helter-skelter rushing through the questions and responses, but everything right and sedate and proper. Then everybody kissed everybody and shook hands—and Mr. Stewart handed you a phonograph record of the whole thing, including *I Love You Truly* sweetly sung by Mrs. Stewart. This was \$1.50 more, and worth every dime.

After that, the bride rolled up her wedding certificate and you walked back down the Bridal Path to the Wishing Well. Into this you dropped a penny—being married now and having to be thrifty—and made a silent wish. It turned out the well was wired for sound, and a soft voice out of the depths wished you happiness.

Millionaires and Moochers

The Stewarts, who really put showmanship into marriage, were their own first customers not many months back. Stewart, an R.A.F. flier in the last war, came to Hollywood afterward and worked as a lyrics writer for film musicals. Mrs. Stewart was Miss Mildred Rogers, a singer who played in many films. They tired of Hollywood, and one night Halley said to Mildred: "Let's go to 'Vegas!'" They staged their own wedding and liked it so much they decided there was a demand for pleasant, colorful weddings among people who, perhaps, couldn't afford the usual expense; or who disliked the formality of a home-town marriage.

"Since then," says Stewart, "we have staged weddings for about fifteen hun-

dred couples. Sometimes they drive in alone; sometimes in big parties. We've had a millionaire, scores of wealthy people, lots of film stars, of course—and lots of in-love kids who hardly had enough money to get a license and pay the minister. We got them married, anyway. Sometimes we scoop the nickels and dimes out of the Wishing Well and give them to hard-up youngsters."

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart could eat and drink for next to nothing, if they wished, most of the newlyweds inviting them around to the wedding banquet. About half the people who get married write letters of thanks and often send photographs of themselves. Mrs. Robert Preston, wife of the movie actor, who was married at The Hitching Post, liked it so well she wrote that she had decided to celebrate a wedding anniversary every week. The Stewarts thought this quite a tribute.

And the Money Rolls In

Most to-be-marrieds are nervous, and nearly all take it seriously, the Stewarts say. When a big, strong man, weighing two hundred pounds and standing six feet two, comes along they always get out the smelling salts, because it's two to one he's going to faint in the middle of the ceremony. The kids in overalls and slacks are usually the most sincere; the folks who turn up in Tuxedos and evening gowns are sometimes pretty nonchalant.

When the wedding parlors—the Blue Bird, the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, The Hitching Post and the rest—first started many of the local 'Vegans looked down their noses and talked about commercialization. But now it's quite the thing for home-town folks to drive out on Route 91 and be married. . . . Besides, twenty thousand couples a year, spending around \$20 apiece, adds up to \$400,000 a year.

Just as your correspondent and his bride, clutching their second marriage certificate, walked down the Bridal Path, a car roared up the highway and stopped outside The Hitching Post. A boy and a pretty girl got out, grinning: "Well, we're back, Mr. Stewart, to be married all over again."

"Swell," said Mr. Stewart. "Let's see—is this the second time?"

"No," they chorused. "Don't you remember—it's the third. And it won't be the last, either!"

Over in Scotland, Gretna Green hung its head in shame. After all, Gretna just married them once.

"I'd like to shake hands with the guy who invented this!"



"I sure would!"

"Because the man who invented the Comptometer did me a personal favor, and I'd like to say 'Thanks!'"

"You see, I *operate* a Model M Comptometer, on a lot of different kinds of adding and calculating, and whoever invented it had *me* in mind — because he built *operator-protection* right into the mechanism!"

"For example, the Controlled-Key safeguard. This morning, I was getting out some statistical work. It was rush stuff, and I was batting it out faster than usual (which is some fast, on a Comptometer!), and naturally, being human, I 'fumbled' a key stroke. Right away, that Controlled-Key business locked the keyboard — and before you could say 'Felt & Tarrant' I'd corrected the error and resumed the work at the point of error!"

"That's just one of the ways the Comptometer protects me against operating errors — not to mention the no-glare answer dials, and the elimination of answer-dial zeros unless they're part of the actual answer, which makes it easier to *read* answers correctly!"

"What I chiefly like about that Comptometer, though, is this: It's so DOGCONE EASY TO OPERATE! There's no crank to slow me down — it's *key-operated*. There's no distracting tape to mess with. The key-stroke's light and silent. It's a *pleasure* to breeze through a stack of figure work with that machine — and I can't help it if the Boss gives the credit for speed and accuracy to *me* instead of to the Comptometer!"

"Of course, I don't expect to be operating a Comptometer all my life. There's plenty of opportunity, in a job like this, to learn the business and make real progress. But even if I get an executive position and a bay window, I won't forget what it says in those Comptometer advertisements:

"For practical information on proved ways to reduce figure-work time and cost, telephone your local Comptometer Co. office . . . or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.'"

WAR breeds great stories. Here is one—the adventures of an Englishman who tried to shepherd six children, waifs of the blitzkrieg, through the length of fallen France to the free soil of England

PIED PIPER

BY NEVIL SHUTE

BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S



STRANGELY enough, Gerald P. Nye's attempted arraignment of the motion-picture industry is not without its benefits. It has produced a healthy reaction against racial and religious intolerance. Hollywood's real offense was not prowar propaganda but anti-Hitler films. Even though freedom of speech, freedom of religion and freedom of the arts might be junked in the process, the motion-picture industry was to be blackjacked into an attitude more favorable to the Fuehrer. The Land of Liberty, a stirring presentation of America's own epic struggle, and without a reference to the second World War, was actually included in the indictment.

In all of which Senator Nye is running true to form. Although five years have passed since he served as chairman of a committee to investigate the munitions industry, his report still stands as an all-time low for unfairness and distortion. Even German writers, in all their bitterness of defeat, did not go as far in justifying their country's war practices or in full-throated denunciation of the United States as base and perjured. Our entrance into the war, according to the gentleman from North Dakota, was due entirely to the insensate greed of munitions makers and international bankers. Self-defense, freedom of the seas and idealism had nothing to do with it. At every point America's motives were mean and sordid.

"The growth of a vested interest in Allied success on the part of great commercial and financial interests," declared the report, "eliminated any such thing as neutrality on the part of the United States—and led Wilson to follow a course from which he dared not deviate—a course which spelled, inevitably, ruthless submarine warfare."

England's blockade of Germany was branded as "illegal," and we took no measures to relax it because Wilson discovered that he could not use them "without endangering this country's financial and commercial interests which were dependent upon Allied success." Having shown America up as utterly ignoble, Senator Nye then went on to plead the Kaiser's entire justification.

"In desperation and as her only chance of success, Germany did, on January 31, 1917, what this government knew all through the fall of 1916 that she would be driven to do. She

announced unrestricted submarine warfare. For its resumption, America's complete lack of neutrality was largely responsible." If that warfare was ruthless, he argued, it was because "materials of murder were being supplied in unlimited quantities" to the Allies by the United States.

Over and over with infinite relish he stressed the "selfish and materialistic ambitions of the Allies," slyly implying the unselfishness and idealism of the Germans. "The Treaty of Versailles, the victors' treaty of revenge," shouted the report, "disclosed boldly to the world that the Allies had been fighting an imperialistic war." Never a word about Pan-Germanism or the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. By way of climaxing his incredible performance in Germany's behalf, Senator Nye denounced Woodrow Wilson as a convicted liar.

Many eminent men replied to Senator Nye at the time, but two in particular answered irrefutably. "When we began the actual mobilization of material for our participation in the World War," testified Newton D. Baker, "there simply were no American munitions makers. General Bliss went to England in January, 1918, and continued an agreement made in June, 1917, whereby the British and French supplied us with cannon out of their surpluses in exchange for raw materials . . . We bought in Canada a large supply of Ross rifles, an obsolete arm, and used leftovers of the Spanish war, but still gave some of our recruits initial training with broomsticks . . . We bought revolvers and pistols of every sort, and ransacked the museums of city police departments for confiscated "concealed weapons," but at the end of the war we were still short of required supply."

Count Bernstorff, Germany's ambassador, also bore this significant testimony in his memoirs: "The definite decision to declare unrestricted U-boat warfare was taken January 9 . . . After all that had passed, I could only regard this news as a declaration of war against the United States, and, moreover, such as put us in the wrong, since it stultified Wilson's efforts in the direction of peace, which had been made without concurrence. . . . I did all I could to get the Berlin decision withdrawn or at least postponed, but I received the reply that any postponement was impossible on technical grounds."

As for the attack on Woodrow Wilson, aged Carter Glass, beating the desk until his hand spurted blood, raged against men "insensible to every consideration of decency."

Ignoring these answers, Senator Nye leaped upon the lecture platform, and repeated his

charges throughout the length and breadth of the country. Asked later on the Senate floor if he received pay for his speeches, he replied stiffly. "Yes, I do accept *honorariums*." Considering everything, the motion-picture industry, instead of anger, is entitled to take pride in the Nye indictment as a certificate of character.



FIVE years ago, the impression was general that a wide swath of the United States' Wheat Belt was on its way to joining up with the Dust Bowl. "The plow that broke the plains" was thought to have done an irreparable job of work, with drought rushing in to do the mopping up. There seemed to be nothing for it but to rush plans for moving and resettling hundreds of thousands of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma farmers elsewhere.

It is now a supreme pleasure to report that these stories of the decline and fall of a great area of the United States were, like the premature report of Mark Twain's death, exaggerated. From Governor John Moses of North Dakota we received the following information:

Beginning with 1937, and throughout the three succeeding years, there was a slow but marked improvement. . . . This year, 1941, North Dakota is harvesting one of the greatest crops in its history, estimated to be 135,000,000 bushels of wheat—and with that goes an abundant crop of feed, with barley and oats, and a splendid hay crop. There is more moisture in the soil than at any time during the last ten years. The pastures are in better condition than they have been since the late twenties. The economic condition, not only of the individual farmers and citizens, but of the state and its subdivisions, is greatly improved.

Accordingly, North Dakota set aside the last week in September as a week of thanksgiving.

We'll echo those thanks wholeheartedly, not only for North Dakota but also for the other states which were going to join the Dust Bowl but didn't. We'll also express the earnest hope that soil conservation and antierosion work will be carried on persistently up and down the nation from now on.

And we'll permit ourselves still another snicker at the contingent of chronic hystericals that thinks this country is sunk whenever a wave of adversity hits it. Certainly the North Dakota crisis was tough. But the North Dakotans were tougher.



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Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.



Special color photograph of tobacco leaves in the curing process. J. M. Talley buys a leaf of fine tobacco, before aging.

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"Take my word for it—tobacco like this is plenty expensive!" says J. M. Talley, tobacco warehouseman of Durham, N. C. "But that doesn't stop Luckies. I've seen them go after this finer leaf in my warehouse again and again—and pay the price to get it!"

Smokers, the higher-priced tobaccos Luckies buy are worth the money be-

cause they're milder and better-tasting—just naturally more enjoyable to smoke than the ordinary kind.

Wouldn't you like these tobaccos in your *own* cigarette?

Remember: the independent tobacco experts see who buys what tobacco. And with these men—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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